

The Abbot Courant

ANDOVER, MASS :

Published by Abbot Academy.

1893.

JANUARY 1893.

THE
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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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VOL. XIX.

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The Manuscripts.

LAYING aside the fact of the inspiration of the New Testament, which is very generally believed, the question of the authenticity of the manuscripts is one towards the solution of which eminent scholars and critics have worked most perseveringly. Men, of the most brilliant and scholarly attainments, have made this absorbing study their life work, and the thrilling adventures attending the search for these manuscripts in the old monasteries of the East, read like any novel or fairy tale. The great cry of religious enthusiasts of this age is the lack of reverence shown the Bible, but surely the rapid strides this department of criticism has made point toward the reverse. Even the faithful search of such men as Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Dean Alford has failed to bring to light any of the original manuscripts. It is very probable that these were written on thin papyrus, which soon wore out by constant use. Yet the time between the originals and the now existing manuscripts is little less than a century, and full testimony is given by the early church

fathers that these were possessed by the church before the close of the second century.

Of all the important discoveries of manuscripts, the finding of the Sinaitic is perhaps the most interesting, so long was the search for it and so arduous the task of obtaining it. And it was left for Lobegott Tischendorf to give an added impetus to this branch of criticism by gaining possession of this valuable manuscript. By the unwearying pursuit of one idea, in spite of many hindrances, and the persistent and close application to the study of its difficult context, he added one more proof in favor of the authenticity of the Bible. Feeling sure that the Greek, Coptic, and Syrian monasteries must contain many valuable documents of early Christian literature, he took a journey through these eastern countries, but meeting with very little success. As a last resort, he went to the convent of Saint Catherine on the Sinaitic peninsula. The convent was founded by Helena on the supposed spot where Moses saw God revealed in the burning bush.

Long ago, this convent was a seat of learning, and weary pilgrimages were made to this holy brotherhood. But these had ceased. The brotherhood had sunk to the level of the Bedouins who inhabited all the surrounding country. The fine library had long been covered with the dust of ages. The gray walls and turrets of the convent hid the fine gardens of orange and pomegranate and made it look like some old weatherbeaten fortress.

Having presented his credentials to the monks, Tischendorf became their honored guest. Free access to their library, which was rich in manuscripts, was allowed him. By mere chance, his eye lighted upon a basket of parchment soon to be used for kindling. What was his astonishment and surprise to find that these parchment leaves were part of the Old Testament in Greek! The monks permitted him to take only a few of the leaves; the rest had suddenly become "very valuable." Enjoining upon the brothers to take great care of the remnant, Tischendorf left the convent.

Even in the midst of close study necessary to the publication of some of his works, Tischendorf never forgot the treasures at the convent of Saint Catherine. This enthusiastic scholar made several

attempts to secure them, but in vain. At last he influenced the Russian government to send him upon a journey in the interest of Biblical science. He was received by the monks with every courtesy, and the library was thrown open to him. But his precious manuscript was nowhere to be found. Weary and disheartened, Tischendorf determined to go back to Cairo. Suddenly fortune again smiled upon him, for the steward of the convent had in his possession the precious remnant, and gave him the use of it for the night. A glance was sufficient. The wish of years was attained. Here was the whole of the Old and New Testament, the epistle of Barnabas, in the original Greek, and the Shepherd of Hermas.

Thinking it wicked to sleep, the untiring scholar worked all night in his cold damp cell upon the transcription of the Epistle of Barnabas by the light of one dim tallow candle. Obtaining the permission of the prior, Tischendorf was allowed eight leaves of this manuscript at a time, and with the help of two German friends the work of transcribing one hundred and ten thousand lines began. Not content with this, but wishing the whole manuscript for further study, he suggested to the prior that it be sent as a loan to the czar of Russia. This was received with favor. But the monks had to be content with only a copy, as the czar always forgot his part of the agreement.

This manuscript is written upon the skins of antelopes, without accents, or breathings, or separation, of words. It is undoubtedly of the fourth century, and early marks of criticism are found upon the margin.

The earliest manuscript that was studied for the purpose of correcting the text of the New Testament is the Alexandrine. It was presented to Charles I. of England, by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, and is now in the British Museum. The Septuagint version of the Old Testament and the New Testament, with many defects, are among its contents. At the close of the New Testament is a work of rare value, the only extant copy of the Epistle of Clement of Rome to the Corinthians. There is a tradition in Egypt concerning it, that it was written early in the fourth century by Thekla, a noble lady of Egypt. This corresponds with the Arabic inscription on the first leaf, which says, "written by the hand of

Theckla, the martyr." Tregelles has proven, however, that it was the work of a copyist. The material of this volume is very fragile. There is no separation of words, and marks of punctuation are few. It bears marks of revision in several places. At the end of each section is an ornamental design, not elaborate, but executed with great care.

However rare these two manuscripts are, there is yet a third, which gives the added lustre to this famous trio. It is the Vaticanus, which takes its name from the celebrated Vatican Library, which is noted for its fine and costly collection of manuscripts. This manuscript has always been in the library, but it is thought that it first belonged to a Greek ecclesiastic, who was the predecessor of the founder of the library, and whose house was the resort of the learned and brilliant of his age. Tregelles thinks that it was in existence as early as the Council of Nice. But as it is divided into sections in a manner which fell into disuse after the introduction of the Eusebian canon in 340, A.D., it must have been written prior to this date. It contains the Septuagint version of the Old Testament and all of the New, with the exception of Revelations and a few epistles.

The whole manuscript is bound in one volume of red morocco. The text is written in clear, beautiful characters, in three narrow columns on thin leaves of vellum. There is no separation of words except when the subject changes. Few marks of punctuation are noticed, and these are the work of scribes. The ink became faded and was retouched, so that the whole presents a very peculiar appearance and is extremely difficult to read.

The jealousy of the Roman authorities who guard it renders it hard for scholars even to glance at it. Tregelles was the first Englishman to secure the privilege of studying its pages. But he was so watched that long study was impossible. Dean Alford and Tischendorf also made unsuccessful attempts. Not in the least daunted by his first failure, Tischendorf made a second. Having just discovered and published the famous transcription of the Siniatic manuscript, honors were showered upon him, and the pope graciously bestowed upon him the favor of working upon the Vaticanus. At first he was allowed the use of the manuscript for

three hours. Later, the manuscript was taken away altogether. Tischendorf was in despair, but after showing the advantages which would result from this transcription, he was allowed eight hours longer.

With only forty-two hours of work, watched by a Jesuit spy, and fettered on every hand, Tischendorf gave to the world the most reliable and faithful reproduction of the original text as it is found in the Vatican manuscript. The deciphering of the Ephraem palimpsest was another great work of Tischendorf.

Catherine de Medici had brought these sermons of Ephraem from Italy for her spiritual guidance, and for a long time no one suspected that this manuscript contained any hidden treasure. Soon, however, a "careful reader," Peter Allix, found faint traces of another text beneath. The attention of the most eminent critics became centered on this one manuscript. The writing was so faint it was found necessary to use the Giorbertini tincture, which was not wholly successful. Lachmann and a number of critics gave up in despair of ever reading it. Tischendorf came to Paris, and in less than a year after his arrival it was ready for publication. It was found that no less than four scribes had revised it. The text is written in one column, thus showing its early date, probably about the fifth century.

Surely no one can doubt the authenticity of the Bible, though its sentiments may not in the least accord with his, when confronted by the convincing proofs found in these rare manuscripts, and in the versions of the scriptures by which Christianity was spread over the known world.

A. I. D. '93.

An Extract from
The Journal of a First Century Girl.

[WRITTEN AT PHILADELPHIA, ASIA MINOR, AFTER THE RECEIPT OF
JOHN'S REVELATION.]

ALL the Christians of this household have gone away to hold their meeting, and I am glad to be alone and have a chance to think over the questions that have puzzled me lately. I have often wondered why Christians cared so much about their religion, and I almost wish my curiosity had not led me, one day last week, to go and find out.

I shall never forget the dreadful, dark, winding streetways we went through, to reach the place of meeting. The Christians did not seem a bit afraid, but were delighted to see each other, and gathered together on the cold floor as reverently as if they had been in a temple. One of the deacons read a letter that had just come from John, the Christian Apostle, who founded the church here, and who is now in exile on a desolate island. I couldn't help listening, for it was the most wonderful thing I ever heard, and he claims to have received it directly from God. There was a special message for this church, so beautiful and comforting, that, if it were true, I would give anything to have a right to a share in it. I see now how the Christians can be so enthusiastic that they will bear anything rather than give up their religion. Since then I have found a history of the first Christians, called the "Acts of the Apostles," written by a man named Luke. If the stories in it about the wonderful deeds, the faith, and the triumphant deaths of the followers of Christ are true, they certainly are very remarkable.

One of the greatest characters is a man named Paul, who was, at first, a persecutor of Christians, but was wonderfully changed, and made long missionary journeys for the sake of spreading the religion. He wrote several letters, which the Christians consider inspired, and often read now. These letters were written to churches at Rome, Corinth, Philippi, and other places where he had made

converts. He kept a loving watch over them all, encouraged them under persecution, and reclaimed them when they lapsed from the faith. Some of his letters I have read; they teach love, right living, and faith in Christ. I don't see why the emperor objects to such doctrines. Several other men, of whom I read in the "Acts of the Apostles," wrote letters, which are a good deal like Paul's. The Christians say that all these letters are "inspired" and teach "divine laws." They certainly teach extremely wise and just doctrines.

After I had seen the letters, I borrowed three lives of Christ from one of the Christians, and read them. The writers of these lives seem like men who may be trusted. The first one is a man who ministered to Paul at Rome, named Mark; he is said to have written the story as he heard it from Peter, one of the chief apostles. The second is one of Christ's twelve disciples, and the third is the same man who wrote the Acts.

These are not exactly alike, but agree in all essential points, as though they were written independently of each other. They are called the "Gospels," or "Glad Tidings," and if true, they are rightly named. The story of Christ is perfectly wonderful, and beautiful above anything I ever read. If it is true, Christ must be what he claimed to be. No one could have made up such a character. And when I read the prophecies of the Bible, corresponding so exactly to his life, death, and resurrection, I can't help believing that it is true. If I had read these writings before, I should have understood the Christians long ago. Christ's teaching is utterly different from the Greek systems of philosophy. They seem so heartless, they drive me wild. His teaching is kind and comforting. Whether I want to or not, I must believe it!

[Four years later.]

"A good deal has happened since the day I last wrote in my journal. The morning afterward I went to the meeting with the Christians, and in our absence some officers came and carried off all the Christian books they could find. I thought my journal had gone too, to be a witness against me; but to-day, when we read the new life of Christ by John, after his return home, I thought how his first letter had helped me, and wanted so much to read my journal that

I made a long search for it again, and found it. Somebody had hidden it away in the wall, with one of the lives of Christ.

What I read four years ago made me believe in Christ, but I have never realized the depth of his love as I do now, in reading John's wonderful work. I do n't see how any one can resist that. Saint John is very aged, and cannot live long, but the record he has written will never grow old.

A. L. H. '93.

Sweet Pea.

A LADY in my garden grows,
A dame of high degree;
With ev'ry day that silent goes,
She grows more dear to me.

Her dress is sometimes pink and white,
But what is that to me?
Whate'er the color, 'tis quite right
When worn by fair Sweet Pea.

The gentle breezes come to praise
My dame of high degree,
She bows to them, and with them plays,
But still she's true to me.

I dare not ask her to be wed —
She's far to grand for me;
I simply wish, as I have said,
To *love* my fair Sweet Pea. F. S. '97.

In Caxton's Book-Store.*



HOSE were sad, weary times in the fifteenth century ; the long, bloody wars of the Roses had left England in a wretched state of depression and barrenness. Families were desolated, homes laid waste, and intellectual life was at a low ebb. Yet, it is this fifteenth century that marks one of the most important epochs in the progress of literature.

The scene of the following picture is laid five hundred years ago, in the very heart of London. There, under the shadow of the famous Westminster, the passers-by are attracted by a "great red pole," advertised in the following words :

"If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy copies of two or three commemorations of Salisbury, all empyrnted after the form of the present letter, which may be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster into the Almonry, at the red pole, and he shall have them good chepe."

Yes, there stands the book-store of Master Wm. Caxton, a well-to-do citizen in the reign of His Majesty, the great merchant-prince Edward IV. The street is narrow and crooked ; on all sides is an odd collection of wheelbarrows, carts, and barrels, while the cries of the apple-women and the chatter of the gossips, from window to window, add animation to the scene. But the "red pole" is evidently a centre of attraction, for thither come the scholarly pedestrian and the gorgeous train of prelate and noble. William Caxton, the proprietor, is by no means overawed by such distinguished patronage. He meets all, peasant and noble, priest and archbishop, with equal urbanity, and delights to deepen their interest in the wonderful printing press which makes books so "good chepe" that even a scholar, as thread-bare as Chaucer's clerk, may have a score of books at his bed's head.

* No attempt is made at historical accuracy.

The store is a curiosity in itself. It is low and poorly lighted. From a distant corner comes a peculiar, regular stamping always heard above the buzz and hum of many voices. There is, at work, the wonderful printing press, which turns off page after page of manuscript, formerly written by translators or cloistered monks. Upon many shelves are arranged a great number of books, and a careful observer would easily ascertain at a glance that the dust found a quiet resting-place in the cracks and corners, for Mr. Caxton is a man of business, and, pays no more attention to such disorder, than do the rats whose skeletons will appear sometime to astonish the eyes of posterity. The man of business is stamped upon every feature, although his thoughtful expression shows intellectual power and full appreciation of the many books which it is his privilege to handle daily. There is little noticeable about him. A cap, of the well-known guild of merchants, falling over his ears, is drawn so low upon his forehead as almost to meet the thick, bushy eyebrows, while a wide collar of spotless linen, tied with silken tassels, completes the most striking points of his attire.

With a smile of welcome, he greets a small, thick-set man, who advances toward the counter with these words, "Now, for thy tale, Master Caxton. Where didst thou learn this wonderful art, and why dost thou, with wealth and learning, slave from morning to night editing and printing these musty pamphlets?"

Caxton pauses, while arranging a pile of papers, then answers, "Not so fast, friend Oliver, one question at a time, if thou wilt. Dost know, that for several years, I was governor of the English in Bruges? While there, I was desirous of duplicating my translation of the "*Sequell of Troie*," which, as you may know, I made for her Grace, the Duchess of Burgundy. Many people, with your pardon, Master Oliver, wished to buy it, but the copies were so dear that only a very few had the means. As for myself, in the copies I made for divers gentlemen and friends, my pen was worn, my hand weary and not steadfast, my eyes dimmed with over much looking on the white paper, and my courage was not so prone and ready to labor as it had been. Therefore, I practised and learned at very great charge and dispense to ordain this book after this manner and form, as thou may'st see. Look, it is not written with pen and ink as

other books be, but this story was empyrnted by me, in one day, and finished in one day. Who taught me? Wouldst hear the whole? A quaint scholar, Colard Mansion, heard of a Latin Bible reproduced in some marvelous quick way, and the copies were hardly to be distinguished from the finest manuscripts. He got hold of the mysterious art, and I paid him well for this little machine you see before you. The first impression I made from it was this 'Sequell of Troie' which thou dost hold. Isn't not well done? Here is still another."

Friend Oliver took what seemed to him a remarkably small volume, and read the dedication of the "Game and Playe of Chese,"

"To the right noble, right excellent, and virtuous prince, George, duc of Clarence, Erle of Warwyk and of Salisbury, chamberlayn of Englonde and leutenant of Irelande, oldest brother of kynge Edward, by the grace of God kynge of England and of France, your most humble servant, William Caxton, among other of poor servants sends unto you peace, helthe, joye, and victorye upon your Enemyes."

No more conversation had he with Mr. Caxton that day, for the buyers come as well as loungers; the latter to argue, perhaps, on Fortescue's "Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy," and the former to buy everything, from the "Cuckoo and Nightingale" to the latest edition of the "Canterbury Tales," by that worshipful man, Geoffrey Chaucer, "who," says Caxton, "right eternally to be remembered." Mark the throng who come and go,—the priest for his service book, the preacher for his sermons, and the gay knight for the pleasant tales of chivalry. About each work, Master Caxton has something of interest to relate, "Reynard the Fox," The Book of Courtesies," and the translations of Ovid, Virgil and Cicero that he himself had so enthusiastically made. There, too, are the poems of Lydgate and Gower, which are eagerly sought for and read with ever increasing interest.

Now, abovet he hum of voices and sound of the printing-press can be heard loud shouts in the narrow street, and cries of "Way! — way! room for His Grace," and, midst the cries of heralds and pursuivants, a richly caparisoned steed bears to the "red pole" the renowned Duke of Gloucester. Though in the gay court of Edward IV. his attire would not be marked by richness or beauty, the

ample cloak clasped with jewels and lined with minever seem hardly in accordance with the dingy surroundings. Though slight and scarcely twenty years of age, the duke's countenance bears that dignity and command belonging to a powerful, yet melancholy nature.

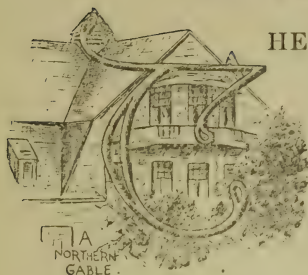
As he alights, and is escorted within by Mr. Caxton himself, his slightly halting gait is scarcely perceptible. With what interest he examines the various books, inquires concerning one and then another, until his search is suddenly arrested by Mr. Caxton, who, with a graceful gesture and low bow, presents to the duke a small but handsomely bound book. An expression of keen pleasure illuminates the duke's formerly serious face, as he opens the volume and finds that the "Book of Chivalrie" has been dedicated to him. His deep admiration for learning is touched, but as he is about to thank Caxton for the honor, the air fairly rings with the shouts of, "A York! A Lancaster!" Men come rushing from the houses; confusion reigns; swords are crossed between the White Rose and the Red, and it is not until the haughty noble has stepped outside, scattering the angry crowd, that peace once more reigns in the narrow street, and Mr. Caxton retires, well pleased with the day's adventures.

For many months will Mr. Caxton continue his great work, — a work whose immeasurable influence is destined to outlast even the massive towers of that great minster that so graciously sheltered the first printing press.

M. E. B. '94.



The Pueblo Indians.



THE Pueblo Indians are a tribe found scattered in different parts of New Mexico. Probably the most interesting of their "Pueblos," as their homes are called, is near Taos, a small town in the northern part of the territory.

The houses are made of adobes, or mud and stones; and in such a manner that they appear to be one on top of another, receding, terrace-like. Often one or two, and sometimes three, rooms are thought to be sufficient to accommodate a large family. Their houses are built in groups, adjoining each other; one wall serving for two houses. The walls are about eighteen inches thick; plastered outside with mud, and inside with "yezo" (chalk), with a dado of "terra amarilla" (yellow earth).

The floors are mud with no carpeting. The inner doors are simply open spaces in the wall, and there is, generally, a step between the rooms, consisting of several adobes placed in such a way as to be most inconvenient, for the floors are usually on a level and a step between the two rooms seems superfluous. Inner doorways seldom have doors, and those in the outer passage-ways are decidedly unique. Sometimes made of boards, but more often of rough sticks tied, nailed, or in some original way fastened together. The locks, or rather latches, are pieces of wood, fastened to the door by a strip of hide, and allowed to drop in a groove in the door-case. The windows, as a rule, are very small and far up in the wall, and sometimes fitted with four little panes of glass. Those who cannot afford this luxury have sticks placed vertically in the window space.

There is little or no furniture in the typical Indian house. The beds are only wool or straw mattresses, and the tables are very rude, while chairs are dispensed with almost entirely for, judging from what I have seen I should say that they prefer "squatting." The family baking is carried on outside the dwellings, in ovens made of

mud, about five feet high and broad, rounded at the top, and are perfectly solid, with the exception of a small excavation at one side, for the reception of fire; and a small aperture on top, for the escape of smoke. Coals are put in the receptacle for them, and the opening is covered. After the oven has been thoroughly heated, they are removed and bread is put in and left till it is cooked.

The dress of the Pueblo Indians is often very pretty. The "Buck" wears a shirt and pants made of the skin of some animal. Their garments are decorated with beads, embroidery, or fringe. Both sexes wear beaded or painted moccasins. The squaw wears a short skirt, falling over her very long leggins.

The process of cleaning and tanning the skins for the garments is interesting. First the hair is scraped off; then the skin is washed in lye, made of wood-ashes and water; then it is stretched on a frame, made of pegs driven in the ground, and is covered with the brains of the animal from which it came. After this, it is again scraped with a piece of wood or bone, shaped like a blunt knife. Then, to make it resist the effects of water, a hole is dug in the ground and filled with dry wood, which is ignited and allowed to smoulder. The skins are placed in the hole and a diminutive tent built over them. After this last process they are almost waterproof, and will not crack by being exposed to its action.

The hair of the Indians is very coarse and black, and is allowed to grow six or eight inches long. It is fastened back with wool or worsted, which is wound around it. They seldom, if ever, wear hats, or even excuses for them. The squaws, however, sometimes wear shawls over their heads. These Indians are fond of trinkets and jewelry. They work somewhat in metals; therefore they make what rude rings, bracelets, necklaces, etc. they wear. Some of their jewelry, indeed a great deal of it, is of beads made of polished colored stones. I have often seen as many as twenty-five or thirty strands of these pretty beads on the neck and arms of a squaw.

Most Indians are Pagans, and the majority of the Pueblos are no exception. Still a great many of them are Roman Catholics, and, as far as their knowledge will allow them, are very devout; but they still retain some of their strange beliefs. One of these is, that Montezuma, their great leader, is coming back. And for this reason

they have a fire burning constantly in a subterranean room, and allow the smoke to curl out of a chimney made of sticks; for *from whatever direction the smoke curls he is coming*. Thus they have waited for him for ages and ages.

Their wealth is estimated by the amount of live stock they possess — usually ponies; all large exchange transactions are paid for by ponies or land. Often men buy their wives in this way. They are very friendly with each other, and recognize distant relationships much farther than we do, and, as a consequence, every one seems to be connected with every one else. They do not appear to be musical in the least; most singing is done at their festival dances, and has a nasal or guttural sound.

Their language has very few words, and those seem to be only ugly, harsh sounds. Communication is carried on to a great extent by gestures; for instance, the shrugging of the shoulders means "I do not know"; and often a person may be seen to make a movement of the lips allied very closely to pouting, instead of using an adverb of place.

The Indians are being educated at the expense of the Government. There is a school in Santa Fe, N. M., called "Ramona," from Mrs. Jackson's book bearing that title. F. G. '97.

The Doves.

Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier.

ON yonder slope, where the white gravestones are,
 A stately palm-tree lifts its plume-like crest:
 There, at the evening, doves from near and far
 Come to find shelter for the night of rest.
 But, leaving its dark boughs with morning bright,
 Like a white chain unwinding slowly, they
 Scatter in the blue air, and go to light
 Upon the village roof-trees far away.
 My spirit is a tree where, nightly, too,
 White flocks of idle visions gather, borne
 On fluttering wings, down from the heavens blue,
 To fly away with the first rays of morn.

M. T. '93.

A Legend of Lachine Rapids.

ONE pleasant day in October of 1810, the boat St. Marie was coming down the Ottawa on its daily trip to Montreal. Due there at four o'clock, this afternoon it was delayed at St. Annes by the unusual number of passengers and by some fault in the locks. In consequence, it was two hours later than usual in reaching Brockville, where it took on the government pilot who daily guided it through the rapids.

As the day wore on, the sky became overcast with dark clouds; a strong breeze sprang up, and there was an anxious look on the face of the captain who had been but lately transferred to this boat. About ten miles north of Lachine a heavy storm of rain commenced, making it almost impossible to guide the boat,—and the rapids were yet before it!

The pilot was one of the best on the route, but a man of passionate temper. Between him and the boat pilot there had long existed a desperate feud. A series of accidents happened, tending to arouse the worst passions of each. First, the spokes of the wheel slipped from the hands of the pilot; again, as they were nearing the rapids, some of the rigging gave way, and after repairing the damage the unfortunate boat pilot let his ladder fall upon the head of his old enemy, wounding him severely. Stung by pain, and giving way to ungovernable rage, the latter seized his innocent assailant, and with almost superhuman effort hurled him over the boat railing. Put the other grasped the neck of his murderer, and together they fell into the boiling flood below. No life-boats could be lowered, and no effort could save them. For an instant only they rose to the surface locked in each other's arms.

And now the boat, rushing on at fearful rate, sped toward the dreaded rapids, and no master-hand was at the wheel to guide them through the dark waters. Faces grew white with terror as above the roar of the tempest could be heard the thunder of the cataract. The deck, gangway, and cabin were crowded with men, women, and children; some weeping, others praying, others clinging close to

their loved ones with the hope of at least dying with them. The captain stood at the wheel, trying to see some possible means of rescue, but through the blinding mist rose the merciless rocks, nearer which they were drifting every moment. Even the frenzy of the people began to abate, as they relinquished all hope of rescue, and tried to prepare for the certain death which awaited them.

Suddenly there came from below a young girl, the daughter of the boat pilot who had so lately met a fearful death. Though scarcely sixteen years of age, slight and fair as the lily of her northern land, there was in her blue eye the light of an indomitable courage. And now her voice rang out, as going quickly to the helm she said, "I know something of this Lachine Rapid, and will do my best to guide you, though wind and water are against us."

In answer, the waves dashed higher, the waters thundered with more terrific fury. With pallid lips tightly closed, the girl took her station at the wheel; while two strong men at her side executed each word of command. Standing erect, half-enveloped in mist, she seemed not the frail child she was, but the ruling spirit of the storm. Certainly the winds and the waves obeyed her, for when morning dawned, she had guided the good ship into "its desired haven."

I. D. '94.



My Mexican Neighbors.

SANTA FÉ is the oldest town in New Mexico, and the second oldest in the United States. It is surrounded by high mountains, which protect it from the cold winds and storms of winter, and make it delightful in summer. Santa Fé has a population of about eight thousand, consisting mostly of Mexicans and Indians.

The Mexicans have very dark complexions, coarse hair, and dark eyes; they are strong, and have great power of endurance. They are cruel to their children, hiring them out to work when very young, and making boys ten years old herd cattle and work in the corn-fields. Their houses are of mud and adobes, or bricks composed of clay. These are made in wooden moulds and dried by the sun. Their mud floors are kept clean by sprinkling many times a day, and then sweeping with a broom made of grass. Their meals consist of coffee, "tortillos," a kind of bread, and meat, which is hung from the beams to dry. They live near each other, one family seldom having more than two rooms. The mattresses which they use at night are piled up by day in a corner of the room. After breakfast the man loafs till the next meal, while the woman goes with her bag of tobacco to smoke and gossip with her neighbors, leaving the children to do the work. The dress of the women is simple, consisting of a plain basque, skirt, and shawl, almost always black, as the older people consider bright colors gaudy, although the young folks like gay costumes.

The Mexicans keep horses, sheep, and cattle, but they lose much profit because of their neglect. They are very cordial, and their "Buenos deas," meaning "Good day to you," is for strangers as well as friends. Years ago, when they met on the street, they used to hug each other; but the ridicule of the Americans put an end to this custom. They never kiss, because Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss.

When a friend dies every one goes to his house; for news travels fast among the Mexicans. They grieve much over their dead, and

wear mourning for every friend. The graves resemble those in the United States, but have wooden slabs instead of marble stones.

Now there are free schools in New Mexico, largely attended by children sent to learn English, which is considered of the greatest importance.

Though there are Mexicans in Santa Fé, there are also many Americans, who are just as nice as Eastern people, and live in as good style. If you like travelling, and wish to visit some interesting place, I wish you would take a peep at Santa Fé. I. G. '97.

White Ferns.

THE Frost King passed through a fair green wood,
And the asters drooped and died ;
Like Midas of old, he turned to gold
The maples on either side ;
He kindled his fires in bush and briars,
And followed his own sweet will,
Till he came to a shade where the green ferns swayed
All over a breeze-swept hill.

"They are much too fair and frail," said he,
"For my touch to do them wrong :
I leave a sign, with this kiss of mine,
With each as I pass along."
We said next day, as we passed that way,
"The ferns are all turning white":
How little we knew what a kiss might do
In the hush of an autumn night!

Ancient and Modern Imagination.

IF all the powers of the soul, none is more elusive of definition or universal in existence than that of imagination. While it differs widely in kind and degree, it does not belong solely to exceptional epochs in history, special, or even civilized, men or races. The savage who expresses ideas by rude hieroglyphics, or who sees in the succession of day and night a struggle between good and evil powers, is using the same faculty which has immortalized Shakespeare. Each, according to his ability, is trying to represent the invisible by that which can be seen.

A history of the development of imagination, as restricted to creative art, would be, in many respects, a history of the human mind. We find in ancient literature a luxuriance of language which is quite unknown to-day. O happy age, when no lynx-eyed critic watched for infelicitous or trite expressions; when no stern publisher demanded that the cherished manuscript should be "cut down one half," to satisfy a weary public! Plagiarism was unknown, repetition an added charm, and the unrestrained imagination fairly revelled in its freedom. We have exchanged these tropical jungles for gardens where each delicate plant is carefully tied up, and marked with its botanical name.

In the childhood of a race, size is the expression of power, and physical force the quality most to be admired. A many-armed god, with huge strength and rapacious appetite, is the natural creation of such minds. The power of character, unassisted by any display of external force, is changing the conceptions of the world; while modern science has shown us that the Creator's power may be as wonderfully displayed in a snowflake as in a star.

As the ancient luxuriance has died away an increased sense of the value of details has arisen. It is not enough to trace a picture in bold outlines; every point of light and shade must be brought out. The realistic writers carry this idea to its fullest extent, and sometimes weary us a little by the portayal of our own commonplace selves. Yet even they cannot dispense with imagination, and

their happiest touches occur when some hidden meaning is concealed beneath the exterior of ordinary incident. Suggestion is becoming more and more of an art; and we see that we need not go out of the common walks of life to find tragedy and comedy. Ancient writers are usually objective in their descriptions. They are too full of the excitement and pleasure of life to analyze their own feelings. They speak of the hunger, cold or excitement, associated with some spot, while a modern writer would tell of the way in which these affected his hero, or of the thoughts which then occurred to him. Everything now seems considered with reference to its effect on the human mind. Nature, with its powers, is no longer personified; it is the expression of the Eternal Spirit answering, in some sense, to our own spiritual natures.

The most casual glance at these differing ideas shows us that the development of imagination is due to no chance. "In Memoriam" is as inevitably the result of the nineteenth century as are the pre-historic records of their time, or the Iliad of its age. What changes may arise from new conditions we cannot yet prophesy. But we wonder if our successors will regard our literary efforts with the interest and curiosity awakened in us by those of the past.

M. A. T. '93.



Aunt Maria's Last Communication.



UNT Maria did not grow old gracefully; instead of improving with age she hardened and toughened as the years rolled by till she reminded us of a radish left too long in the ground; and, sad to relate, she mounted a hobby and rode.

"I can communicate with you," she would say in a voice that I never shall forget, "without no spoken word — and don't you think I can't! Set right down there and let me try." And from that trial there was no escape. Fixing a stony glare upon her victim she would keep him before her till, by some lucky chance, he guessed what she was thinking of; then she would fold her arms and say, "You thought I couldn't do it; you thought I was a poor old fool; you thought you'd like to tell me so. I knew it all the time; I knew I had to fight with unbelief; and I knew I'd conquer in the end!" And the victim could do nothing but beat a hasty retreat.

But now the days of communications are over; Aunt Maria has not attempted anything in that line since the day that Elder Jackson called. It chanced that the elder visited his crusty parishioner late in November that year and he found her making mince-meat for Thanksgiving pies. She saw him as he shuffled up the walk, and her heart sank within her for she had just added a half pint of brandy to her precious compound and she fancied that she saw him sniff before he rang the bell. But she whisked her apron into the wood-box and answered his summons with nervous haste. "Come right in, Elder, I was just thinkin' that you ought to happen round. No, no, in *here*, I wouldn't have you see my kitchen for the world!" And she fairly pushed the poor old man into the sitting-room.

And then what agony began! She has told us how she struggled. The room was bitter cold and she saw the poor old elder shivering in his chair. "He can't stand it long," she thought. "He'll say that it won't do for me, and I'll have to make a move. The kitchen

door — he'll think of that!" And sure enough he did. Before she had fairly thought that out, he said, "Sister Smith, your room is just a trifle cool. If you would kindly open the door into the next room, I should feel less anxiety about your taking cold." And as she heard those words, Sister Smith realized that she had made a communication!

"I knew then that all was lost," she told us afterwards, "my mind was on that brandy, and it was bound to conquer his. He set and sniffed, and then he set and looked at me, and then he said, "I feel that I must ask what this might mean." And so I told him all. I thought of all the pies that I'd sent him, and how he used to like them better than his wife's — and I brought that up — but it didn't do no good. He said he could see that I'd been tempted above what I was able and he regretted it — an' then he led in prayer. It was solemn, but I didn't feel it as I should. I kept wonderin' what he'd do with the pie I meant to send him the next week, and when he got through I didn't urge him to set down again. I thought he might take cold.

"When he was gone, I went in and says, 'Maria, that man has learnt you a lesson if he don't know it. Your communicatin' aint safe. There's time when it is, an' there's times when it aint, an' you better give it up; an' so I did.'"

H. E. F. '94.



Eine Weihnachts-Geschichte.

ES war Weihnachtsabend in einer grossen Hauptstadt im Westen von Deutschland. Alles war in Bewegung und Aufregung! Man sah viele schöne Pferde und Schlitten, aber auch Pferdebahn von erbärmlichen, alten Gaulen gezogen. Die Strassen wimmelten von armen Leuten und besonders Kindern, die sehr erfroren aussahen, und an denen die Schneeflocken traurig herabfielen. Im allgemeinen aber lassen sich Leute durch solche Dinge am Weihnachtsabend nicht stören, weil sie zu sehr mit Gedanken an Geschenke und Gaben erfüllt sind und ihre Aufmerksamkeit durch die Pracht der erleuchteten Fenster zu sehr in Anspruch genommen ist. Aermlich gekleidete Kinder umringten die Schaufenster, um die in denselben ausgelegten, herrlichen Dinge zu bewundern. Zuweilen ging eine schöne, vornehme Dame vorbei und gab diesen armen Kindern einige Pfennige, um sich dafür Brot, Suppe oder sonst etwas, zu kaufen. An diesem Abend hatte ein alter Mann viel für diese Klasse Kinder gethan. Es war nicht wirklich der Weihnachtsmann, wie viele von ihnen glaubten, sondern ein Mann, der viel Geld und keine Familie hatte.

An einer Ecke der Strasse, stand ein kleiner Knabe mit Zündhölzchen, die er den Vorübergehenden zum Verkauf anbot. Die meisten der Männer gingen vorüber ohne ihn zu bemerken, aber unser alter Freund, obwohl er reichlich damit versehen war, kaufte welche, nur aus Mitleid für das kleine Kind.

Um acht Uhr ging der Knabe in einen der nächsten Bäckerläden, um seinen Heisshunger ein wenig zu stillen. Er kaufte ein paar Salzkringel und nachdem er die-selben mit grossem Appetit verzehrt hatte, kehrte er nach seinem Platz auf der Strasse zurück. Plötzlich hörte er ein grosses Geräusch und in demselben Augenblick sprang er auch schon vorwärts, um einen alten, gebrechlichen Mann, der in Gefahr war von einem elektrischen Wagen überfahren zu werden, noch zu rechter Zeit unter demselben hervorzuziehen.

Der Mann war allerdings gerettet, doch eines der Räder ging über das rechte Bein seines muthigen, kleinen Lebensretters. Einen

Angenblick später war er von einer Schaar Menschen umringt. „Was fehlt ihm?“ „Wie geschah es?“ „Wer ist es?“ Waren Fragen die man von allen Seiten hörte, bis der Kranken-Wagen kam, und er ins Hospital St Luke geschafft wurde.

Am Weihnachtsmorgen wachte er sehr früh auf. Zuerst wusste er nicht wo er sich befand, aber bald erinnerte er sich dessen, was geschehen war. Er war nicht unzufrieden, wie viele Knaben es unter diesen Umständen gewesen wären, nein, er hatte ein kleines, weises Bettchen und fühlte sich sehr behaglich. Sein gebrochenes Bein verursachte ihm Schmerz, aber er vergass Alles, als er seinen Kopf umwandte, und noch mehr solche kleine, weisse Bettchen sah. In denselben waren lauter Kinder. Es war das Kinder-Zimmer. „Wie schön!“ dachte er, und schlief bald wilder ein. Er träumte von vielen armen Kindern, die böse Väter und nachlässige Mütter hatten, und er befand sich unter ihnen. Es war Weihnachtsabend und sie Alle sahen ein wunderschönes Licht im Himmel sie fühlten; nun weder Hunger noch Kälte, und es herrschte nur Wonne und Glückseligkeit. Die Kirchen-Glocken läuteten melodisch und lustig. Der Schnee hatte die ganze Welt in eine weisse Decke gehüllt; und der Engel hatte den Mantel der christlichen Liebe darüber gebreitet. Die ganze Welt war gut und rein und Alle waren wieder Kinder und hatten neues Leben, und führten einen christlichen Wandel.

Bald darauf erwachte er. Zuerst sah er nichts als eine grosse, weisse Lilie. „Das ist wirklich der Engel,“ dachte er, denn die Schönheit der Blume war wunderbar, und nun wurde er dahinter auch ein liebliches Mädchen gewahr.

„Dies ist für Dich, mit vielen Grüßen von meinem Grossvater, welchem du das Leben gerettet hast,“ sagte sie. Er nahm die schöne Blume in seine Hand und sah damit aus wie ein kleiner Heiliger. Den ganzen Tag weilte er mit seinen Gedanken in einer andern Welt. Wer war diese liebliche Erscheinung gewesen? Er hätte es gar zu gern gewusst. Der Abend kam, und mit ihm die Lichter. Die Kinder waren vergnügt um den Weihnachtsbaum dessen Zweige reich mit Geschenken für sie alle beladen waren. Später sangen sie Weihnachtslieder und dann war Alles ganz ruhig. Die Lichter des Baumes waren ausgelöscht und dann kam

der Doctor. Es war derselbe alte Herr, der am Abend vorher so gütig zu ihm gewesen war." Viel besser," sagte er, als er das Bein sah. "In sechs Wochen kannst du herausgehen."

Endlich kam das Mädchen wieder und mit ihr der Grossvater. Derselbe sprach ihm seinen Dank aus und sagte, dass sobald es möglich wäre, müsste er in sein Haus kommen. Und beide, das Mädchen wie der Knabe waren sehr glücklich und frölich darüber.

Die Zeit verging sehr schnell, denn das schöne Mädchen kam ihn nun jeden Tag besuchen. Endlich war er so weit hergestellt, dass er das Krankenhaus verlassen durfte, und der Einladung des gütigen Herrn Folge leisten konnte. Dieser liess ihm eine gute Erziehung geben und schickte ihn dann später auf eine Universität. Er studierte vier Jahre und zeichnete sich während dieser Zeit in allen seinen Studien höchst ehrenvoll aus. Nachdem er sein Examen bestanden, nahm er eine hervorragende Stellung als Doctor an einem grossen Hospital in Berlin an. Er wurde von Jedermann geliebt, ganz besonders aber von den Kindern. Jedes Jahr am Weihnachtsabend aber kam seine Frau, in welcher wir das liebliche Mädchen, die einst an seinem Krankenbette erschienen war, wiedererkennen, und teilte Lilien an die armen Kinder aus, zur Erinnerung an den Abend wo sie zu erst einen armen Knaben damit beglückt hatte.

M. C. '96.

The Heart of the Daisy.

ONE sad day, an angel passing
Through a field of blossoms white,
For Man's sin and sorrow grieving,
Dropped a tear, in upward flight.

By chance, it dropped upon a flower,
Where, resting 'mid its petals fair,
It left a speck of gold, the purest,
A radiant center there.

And then the angel gazing,
Saw the change that she had wrought;
And smiled that from her sorrow
A beauteous thing was wrought.

E. S. M. '97.

A Modern Odyssey.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNHAPPY PASSENGER OF THE "NORMANIA."

THE steamer "Normania" was announced to sail from Hamburg, August 26th, and every place on board was taken months in advance. She was crowded with people to her fullest capacity, so that in many cases, in rooms which were meant for two, four people had been accommodated. Nobody was therefore kept from sailing, especially as the reports of cholera were conveyed to us only in vague rumors. Going up to Hamburg on the 24th, I learned in the train that the occurrence of cholera in that city had been announced officially. I spent two nights and one day in Hamburg, previous to sailing, and saw little to frighten me, although the deaths were numbered already by scores, as I learned afterwards. We sailed Friday noon and reached Southampton on Saturday about the same time. The ship does not come up to Southampton, but the passengers are carried down several miles in a small steamer to meet her. Beside a large number of passengers joined us at this port. Most of them were English or American. Several of them had been so cautious as to make inquiries at the office of the agency of the Hamburg American line whether the *Normania* would carry steerage passengers, and all were, as they said, reassured that the vessel would have nobody in the steerage. Imagine, therefore, the astonishment of the passengers when they approached the *Normania* and saw her steerage crowded with about five hundred people. It was too late to return, however, and they had just to take their chance.

The *Normania* is one of the greatest of the ocean steamers, about five hundred and twenty-five feet long, registering ten thousand tons. Her rooms are fitted up beautifully. She belongs to the class of ocean greyhounds, making the run from Southampton to New York in a little over six days. We were five hundred cabin passengers, five hundred in the steerage, and the crew included, a total of about one thousand three hundred souls. On sailing there was almost no comment upon the situation, and I do not think that any one had an idea how serious it was.

The first two days of our voyage were extremely rough, and for the first time in my life I did not leave my berth for two days. However, I can say that a large number of passengers shared this fate with me. Then we had it for two days rather foggy, which was very unpleasant, as we were just off Newfoundland, in the neighborhood of the dreaded icebergs, and while we passed the gulf stream it was uncomfortably hot. The last two days were better and enabled us to recover a little. On the third day out, a cabin passenger died of diabetes. He was ill when he came on board, but he hoped to reach home. Then three little children of a woman in the steerage died, but not of cholera. On our arrival, she lost a fourth and she herself was taken off to Fire Island, very ill. There was another death during the voyage of an elderly gentleman in the second cabin, who, as we learned afterwards, had died of cholera in some form. So that in all, five cases of death had occurred. Although the presence of cholera was not made known, however, some of us began to fear the worst. The majority of the passengers, however, did not even think of the possibility of being kept in quarantine. So it happened that when we arrived in New York harbour before sunrise on Saturday, September 3rd, everybody was on deck, joyfully looking forward to going ashore. Our astonishment was great as we were stopped suddenly, and ordered to the lower bay to cast anchor there. We were plainly told by the Health Officer that he regarded us as a cholera ship. In the lower quarantine we met two other ships of the same line, the "Rugia" and the "Moravia." The yellow flags on them explained all to us. The excitement among the passengers was unspeakable. But in answer to our anxious questions what all this meant, we were told that we should land in the afternoon, as soon as the Health Officer had been to examine our ship.

Soon after this a newspaper boat, that of the *New York World*, came alongside our steamer. Large bundles of that paper were thrown on board. We learned now what had happened in Hamburg during the six days while we had been at sea, as well as what had occurred on the other ships lying in the lower bay. This created great excitement, and soon it rained letters and dispatches on the tug, many of which were lost in the water, but hundreds of them

were picked up and sent to their destination by the reporters. When at last the Health Officer appeared, all that we learned was, that we would have to remain at anchor at least until to-morrow. We then very sadly unpacked our valises, wondering whether it was to be our last night on the *Normania*. The passengers demanded that the people from the steerage should be transferred to the Island, but there was no boat and none could be procured. For this reason it happened also that the sick with the dead were lying, side by side for over twenty-four hours. If any one of us had been taken with cholera, this deathport was the only place where we could be isolated and nursed. Very early next morning I was on deck, when the sick-boat, like a ghost, came creeping along. I watched very intently the proceedings and saw how three bodies, sewed in linen, were put upon it and taken away. I wished I had not done it for I felt a great deal worse after that. Then the *World's* tug put in her appearance and again hundreds of copies were thrown on deck. The only cry that came to us from the shore through these papers was "Do not let them come near us!" We felt almost like the lepers of olden times, and our hearts began to sink. Perhaps even our friends would be afraid and refuse to receive us, when we at last would be delivered from all our misery. We began to be seriously alarmed. Again, hundreds of letters and telegrams were showered upon the tug. It was with a strange feeling too, that we were reading the sensational accounts of suffering and death among our number. The "Pest-Ship!" that was the name by which we were spoken of in the newspapers. Later on, Dr. Jenkins came on board, but all that we learned from him was: "If anybody sends any more communications to the newspapers, I will hold you for the full time, twenty days in quarantine." In the afternoon of the same day, the steerage was transferred to Hoffman Island in a boat that was given by Senator McPherson for this purpose. On the third day, a cordon of police boats was established round us. Our mail was then sent and received by the provision boats of the company and under Health Office control.

After the steerage had left, the crew began to sicken. These men had been sent to the Island for baths, and the fumigation of their clothes. The steerage was thoroughly cleansed, and when they came

back, they had to sleep on a damp floor without any bedding, as it was burnt while they were gone. The next morning an increased number was sick and had to be taken to the Island. But we five hundred healthy people waited still, and asked each other "what was to be done with us." We had arrived on Saturday and it was not before Wednesday, that we had the first thorough official examination of the ship. Fresh water of which we had not a drop, disinfectants, and some provisions for which the captain had asked on our arrival, we received on the same day. Under these circumstances, a committee was appointed by the passengers from their number, and they acted as health officers and tried to improve the conditions of the ship. There had never been a panic on board, or very great fear of cholera. The passengers did their best to encourage each other as it would have been bad for us to yield to sad feelings and sorrow.

At last, after many appeals to friends on shore, to whom it was worth while appealing, matters began to look more helpful. Mr. J. P. Morgan's generous gift of the old steamer Stonington, was hailed with great joy. But days passed until she could be fitted up. Finally she arrived on Saturday, but was not large enough to hold all the passengers. On Saturday, the 11th, the iron steamboat, the Cepheus, an excursion boat, arrived and was greeted with shouts of joy, by those that had remained on the *Normania*, and who were removed in the greatest hurry to her, so that many of the passengers left half their baggage behind. After the passengers from the *Stonington*, which anchored at Sandy Hook, were taken off, we soon were on our way to Fire Island, our new destination, forty miles distant, across the open sea, on the south of Long Island. The sea was very rough, and there were few on board who were not deathly sick. Such sea-sickness I never saw before, though I have seen a great deal of it! One can easily imagine what that means on a boat without any state-rooms or other conveniences for rest. The scene was awful. Our only comfort was that in three hours all our tribulations would be ended, and we would find an asylum at Fire Island.

After we had been on our way for about three hours, we heard the captain asking a passing fisherman about his course, and learned that he was out of his way eighteen miles. Furthermore we heard

that he had never been to Fire Island, that he did not know where to land, he had no compass, and no pilot on board. We met with one or two accidents, but still on we went as fast as possible. It had meanwhile grown dark and the sky looked very threatening. These hours were the most fearful we spent during the whole period. Every minute we expected that it would be the last of our life. It was enough to drive the poor worn-out passengers crazy. I saw many a face that frightened me in its awful, ghastly expression. My fear was, that the captain would attempt to reach the shore in spite of the unfavorable circumstances, and without a pilot on board. This surely must have ended in the loss of perhaps every life, for the coast is one of the most dangerous of this part of the Atlantic, and has been often the scene of terrible shipwrecks. Finally, the captain gave it up, as it was too dark to get over the bar. All that remained to do was to turn round and travel over those weary forty miles again. If our boat tried to anchor in the open sea, she was in danger to be swamped. It was terrible coming down, but when we found we should have to go back, it was something indescribable. It is the greatest wonder to me, that we all came out of it so well! Most of us had had no dinner, and there was nothing for supper. Little babies were crying pitifully for milk, and there was not a drop of it. The mothers, these were the real sufferers, and for that all the greater heroines. Fortunately, the sea was not quite as rough on the return voyage.

It was midnight when we reached Sandy Hook where we cast anchor. We lay down to sleep where we stood on the filthy floor, and fortunate we considered ourselves to find such a place. Some sat round on the decks, or the stairways awaiting the dawn, and when we woke there was no breakfast. Early in the next morning the steamer started to Staten Island to take coal, and about nine o'clock we were bound once more for Fire Island. We had read in the newspapers that the people on Fire Island intended to prevent our landing, but so many stories had been printed about us that we did not believe in it. Imagine our astonishment, when we went up to the dock and saw there, sure enough, the mob, several hundred strong, and armed with knives, clubs and pistols. At the command of their leaders, they cast away the gangway and cut the

ropes which had been thrown to the pier to secure the landing. They threatened to shoot down whoever should try to put foot on land! They looked and acted just as if they would have made true their word. Several of the ladies fainted and fell down like dead. It was indeed no wonder, after what we had been through. The efforts of the police on the *Cepheus* to awe the determined men on the pier, were unavailing. Twice was the *Cepheus* driven off her pier, and finally she was compelled to anchor a few feet off Fire Island that she had sought for two days. The women were taken to that side of the boat, where they were safe; and the gentlemen had a counsel whether to fight with these men, or to wait and see what the government would do for us, as we had heard meanwhile that soldiers were on their way to our help. In order to avoid bloodshed, it was decided to wait. Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, and other gentlemen in a boat rowed by policemen, went up to the pier and spoke to the mob; told them that we had not had anything to eat for twenty-four hours, and that we were near starvation. The men and young women did not ask to land, but he implored them in the name of God to allow the old women, mothers and children to go to the hotel for the night, they would return to the ship in the morning. After many insulting speeches, he was allowed to be heard. "They shall not land," shouted the mob. "We must think of our own wives and children."

Yet it was not fear of cholera that made these men act so cruelly, but the dread that their trade might suffer when Fire Island was made a quarantine station. That the poor, ignorant clam-digger behaved so shamefully is perhaps not to be wondered at, but what shall one say of a lawyer who encouraged them to such deeds? All that could be obtained of these cruel men after many attempts was, that we received from the hotel, about midnight, some mattresses and some bread and butter, not much, but enough to keep off starvation. All the food we had had during thirty-six hours was a little coffee or tea, some dry bread, and some milk for the babies; and even to obtain this we had first to fight. Some of these rascals rowed in a boat round us, and held up a piece of bread as if to mock us. The day wore on, no help came, and we had to pass a second night on the *Cepheus*; and worse it was than the first. There are no words

bad enough to tell what that was like! I never heard or read of anything like it.

Tuesday's sun rose upon the white faces and hungry eyes of those clustered in hundreds on the deck of the *Cepheus*. The same threatening mob was on the pier at daybreak as at the day's departing. In the morning we had a visit from the Health Officer, and some of the passengers forgot themselves so far, that they cursed him to his face and poured out reproaches unrestrained upon him. Then he announced to us that soldiers were on the way to our help, and that if we could not land at Fire Island to-day, he would release us. We felt a little encouraged, but it did not look as if there was an end to all the misery, especially, as a temporary injunction against the use of property for quarantine had been issued by Judge Barnard of Islip, and this difficulty could not be settled before noon. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Governor Flower of New York, who has done so much for us and for whom the passengers of the *Normania* had nothing but praise, announced to the mob that the injunction was dissolved, and that if they would not let us land, the government would enforce our landing. The mob then dispersed, calling out that we might land.

At about five o'clock the prison ship *Cepheus* went up to the forbidden pier, and the joyous landing was effected. With the band of stewards at the head, this procession, five hundred strong, marched up to the hotel. It was as thrilling a scene as any that could be witnessed. A group of white aproned waiters, cooks, chambermaids, were welcoming us with flutter of napkins and handkerchiefs. In the bay around us were the representatives of the press, and yachts with sympathetic shouters. At one side were the clam-diggers standing in their crafts. In silence they walked the gay landing, heard the music and the cheers. The storm-tossed, worn and weary wanderers of the *Normania*, who for sixty hours had not sat down to a square meal, had found at last a refuge where fresh water could be had and clean clothes, and their joy was unconfined. The day ended in rejoicing, and what a day it was!

The steamship itself that we left behind, was a speaking witness of the horrible life which had been led on board of it, where all the noisome scenes of the steerage had perforce to be enacted. Con-

sidering the five hundred guests arrived within five minutes at the hotel, it was natural that there was great confusion in the detail of rooms and the arrangement of other matters. But though we had no sheets and no blankets to cover ourselves, we felt as though in paradise. During the latter part of the night the storm raged into a hurricane. To the rushing gale was added the noise of the breakers which sent tremendous echoes through the hotel. Yet the weary passengers had only feelings of gratitude that it was not their fate to spend such a night on the small, over-crowded steamer. Not all the passengers, however, had rested comfortably; there had been some who had to sleep, even that night, on the floor without a mattress.

On Thursday the troops arrived who were sent to put down insurrection and to protect the Surf Hotel. The steamboat "Pegasus" which set out with them on Tuesday was unable to land the troops at their destination on account of a very heavy sea.

On Friday, the 16th, at last we were to start out for home! What a joyful message to all! But on Thursday before we parted we had a thanksgiving service in which all the people joined with glad and thankful hearts. We had breakfast at five o'clock on Friday, and right after it we went on board the small steamer "Ripple," which was to convey us in three trips to the Cepheus. At about half past eight o'clock we started, an over-happy crowd. But with Schiller could we say:

"Doch mit des Geschickes Mächten
Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,
Und das Unglück schreitet schnell."

We were not gone for half an hour when the Cepheus ran hard aground and stuck fast in the sand with the prospect to be detained here six hours as the tide was going out. Imagine, if you can, how fearfully disappointed the passengers were! The movements of our boat had been watched from the life saving station and some men in a boat were sent out to help us. With the assistance of the incoming tide the Cepheus got off the bar in about three hours and was again on her way to New York. As she passed up the bay every craft saluted her and the passengers cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs wildly. When quarantine was reached the band

played an air. There was not one ship that we passed on our way that had not flagged.

Since an early hour in the morning hundreds of relatives and friends of the passengers had gathered on the dock at the Hamburg American line, anxiously looking forward to the arrival of the *Cepheus*. As soon as she emerged as a white speck, hardly visible to the naked eye, a yell is said to have gone up that made the wharf tremble. But when the *Cepheus* came up to the pier, it was a sight never to be forgotten. The band played on board and sixty uniformed musicians greeted us from the dock with, "Home, Sweet Home," and caused some weeping, and men and women yelled and shrieked and waved. Kisses and embraces followed after the passengers were fairly landed. So, as if by miracle, we had come safely through all our woes, escaped the danger of the sea, of the plague, of the mob, of exposure and even of fire. Our feeling was one of deep thankfulness. Not by the hand of men had we been rescued; for their efforts had proved unavailing, and, had it not been for the fine weather, we must have perished. What wonder, then, that in a marked degree we felt the direction of an overruling Power direct!

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER.

CLEARLY, sweetly, at early dawn,
 Peals the music of the bells,
 Telling again the old, old song —
 That God incarnate with us dwells.
 Gladly, gladly the angels sing,
 Anthems sound through dale and glen;
 Swift the echo bears the strain:

"Peace, Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men!"

ABBOT.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF TOPICAL STUDY.—In the good old days when our grandfathers and grandmothers were climbing the difficult hill of knowledge, their road was made comparatively easy, by the close adherence to the text-book. No matter what the subject, if a recitation could be made in the words of the book, or nearly so, that recitation passed and was considered good. The danger of learning by rote became great, and many were the well-recited pages of ethics or philosophy of which the student understood not a word. We seldom hear now, the once familiar request, "Give me the first word, please," followed by the mental comment, "and I'll do the rest," because the professors and teachers of to-day, value more a recitation showing original thought, and an acquaintance with other authors, besides the writer of the text-book. To facilitate the getting of a wide view of a subject and the varied views of different men on that point, the plan of topical study is the one most used in our foremost colleges and schools.

The first advantage of this method is to teach the student the use of books. It is a great help in preparing a lesson, to go to a case of books, select the ones needed, and from them cull all that bears on the subject. But facts of the lesson are not all the student gains. He obtains a knowledge of writers; perhaps the style of the first was more racy, but less reliable than that of the second; one was more explicit on one point, the other on another; and unconsciously he is led to improve the second advantage of his teacher's plan, he classifies his thoughts. He cannot associate the beginning of a battle with the last paragraph of a page, its result with the top of the page following; but must associate and compare the accounts of the references, and exercise his judgment in grouping his information. This being done, he can call upon his knowledge, reasonably sure it will come to him in logical order.

The breadth of view made possible by this plan is perhaps its greatest advantage. To be forced to look at one side of the shield, even if it be the golden one, is most unfortunate; and to appreciate the beauty of the golden side, one must have first looked at the silver. This is our manner of thinking. We cannot appreciate the strength of our own positions in

philosophy, morals or religion, until we have first examined the strong and weak places in the opposite theory ; and how else can we do this, except through a careful study of books ?

It may be claimed that by this method the student's knowledge must necessarily be fragmentary ; by skipping from one book to another, his ideas become confused. This need not be, in fact it cannot be, if he will make use of that highly esteemed quality, commonsense.

As we copy our topics then, though we often find them long, let us not complain. For in each reference used, in each subject considered, we gain something we can always keep, something that will help to make us the well-read, well-informed women we all long to be. S. B. C. '93

Looking backward across the wide chasm of the summer vacation and the long up-hill climb of the fall term, the events of anniversary week stand out as landmarks in the history of the past year. The usual Draper Reading, Friday evening, was listened to by as many friends as could be packed into the Academy Hall, and the well-rendered selections, the lights, flowers, and gay gowns made a brilliant and memorable occasion.

The following Sunday, the Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the South Church by Rev. Willard G. Sperry of Manchester, N. H. When the congregation was seated and the seniors walked slowly up the aisles, we began to realize that this was the "beginning of the end" and that the time was coming all too soon for us to bid good-bye to the class of '92.

On Monday the thermometer stood high in the nineties and reports came in that one of the men engaged in erecting tents for the Lawn Party had been obliged to leave work on account of a sun-stroke ; but by four o'clock in the afternoon the temperature was so modified that it only served as the basis for a mild pleasantry to the effect that this was certainly a "warm reception." The grounds presented a very festive appearance with tents and flags and huge Japanese umbrellas here and there, while the guests themselves were decorated with satin badges, bearing dainty pictures of the school buildings. Miss McKeen received in the drawing-room and presented each guest in turn to Miss Watson, the principal-elect. After this ceremony was over, all sought the grove and lawns and enjoyed the summer afternoon and evening talking with old friends, listening to the music of the orchestra, and partaking of the refreshments served in big tents near the Maple Walk. It was good to see the enthusiasm with which the "old girls" flocked about Miss McKeen, and lived over again their school-days at Abbot Academy. Some had not even seen Draper Hall and were so charmed with its beauty that they made a pilgrimage all over the building from the studios on the fourth

floor to the subterranean realms where the electrician holds undisturbed sway. The darkness came too soon, reminding the alumnae that they must tear themselves away from the dear old haunts until the morrow.

If Monday was decidedly warm, Tuesday was unquestionably hot; but nobody minded that, for it has become an established precedent that the weather on Anniversary Day should cap the climax after a week or more of steadily increasing heat. So at nine o'clock Tuesday morning a large audience assembled in Academy Hall to listen to the following programme:

Music. — Semi-Chorus.

Essay. — Superstition, Miss Gilchrist.

Music. — Soirées de Vienne, No. 6, Schubert-Liszt, Miss Odell.

Essay. — The Value of Money, Miss Morton.

Reading. — Easter Lilies, Miss Manning.

Music. — Polonaise, Op. 26, Chopin, Miss Beal.

Essay. — The Influence of Woman upon National Life, Miss Staats.

After the Ivy Exercises the school marched to the South Church where Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, addressed the graduating class. When the diplomas had been presented by Prof. Taylor, the school rose to sing again the impressive hymn,

“ Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me.”

Already the class of '92 had stepped into the ranks of the alumnae, and it remained to be seen how the next class would fill their places. Literally speaking, the test was a severe one, for when twelve returned in the fall instead of the seven who had graduated, it was obvious that there were not enough chairs in the senior-room to accommodate them all! The trouble was soon rectified by using the couch as a seat.

At first the school seemed new and strange, even to the old girls; for not only were the two halls filled and the academy actually crowded, but there were changes also in the faculty. The new principal, however, touched the right chord at once in many a girl's heart by her cordial manner and generous sympathy. Of course, we missed the familiar faces, dear to every old scholar, for Miss McKeen, Miss Means and Miss Hamlin had left us. We were glad to welcome Miss Chadbourne, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Mason and Miss Jillson who were to carry on the work. We regret that Miss Jillson was obliged to leave school about the middle of the term on account of ill health. Miss Stoddard, a graduate of Wellesley, has taken her place.

It did not take long to set the wheels in motion, and in a few weeks every girl had found her place and settled down to the pleasant routine

of school life broken occasionally by invitations from kind friends in the town or by bits of fun within our own walls. The time has passed so quickly, in fact, that it is hard to realize that the longest term of the year is finished and that the Christmas vacation is here. A. T. N. '93.

While we unceasingly rejoice in the conveniences and elegances of our beautiful Draper Hall, we are continually reminded of our great need of a new, commodious school building. Abbot Hall has nearly exhausted its capacity,—not a dozen more could find comfortable sitting at morning prayers, and what we shall do when friends desire to visit our public exercises is our present problem. Classes numbering nearly forty crowd into our diminutive recitation rooms, and most careful calculation is required to find rooms for all classes. Will not all friends share our yearnings for this needed blessing and our hopes for the materialization of our visions?

One morning, not long ago, a reporter from the Abbot Courant visited Miss McKeen in her new home. Contrary to the traditional treatment, this one was most cordially welcomed, and invited to sit by the fire which was crackling and blazing in the grate. It may have been that Miss McKeen realized her "interviewer's" ignorance of journalistic arts, and pitied her accordingly, for she opened freely the treasures of her memory, and it is to her that we owe many interesting items about Abbot girls. They in return will be anxious to take a look into her charming new home. Who among all the old girls would not pause in amazement at the change that has been wrought in what used to be South Hall? All the rooms have been daintily papered and painted, and the light from the windows is softened by silk sash curtains or snowy muslin draperies. On the left of the front door is the library, where the Rogers group and the marble Lorenzo still hold their posts, as in Smith Hall days, on either side of the bookcase.

It is an unsolved mystery how the dining-room ever accommodated a houseful of girls, for it seems none too large for Miss McKeen's family; an invitation to take tea with her in this pretty room, and to eat from the china bought with what she calls her "graduating present," is a pleasure that many Abbot girls have already enjoyed.

On the other side of the entrance are the parlors, filled with gifts from friends and rare souvenirs of foreign travel. In a corner of the room stands the portrait of Miss Phebe, where the light falls upon it in a way that brings out the strength and symmetry of the noble face. Every room in the house contains tokens from friends far and near and relics

of the past, not the least interesting of which are the brass andirons from Miss McKeen's childhood's home.

Artistically caught in netting, which is draped nearly the length of a wall, is a group vying with Correggio's children, in the Duomo,—a group composed of Abbot Academy *grandchildren*.

It seems as though our Trustees must find themselves rewarded a thousandfold for their well-deserved generosity towards Miss McKeen, when they behold the wonderful transformation that has been wrought in old South Hall. In fact it is South Hall no longer, but Sunset Lodge, the beautiful home of one who is dear to us all. We think of sunshine when we go to see Miss McKeen, and we are glad that, morning, noon, and night, the sun can shine in upon her. When we think of sunset, it is of the glorious, flooding light in our western sky, and of the path of the just shining more and more unto the perfect day.

THE ABBOT ACADEMY CLUB.—At a meeting of former pupils of Abbot Academy, Andover, held in Boston on Saturday, October 15th, an Abbot Academy Club was formed, which will hold meetings on the first Saturday of each month from November to April, inclusive, at the Parker House, Boston.

Mrs. Laura A. Fowler was chosen President of the Club, and Miss Floretta Vining, Treasurer. The Principal of Abbot Academy, and Miss McKeen, its late Principal were chosen honorary members.

The meetings will be of a social, literary, and musical character, and a lunch will be served.

It is hoped that very many Abbot girls, near and far, will identify themselves with the Club, and find it a source of pleasure and profit, as well as an opportunity to keep alive an interest in the dear old academy.

The first meeting was held at the Parker House on Saturday, November 5th. It gave promise of a delightful series of gatherings, which will be held monthly during the season.

Mrs. Laura A. W. Fowler, president of the Club, presided at the lunch, and the guests of honor were Miss Laura S. Watson, principal of Abbot Academy, and Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence, one of the original pupils of the academy at its opening in 1829.

Mrs. Lawrence has distinguished herself in a literary way as the author of several books, among them being "Light on a Dark River," "The Tobacco Problem," and "Marion Braham," besides many leaflets published by the National Temperance Union. A large and merry party of past pupils and teachers were present, and after mutual congratulations and a brief business meeting, lunch was served. It was followed by a pleasing

literary and musical programme. Miss Mabel Wheaton, an alumna of Abbot Academy, read a deeply interesting paper upon Spanish History, Miss Anna E. French gave pleasing recitations, and Miss Scripps of the New England Conservatory of Music, a talented pupil of Mr. Whitney, sang several songs, which gave evident delight.

Mrs. D. M. Edgerley of Cambridge is secretary of the Club, and Miss Floretta Vining is its treasurer.

Among its vice-presidents are Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Miss Anna S. Dawes, and Miss Alice French (Octave Thannet), all of whom were pupils of Abbot Academy.

It was a meeting of May and December, a gathering uniting a member of '29 and those of '89 and '92. Mrs. Lawrence, who retains fully all her faculties, declared she felt as young as when a girl. She gave a pleasing account of her literary work. The Club began life with thirty members, and hopes to greatly increase that number, as the very large attendance at the McKeen Breakfast proved that large numbers in Boston and vicinity are eligible to membership. Mrs. Abby Chamberlaine Poor, for several years president of the Alumnae Association, was made an honorary member. A telegram of love and sympathy was sent to Miss McKeen, who was unable to be present on account of illness. Many delightful programmes for succeeding meetings are planned by the Club.

THE SECOND MEETING OF THE ABBOT CLUB.—A peep into one of the rooms of the Parker House, at the second meeting of the Abbot Club, December 3d, would have revealed a delightfully sociable scene. Never did Mrs. Fowler preside with greater ease and hospitality; the atmosphere was pervaded by the true Abbot spirit of cordiality and genial good fellowship.

At one o'clock a sumptuous lunch was served to about forty of the alumnae. At its close, Mrs. Fowler announced the literary exercises, whose subject for the afternoon was Whittier. The December committee, consisting of Miss Dewey, Miss McDuffee, and Miss Kathleen Jones, had arranged the following program :

Polonaise. — Chopin.

Shadow Dance. — McDowell. Miss Dewey.

Whittier at Home. — Miss Ingalls.

Song, "My Lady." — Whittier. Mrs. Cunningham.

Whittier's Poems. — Miss Hamlin.

Reading. — Miss McDuffee.

Song. — Selected. Mrs. Cunningham.

The "Shadow Dance," played by Miss Dewey with exquisite delicacy and sensibility, was followed by Miss Ingall's paper upon "Whittier at Home." The occurrence of this visit so shortly before the poet's death gave special interest to the narrative. It was a pretty and pathetic picture, — the tribute of the enthusiastic young girls, the noble courtesy of the aged poet, whose deep desire was to make them happy, the genuine cordiality of the hostess, and, as a fitting background, the beauty and seclusion of Oak Knoll, amidst its fine old trees of pine, oak, and hickory.

Mrs. Cunningham's songs had a sweetness and pathos befitting the spirit of the program, and Miss McDuffee's rendering of Whittier's poems was delightfully sympathetic.

Miss Hamlin's paper was a thoughtful and scholarly effort, in which one recognized a powerful undercurrent of loving, personal appreciation. The listener felt ever-increasing interest in the analysis of Whittier's peculiar charm, his limitations, his fearless patriotism, his broad humanity, and his simple, childlike trust in the divine beneficence. At the close there seemed a momentary hush, as if over the whole company were brooding the beautiful, devout spirit of the Quaker poet.

A brief business meeting closed the proceedings, and Mrs. Fowler emphasized the importance of each one's constituting herself a committee of one to marshal to the January meeting all members of the Abbot clan, if not from the four quarters of the earth, at least from any place within a day's journey of Boston.

Abbot Academy always votes for President of the United States. This year we determined to try the Australian system: and we have it on good authority that one of the teachers made a long visit at the Town Clerk's office, learning from that obliging and pains-taking man the various steps in the new system. At his suggestion also, she applied to the Republican State Committee for enough sample ballots for our use, the *bona fide* ballots being unattainable. Our kind neighbor, Mr. William Jackson, negotiated this part of the business, and thus greatly aided our scheme. On election day two teachers visited the Town Hall, and saw the Australian system in operation.

Before three o'clock the Hall was converted into a spacious voting precinct. The ever useful studio screens served to make cosy little booths, in each of which was a table, with its sharpened lead pencil ready for the voter. The required lists were made out, and properly crossed out or checked, as the case might be; the ballots were properly folded; order was kept within the railing — there was considerable noise without, — and Draper Hall mail-box did good service as ballot-box. In fact, everything

was done decently and in order. We did depart from the requirements of the Australian system in the matter of counting votes, but otherwise we believe we complied with the law, and found it exceedingly interesting to do so.

As a result of our work that day, we have the proud satisfaction of recording, —

110 votes for Harrison and Reid;

30 votes for Cleveland and Stevenson;

1 vote for Biddell and Cranfill.

Russell had one vote for Governor; Shields, one for Lieut.-Governor.

THE THANKSGIVING RECESS. — Since the Lord of Misrule could not visit Abbot Academy during the Christmas vacation, he determined to do so at the Thanksgiving recess. Everything was given over to mirth and jollity, and if one was not fined for speaking a word of wisdom, he was certainly regarded with total disapprobation.

Poor stay-at-homes! Not at all. We challenge any of the wanderers to match their good times with ours, and wager the historic carcass of the "noble Turk" that we shall come off victorious. Dear sisters, no sooner did the last carriage whisk away your beloved forms, than the good times were heralded. A long, creepy ghost story, in Miss Greeley's hospitable room, marked the first evening. Then followed Wednesday, a day of delicious freedom and unbounded possibilities. Meantime, such transformations! As if by magic, a piano stood in the reading-room, and games of various kinds invited the unwary to new, if hopeless feats.

Wednesday evening beheld a motley company in the lower corridors. Here was a maiden radiant in gay Eastern attire; there was another in singular guise: her tippet and jacket were fastened behind, her hands were clasped behind, while her very hat seemed purposely placed in that novel position. We imagined we saw her eyes gleam beneath it, but possibly that was a mistake. Certainly an animated conundrum stood before us. Time would fail me to tell of the others, — of one whose face was illuminated by a candle, of another the decorations of whose gown consisted of authors' faces, and the mysterious placard, "8 to 8.30." There was one with a cuff of flaming scarlet; another with emaciated A's in conspicuous positions, like the stripes of a brigadier-general; while the most noticeable figure of all was a beloved instructor in all the colors of the rainbow. A masquerade party? By no means, — a book party, arranged by Miss Harvey and her clever committee. Miss Basset played a lively march, and then began in the corridor a number of the most bewildering evolutions. In and out twined these fantastic beings, these

living enigmas, like the gay phantoms of a dream. Finally the process of solution began. Of course, with leisure for reflection, you have no difficulty in recognizing "The Egyptian Princess," "Half Hours with the Best Authors," "Redgauntlet," "Innocents Abroad," "Looking Backward," "A Face Illumined," etc. etc. But the teacher in the "robe of many colors,"—who or what was she? It required the philosophical mind of the Principal herself to discover a Dialogue of Plato, "Gorgias." A howl of despair greeted the revelation, and it is wonderful that the Lord of Misrule had not chastised such an audacious return to rhyme and reason. Miss Kent, the Janus-headed member from Dakota, won the prize, — a bottle of fat, plump, juicy, delicious olives. Then followed a merry dance, with joyful anticipations of the coming day.

Thanksgiving dawned with unspeakable privileges, — an eight o'clock breakfast of that genuine New England character, where chicken and hot cakes promise the ineffable joys of turkey and mince-pies. All the morning there was the buzz of preparation. Strains of guitar and banjo floated along the corridors, oratorical efforts sounded through half-closed doors, and when, at the hour of two, all assembled in "best bib and tucker," it was a sight which would have delighted the benevolent soul of Santa Claus himself.

In the centre of the dining-hall was a long table, stretching from the entrance to serving room, ornamented with ferns of tropical luxuriance, and chrysanthemums of unrivalled splendor. The festal board positively groaned with the supply of good things so carefully arranged by Miss Kimball. At first their reigned a becoming order and dignity; perhaps there were a few backward glances at home re-unions; but soon the spirit of good cheer prevailed, nonsense reigned supreme, and if any one had woes, she was willing to "bury them" in a good mince pie, and evermore be merry."

Finally chairs were moved back, and the "post-prandial" exercises began. Miss Watson, as toast-master, never allowed the fun to flag, and her opening address, delivered with all the gravity of a judge, and the inscrutable calmness of a sphynx, was condensed merriment throughout. Allusion was made to the patriotic sentiments of a certain history class who rejoiced that Columbus landed on Plymouth Rock, and that Jason came over in the Mayflower.

Miss Stone responded to the first toast, "the Absent," bewailing the sad fortunes of those whom fate had driven into the cruel world, to pick up a dinner wherever they could find one. Miss Annie Ingalls, after a charming tribute to the day as celebrated in her Kentucky home, congratulated the "Stay-at-homes" upon the privilege of enjoying a genuine New England Thanksgiving.

Then did a teacher of literature, she who was wont to deliver high discourse upon the beauty of form, the noble province of song, so debase her lofty principles, as to utter the following, which should have, like the good dog Rover, when it died, "have died all over." Written in iambic dimeter, with occasional variations of monometer and monometer cat-
 lectic, it is in response to the toast, "New England."

"It is with joy
 (With some alloy)
 That I express
 (In an address,
 Emphatic,
 Enthusiastic,
 Ecstatic)
 My delight
 (At first sight)
 Of this land
 (You understand),
 Quite new
 ('Tis true)
 Though English
 (Don't you know).
 Its people chose
 ('Gainst their foes)
 Not a tub,
 But a Hub.
 For there they found
 'The wheels go round'
 Most curiously
 And furiously.
 They called their town,
 'Bos-town.'
 It has a DOME!
 Most's big as Rome!
 And a hill
 By a rill,
 The Charles
 (N0t the Quarles),
 Where people climb
 To heights sublime,
 And pant,

And pant,
 For hours together
 In windy weather.
 These people go
 To and fro:
 They admire
 To acquire
 Mathematics, ethics,
 Pneumatics, optics,
 Hydrostatics, acoustics,
 Metaphysics, politics,
 And it *sticks*
 (So *they* say
 Every day!)
 And what they eat,
 'Tis sweet;
 Perhaps you've seen
 Their bean.
 The men of red
 (So 'tis said)
 When very savage
 Did ravage
 The land
 (You understand).
 They took the turkey
 And celery;
 The pies
 And delicacies,
 And left the bean
 (Noble bean!)
 Which kept them safe
 (Every waif)
 'Gainst starvation
 And privation.

So to-day,
In bright array,
We render thanks,

Hearty thanks,
And rejoice
With mighty voice!"

Miss Hitchcock gave the "Forefathers" their full meed of glory, and Miss Fenton was champion for the "Foremothers," who did more than any one else to celebrate Thanksgiving by savory turkey and incomparable mince pies.

Then ensued the most astounding performance of all. Slowly, with due solemnity, there was borne in upon a gigantic platter, the carcass of the "noble being" who had been sacrificed that day. The flag of his country draped his attenuated form; Abbot blue enshrined his honored remains, while his heroic offering of self was celebrated in the following lines:

"There was a turkey on that plate,
On that plate:
His bones remain, his flesh we ate,
Flesh we ate.
Thanks, thanks that we are safe and sound;
No hostile teeth our flesh have ground.

CHORUS.—Fare the well, for we must leave thee:

Do not let this parting grieve thee;
But remember that the best of friends

Must part, must part.

Adieu adieu, good Turk, adieu,

Adieu, adieu,

We cannot now eat more of you,

More of you.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
To the Turk we make our final bow.

"O, what a tender heart he had,
Had, had, had;
O, how his drum-sticks, made us glad,
Made us glad;
His excellent taste we surely can't deny;
He was good; his wings did testify.

CHORUS.—Fare the well," etc. etc.

Enthusiastic applause greeted this pathetic dirge, at the close of which Miss Mary Bond read a fitting oration over that prostrate form.

The crowning effort was the "Last Lament and Will of Gobbling

Strutter, the Turk," delivered into the hands of the Greek teacher, Miss Katherine Hutchison, and by her read with impressive solemnity. For those members of the faculty and students of Abbot Academy especially interested, the following extracts are made :

"To the editors of the Courant, in order that this noble organ may have strength to grow and flourish, and to ward off the attacks to which editors are subject, I give and bequeath my *back-bone*."

"To the composition classes, in order that they may have pens with which they may dust their brains in search of thoughts, I hereby give and bequeath my *quills*."

"To the matron of Abbot Academy, for the purpose of filling cushions for the seats on the stairway landing of Draper Hall, I hereby give and bequeath my *feathers* and *bones* not otherwise disposed of."

"Should there be any one connected with Abbot Academy in need of the necessary articles — which I doubt — to her I give and bequeath my *brains*."

"To the Republican Club of Abbot Academy, in order that they may celebrate the Republican victory of '96, I hereby give and bequeath my *drum-sticks*."

"To the worthy Principal of Abbot Academy, in order that the wishes of her many friends for her long, peaceful, and prosperous reign may be fulfilled, I hereby give and bequeath my *wish-bone*. Let it be placed above the door of the McKeen rooms, and be considered an heirloom in the family of Abbot Academy."

"I hereby name Miss Kimball, the matron of Draper Hall, my sole executrix."

Witness my sign and seal to this my last will and testament.

Gobbling Strutter, the Turk,

Nov. 22, 1892, State of Mass., Co. of Essex.

Witnessed by Peter Chanticleer,

Grover Cleveland.

Thus about five o'clock, after a session of two delightful hours and forty-five engrossing minutes, this Thanksgiving assembly dispersed, showering thanks upon Miss Watson and the efficient committee who had so happily planned and executed this jolly good time.

We were glad to receive the following from an A. A. "husband :

"During the past summer Mrs. Emma Meachem Davis' cottage at Harwick Port, Mass., has been an Abbot Academy headquarters. Mrs. Davis comes from Detroit to Cape Cod each summer, and this year her example

drew to the old town Mrs. Lizzie Reed Brownell of Worcester and Mrs. Alice Merriam Moore from Washington. Of the eight children in the three families one is destined to Abbot Academy and seven to Phillips. Miss Lizzie W. Goddard spent a week with her class-mates, and Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson came pretty near doing so. The three families have arranged to be together again next summer.

[“ Editor Courant. I have heard nothing but “ Abbot Academy ” all summer long, and this is the only revenge I can take on the unsuspecting victims. This is the first time I have written for the Courant, but have edited from Abbot copy in days long past. CHARLES MOORE.] ”

The following letter from Harriet E. Abbott, '67, wife of Rev. F. E. Clark, will interest old girls and Christian Endeavorers wherever it is read :

Melbourne, Victoria, Sept. 30, 1892.

DEAR MISS McKEEN,

Would you like to hear from one of your girls who has wandered away from you more than ten thousand miles, almost to the ends of the earth?

If you want to have a realizing sense of the distance from Andover to Australia you should take that long journey across our own continent to San Francisco, and then sail as we did across the lonely Pacific Ocean, more than seven thousand miles, not meeting a vessel of any kind till we were nearing the Australian Coast.

We spent a very delightful day at Honolulu, the “ Paradise of the Pacific.” Kind friends took us for a ride about the city, introduced us to many of the pleasantest people there, treated us to all kinds of tropical fruits, showed us all the sights, and then drove us back to the steamer, laden with flowers and cocoanuts and mangos, and decorated according to the native custom with garlands of glossy green leaves and bright red flowers. That pleasant day lingers in my memory as the one bright streak of sunshine in that long, lonely voyage. “ It is a chink,” as Mary Wilkins would say. I am sorry that I do not take kindly to “ a life on the ocean wave.” Seven long, wearisome days from Honolulu and then we anchored in the beautiful harbor at Samoa. We had only time for a little peep at the beautiful bay and the quiet little town of Apia, but it was a very delightful peep. The natives came out in their little boats to meet us, and very picturesque they looked with their fancy costumes and their brown skins shining with cocoanut oil which gives them a very pretty polish. We very soon selected a boat man and were quickly rowed to the shore where only one short hour was allowed us.

Groups of children and older people met us at the wharf, all with something to sell, and all dressed in what seemed to us very odd costumes. One garment of any kind was amply sufficient for their wants, and it made no difference what shape or size or color that garment might be. Anything from a straight piece of cloth to a "Mother Hubbard" dress seemed to be satisfactory to the older ones. Whatever it was they would drape it picturesquely, and walk on in as graceful and dignified a manner as could be desired. As for the little children, a garland of flowers or a necklace of shells seemed to be all that they wanted, and their bright, happy, little brown faces were very pleasant to look upon. They all had something to sell, either bananas or mangos or some rare shells, or perhaps a piece of tappa, a kind of native cloth, and were delighted if we bought their wares and almost as happy if we refused. It was really very pleasant to see such a beaming, kindly expression on all the faces.

While we were walking down the street we were overtaken by a sudden shower, and some men came out from a native hut and motioned to us to come in. It was just a thatched roof supported by poles, and of course there were no such luxuries as chairs. We could either stand or sit on the ground. They could not speak a word of our language or we of theirs, and yet I have not felt myself any more cordially or courteously welcomed in any of the pleasant homes I have visited on the way, than in that little native hut with those five or six men and women sitting on the ground, smiling their welcome.

After the shower we had only time for a little stroll down the street and short calls on Governor Ormsby and at the Mission House, when the warning whistle sounded from the steamer and we hastened back for another two weeks on the *Mariposa*.

As we rowed back through the twilight, we met a boat full of natives from the Mission School, singing a missionary hymn in their own language, and I have a very pleasant memory of the sound of that sweet music across the water. The time passed very quickly and we sent back many lingering, longing glances at the peaceful little bay, with the native boats all around us and the wreck of the German ship, the *Adler*, still lying on its side where it was thrown by the great storm. But "time and tide wait for no man" and neither did the *Mariposa*. Soon we steamed away, and before morning we were out of sight of land, and the sea had so tossed us about that we were a very seasick and homesick set of people. But I will not weary you with any more of our doleful or delightful experiences during those long twenty-four days. Suffice it to say that we were all very glad when we saw Sidney Heads in the distance,

and it was very delightful to enter the beautiful, smooth waters of Sidney Harbor.

Soon a little steam launch came out to meet us, bearing at one end the American flag, and at the other the Union Jack, and from the pennon at the mast-head we read the letters, Y. P. S. C. E. Of course we knew by those letters that these must be Christian Endeavor friends who had come out especially to meet us, and soon they were on board and were giving us a cordial welcome to New South Wales and Australia. It was very pleasant to receive such a cordial welcome and to feel at once at home and among friends, though we had never seen their faces before, and bidding good-bye to our Mariposa friends we went board the steam launch and were soon taken to the shore.

I wish I could tell you of some of the delightful Australian homes where we have been so cordially welcomed and so kindly cared for, and of the large enthusiastic meetings that have been held in New South Wales and Victoria. We have been spending a delightful week with Dr. and Mrs. Beran of Melbourne. They both have very pleasant memories of their acquaintance with you in London and I think also in New York, and they ask to be especially remembered.

If you should happen to have any time or thought to spare for a poor wanderer so far from home, I should be very glad to hear from you.

We shall stay in Australia about three weeks longer and sail in the Ching-Tre for Japan, and from there homewards by way of China, Siam, Colombo, India, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, England. Letters would reach us if sent to Hong Kong, Bombay or Constantinople, General Post Office.

With love and pleasant memories of the past, Sincerely Yours,

HATTIE E. CLARK.

(MRS. F. E. CLARK.)

Mr. Mortimer B. Mason has given to the Academy a number of photographs from the celebrated house of Braun and Co., of Paris. These photographs being taken from pictures in the Louvre and the National Gallery of the Luxembourg palace, well represent the French painters of this century. Among them is a child's head by Greuze, and the famous portrait of the Empress Josephine by David. An especial treasure is the photograph of Cazin's "Hagar and Ishmael," and the whole make a valuable addition to the more general collection of the school.

Another rich gift to the school is the picture of the Madonna and Child, presented by Mrs. Richard S. Storrs (Mary Elwell Jenks '43) of Brook-

lyn, N. Y. So many changes have been made in the school buildings since the days of Mrs. Storrs' residence here as pupil, that she specified the Academy Hall as the place where she desired the gift to be hung, the old chapel being the spot she remembered best.

The picture is a large copy of the figures of the Holy Mother and Child, from Raphael's famous Sistine Madonna, which now hangs in the Dresden Gallery. The original is said to be the "finest picture in Northern Europe," and was purchased from the Benedictine Monastery of San Sisto in 1753 by Augustus III, Elector of Saxony, for a sum equal to \$40,000. It was received at Dresden with great pomp, and placed in the reception-hall of the Electoral Palace.

It is universally acknowledged that in this work, the wonderful genius of Raphael is most exhibited. Art has nothing more beautiful than the prophetic expressions of the faces. This picture was painted entirely by Raphael, which was a rare occurrence in his latter years.

BRIGHT TIMES ON CLOUDY DAYS.—A rainy Wednesday is always a disappointment to Abbot girls; but some of our merriest times have come on these stormy vacation days. An invitation to Miss Watson's room to "enjoy an open fire with pop corn accompaniments" furnishes a silver lining to the darkest cloud; and a stranger glancing at the happy groups, some engaged in fancy work, some interested in the beautiful engravings belonging to Miss Watson, all enjoying the corn popped by some kind souls at the fire, would realize that though the weather kept them in-doors "stone-walls did not a prison make."

The Senior parlor has been the scene of two pleasant gatherings this term. On one occasion chestnuts were roasted, on the other an informal reception was given the Senior Middlers.

THE POETIC MUSE DESCRIBES A DAY AT ABBOT ACADEMY.

"Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, loosing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life—
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves?"

6.30 A.M.

"The tintinabulations of the bells, bells, bells,"—
"Admonishing us that we should dress us fairly for
our end."

- 7 A.M. Tower stairs. "They pushed us down the steps and through the open doors."
 "All corridors and passages lead hither,
 And all doors but open into it."
 "And then to breakfast with what appetite you have."
- 7.45 to 8.15 A.M. "This is to be alone; this, is solitude!"
- 8.30 A.M. "The chapel bells called us,
 And in we streamed by twos and threes,
 And there sat compassed by professors."
- 9 to 12 A.M. "The day fled on through all its range of duties."
 "They come and go incessant."
- 12 M. "Nearer as they came a genial savor
 Of certain stews and roast-meats and pilaus,
 Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favor."
- 12.45 to 3.30 P.M. "What is the end of study?
 "Why, that to know which else we should not know."
 "Lo! how all things fade and perish from the memory!"
- 3.30 to 5.30 P.M. "But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly or I can run."
 "Left to myself, I wander as I will."
- 5.30 P.M. "Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the merry family around
 Laugh at the jests and pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale."
- 6.45 to 7.15 P.M. "Never less alone than when alone."
- 7.15 to 9.00 P.M. "When Night hath set her silver lamp on high,
 Then is the time for study."
- The library at 9 P.M. "The storm is past, but it hath left behind it
 Ruin and desolation."
- 9.40 P.M. "So purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingers still."
- Corridor teacher's reflection at 10 P.M. "Having put all to bed, then in my turn
 I will lie down, and sleep as sound as they."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER SENT FROM DRAPER HALL TO AN OLD SCHOLAR — "It is always delightful to write to you because you have been here yourself and you know so nearly how we live. But I wondered after I read your last letter if you realized how luxuriously we are situated, and if the joys of life in Draper Hall had ever been impressed upon your imagination. Of course the Hall is beautiful,—you know that already—and you know too that the school is larger than it used to be. I went down to the dining-room a few minutes late last night, and I felt as I crossed the room that ninety pairs of eyes were watching me—you can't think how strange it seemed. We have indeed lost the family feeling that you spoke of. But if you think for a minute that we would change our suites here for those ridiculous little two by twice rooms that you used to live in you are very much mistaken.

I will give you the day's programme that you asked for gladly. The delightful sound of the rising bell is heard at half-past six now as it has been for the last thirty years, and breakfast is still at seven. The silent hour is from quarter of eight to quarter past, and at half-past we go over to the Academy Hall for Prayers. Then there are recitations and study periods till twelve, when we lunch. From quarter of one to half-past three we recite and study again, and at half-past three the doors are opened and we find our way to Indian Ridge or Sunset Rock or some other favorite haunt. We dine at half past five, and after the half hour there are study hours till nine. The poetic days of low-burning lamps are gone—at ten the genius of the dynamo plunges us from light to darkness with a single turn of his hand. And now I think you can follow us through the school days.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are different. Wednesday is called recreation day, but it is usually very full of room and laundry work, mending, letter-writing, extra studying, etc. On Saturday we do composition work. Sunday is one of the pleasantest days of the week. We go to church in the morning and then have a long quiet time for reading and writing and resting. The hour before tea is divided into visiting quarters, and in the evening we sing in the large music rooms. On the whole, life in Draper Hall is very delightful and not a bit monotonous. But you must come out and see that for yourself. Come any Wednesday and I will take you from dining-room to studio."

LETTER FROM SMITH HALL — "First, I am going to tell you of our home life. Home life! Yes, you may call it that, for we are a family of just thirty, including the teachers and the matron. Although we are comparatively few in number, and although our rooms are small, yet we

never look with envious eyes at Draper Hall. Let me give you a picture of our day.

With half opened eyes and sensations of drowsiness we hear the ringing of the big electric bell, and realize the truth of the lines, —

‘I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty.’

To a beginner in the language, the first morning of French conversation is one long to be remembered. How well I recall that first breakfast ! What a medley of sounds met my ears. The mingled accents of “du pain,” “merci,” and “s’il vous plaît,” were all like so much Greek to me, and I wanted to whisper a word to my neighbor in my native tongue. I should have been discouraged indeed, had it not been for Miss Merrill’s kindness and the help of the girls who already knew something of the French language. Now that we know the daily routine we are kept busy with our several tasks and cannot afford to lose a moment of study time. At half after three comes recreation, and with it the longed-for English. How the tongues fly for two hours ! No pauses in the conversation then.

Dinner is a pleasant meal, and the social time which follows endears Smith Hall to every girl and adds the finishing touch to the home life. What merry times we have then ! Each evening we have impromptu musicales given by the different members of the family who are gifted, not only with sweet voices and nimble fingers, but with willing dispositions.

Would you believe that from six to ten couples could dance in a room whose dimensions are about twelve by twenty feet ? We do it often, although it takes a skilful leader to guide her partner through the crowd.

At the approaching steps of the mail-carrier comes a change — no more dancing, no more playing ; but with eager, out-stretched hands we receive our evening’s letters. The summons to study comes all too soon, and we scatter to our rooms for our evening work.

The short period of recreation between study hour and bed-time goes like a flash and the day is practically done, for the retiring-bell gives warning that its next stroke will mean “lights out.”

As the week advances there is little change in our daily round. On Tuesday evenings we have the privilege of dining with our friends at Draper Hall, or of entertaining them here. Wednesday brings a variety in our duties, and we exchange the pen for the broom. Sunday is a day of rest and is made especially attractive by pleasant visits with one another in the afternoon, and singing or reading aloud in the evening.

COLUMBUS DAY — Although the sky was overcast by heavy clouds, it did not check the enthusiasm of Abbot in regard to its celebration of Columbus Day. At ten o'clock the school assembled in the hall and opened the exercises by heartily singing "Speed Our Republic." Following this was an account of the life of Columbus and his great achievements, told in so clear a way by Miss Forsyth that it held the attention and interest of the listeners from first to last. At various intervals the reading was interrupted by the rendering of selections from Irving's Life of Columbus and several poems. Midway in the program, the patriotic hymn, "God Save and Bless Our Fatherland," was sung by a semi-chorus, and at the last, the whole school joined in singing "America." The music was under the direction of Prof. Downs, and it was with pleasure we saw among the listeners, Miss McKeen, Mr. and Mrs. Draper, and several of the former pupils of the school.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION — The Senior reception, which we had anticipated so pleasantly, made a delightful ending for Columbus Day. The guests were received in the Senior parlor by Miss Watson, Misses Nettleton, Alden and Chase. The room was prettily decorated with ferns and the class colors, white and yellow. In the drawing room Misses Ingalls and Nichols distributed favors, the design on the outside of which brought us face to face with Columbus and made us realize that this was no ordinary occasion. Miss Francis entertained us with her guitar, and we enjoyed to the full the beautiful McKeen rooms that Miss Watson so kindly threw open. After an hour's reception, dancing began in the dining-room when Misses Carleton and Ladd furnished delightful music. One corner of the room was turned into a cosy retreat where the trustees, the faculty and other honored guests watched the merry dancers. Not content with the numbers on the program we begged for extras and even then there was a sigh of regret when the last strain of the waltz died away. Ices were served during intermission, and the whole affair was a brilliant success. At eleven o'clock good-nights were said and we went to our rooms to waltz on in dreamland.

Situated on the fourth floor, the Art department occupies the entire end of Draper Hall. It consists of three well-lighted and spacious rooms, one of which, to a casual observer, might be taken for a museum, judging from the number of curious articles which decorate its walls; old bottles, and jugs of all shapes and sizes, quaint crockery, wooden shoes, branches of trees, worn out kettles, and various other things which to most people would be worthless. But to the art student they are very interesting; she

arranges them in artistic groups and, seated before them, works with diligence, — sometimes with palette and oils, and sometimes with the fascinating, though none the less artistic, water-colors.

In another room one is brought in contact with a different branch of the Art instruction. There, in various attitudes, are statues which never tire, though they be poised on one foot like the Flying Mercury. In the centre stands the figure of Venus de Milo, unparalleled in grace and beauty; beside her the head of Michael Angelo's Greek Slave, and scattered about at different intervals are busts of Augustus Caesar, Dante, the Laocöon, and many others. These two rooms are for the students who take the "Special Art Course," and a third is reserved for the Saturday class which is open to all members of the school. The work of this class is quite elementary, objects such as large vases and jugs are studied, in order to observe the main proportions and masses of light and shade. To the enthusiastic art student the hours spent in the studio are so pleasant that "time fleets as in the golden world," promising under the able supervision of Miss Patterson a future full of delightful possibilities.

THE LECTURES — The People's Course was as usual largely attended by the pupils of Abbot Academy. The Apollo Male Quartette of Boston opened the series.

Since then Mr. Geo. L. Fox has given us an illustrated lecture on Dr. Arnold and renowned Rugby.

Mr. Geo. Cable, whose abilities are well-known, rendered thrilling selections from his own writings.

We were deeply interested in the lecture given by Rev. E. G. Porter, one of Abbot's trustees, on the "Black-fellows of Australia." Mr. Porter, having travelled extensively in Australia, gave a vivid description of the habits and customs of the natives.

A hearty greeting was extended Lieut. A. V. Wadhams of the U. S. Navy, who gave important statistics about the U.S. ships and a graphic account of the "Life on Board a Man-of-War." As Lieut. Wadhams was formerly a resident of Andover his discourse was received with more than ordinary interest.

The Zoölogy classes are much interested in their work this year; the enthusiasm of the teacher has been imparted to the pupils, and, whether with or without success, they have endeavored to do her credit.

The work commenced with the lowest orders of animal life and ascended

gradually until forms of sufficient size for dissection were reached. We found these minute forms of life wonderfully interesting; three-quarters of an hour daily were profitably and pleasantly spent discovering new wonders in the tiny inhabitants of water and land. Besides the knowledge gained, we have been led to a higher appreciation of the beauties of nature. By request, we have been granted a second term's work in this department, thus devoting twenty-six weeks of the school year to the study of animal life.

The custom of reports from missionary fields at Friday morning chapel is continued.

Miss Francis gave us an outline of the work in Africa.

Miss Churchill reported the purposes and good work of the "Maternal Association."

Miss Baxter reported the Indian conference at Lake Mohonk, and Miss Stone told us of Indian home life.

We had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Mr. Porter on the modern religious services of the Jews, their devotion and reverence. Christmas being at hand, Miss Merrill turned our attention to the Christmas box.

It was decided to benefit the Bushell family, in Christopher, King Co., Washington, and the Sargents' School among the mountain whites of Alabama.

The long established Saturday evening prayer meetings are continued as usual, and are extremely interesting and helpful. Each week an entirely different thought is presented, with an occasional praise service. The meetings are generally conducted by some member of the faculty or a clergyman from the town, but once each month the service is led by a "Christian Worker." Among the talks of this fall we would mention that of Rev. Mr. Palmer who spoke to us in November, and the address of Miss Ingalls. It is certainly true that these meetings are a part of our school life that will never be forgotten.

We rejoice in having one hundred and forty-one girls in school this year. Both houses are comfortably filled and the Academy is crowded.

The girls' rooms in Smith Hall were papered and painted and furnished with single beds during the summer vacation.

Hallowe'en was observed with suitable rites and ceremonies. More than one girl settled her fate, but, judging from the shouts of laughter that were heard all over the house, that fate was usually a happy one.

The Greek classes of the College Preparatory Course are a new feature in Abbot Academy. We might add another and have classes in Hebrew, if anyone had time to study it, for we have a Hebrew professor in our midst.

Four inches of snow on the fifth of November made an item to be enlarged upon in the home letters sent out the next day.

The new hymn-books that we are using in the Academy are the gift of the Trustees, the "Alumnae Association," Miss Watson and Prof. Downs.

Nearly every Sunday, parties from one or both of the halls attend vespers at Christ Church or the Chapel.

One of the best short stories that we have seen from the pen of Octave Thanet came out in the November Century.

It will interest our readers to know that the article on the Pueblo Indians was written by one of the youngest girls in school.

Mr. Whiting is showing an Abbot Academy souvenir spoon that promises to be a great favorite with the girls. The price is \$1.50, and orders may be left at Mr. Whiting's store.

We are quite musically inclined this year. We boast a banjo club and several violns.

Among the pleasant outings this term were receptions given by Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Hincks.

The evening of November seventh a favored few from Abbot Academy had the privilege of accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Smith to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. The attractions of their beautiful home were enhanced by lights, flowers and music, and the brilliant company enjoyed the dancing, the delicious refreshments, and the chrysanthemum exhibition in the music-room.

PERSONALS.

The news that Miss Means was in Andover, and hoped to visit the school, caused great excitement among the old girls, especially those who had been numbered in her Ethics and Evidences classes. Until we had her with us again, we didn't realize what a vacancy her absence makes and the short five minute calls she was able to make in the different rooms were very precious to the girls fortunate enough to receive them.

When Miss Hamlin went to Wellesley for this year, we hoped that she would spend an occasional Sunday in Andover. During the fall term she has visited us only once, but the pleasure derived from that once leads us to wish that during the winter term we may see more of this absent member of our faculty.

A recent letter from Miss Jillson tells us that she reached her brother's home in Crete, Neb., the day before Thanksgiving. She is enjoying the dry, bracing air of Crete, and the new experiences of Western life, but "home" to her still means New England.

Smith Hall quietly exults in the fact that Miss Patterson prefers to lunch there Tuesday and Saturday, her days in Andover. To be sure, she gave us as the reason of her choice, "C'est plus amusant," and we notice that her liking for this kind of amusement does not tempt her out of Draper Hall in stormy weather, nevertheless, we rejoice because we enjoy her visits so much.

We learn from Miss Sara E. Graves, whose presence Smith Hall misses this year, that she has been doing congenial literary work with her brother this summer. Miss Molly E. Kelsey, her successor, has already made herself indispensable to the well-being of the household, indeed we wonder how we ever got along without her.

One of Abbot Academy's grandchildren, little Delight Twichill Hall has proved herself a delight to Miss McKeen in her days of enforced idleness consequent upon her illness. Frequently has the little girl come to read to Miss McKeen, and, beautiful to relate, the stories that Delight enjoys most, Miss McKeen most likes to hear. They have been known to read the Congregationalist and possibly some other papers together, but Mrs. Ewing is the favorite and her tales charm many a morning hour.

Those who were interested in "Beggars All" last year will be glad to learn that Miss Lily Dougall, '84, is writing a serial, now being published in an English periodical, Leisure Hour, with the suggestive title "What Necessity Knows."

Miss Ella W. Bray, '87, who spent a part of the Thanksgiving recess with us, is teaching successfully in the High School at Farmington, N. H.

It is pleasant to see Mrs. Jeannie Porter Adams, '83, and Miss †Evalena W. French, '89, at the South Church every Sunday. We hope that their temporary stay in Andover may be prolonged.

Two other old scholars, †Mrs. Hall (Delight Twichell), '73, and †Miss Julia Twichell, '79, we are glad to welcome as permanent residents of

Andover. May the sheltering love of Alma Mater draw many of her children back to her that the children may grow to know and love the dear old school.

†Miss Annie C. Lawrence, '85, who has been very successful in lecturing on the History of Art, has just entered upon a new field of literary work. Her "Story of Guida's Childhood" has been accepted by the "Wide Awake," and we have reason to expect that other stories will soon follow it.

Tidings have just reached us of the marriage of Miss Isabelle G. French to Mr. Melville J. Bigelow of Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss French came to Abbot Academy in the fall of '83 as teacher of Mathematics, Science, and Greek, and the teachers and girls of those years know how much we regretted her departure, when at the close of '87 we knew that she was to leave us to become principal of Michigan Seminary, at Kalamazoo. Since Miss French assumed the principalship of Michigan Seminary she has proved herself an able and efficient leader in the school, and in educational and literary matters outside it. She was married at the Seminary during the Thanksgiving vacation. The girls who did not go away for the recess can certainly boast of a more unique celebration than those of us who stayed here can cite.

Rev. Willard G. Sperry resigned his pastorate at Manchester, N. H. Sunday, Nov. 27, to accept the presidency of Olivet College, Michigan. We cannot easily accustom ourselves to the thought that Mr. and Mrs. Sperry are soon to be far-away neighbors instead of ones near at hand. Mrs. Sperry's long and intimate connection with the school as student, teacher, and friend is well known and truly appreciated. Last June we rejoiced to have her become one of the trustees of Abbot Academy, and we feel sure that the zeal and intelligence with which she will second her husband in his new work cannot lessen her loyalty and devotion to Abbot Academy.

†Dr. Sarah A. Jeness, '64, is enjoying a successful practice as homeopathic physician. Her address is 431 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 14, 1892. The little daughter of †Mamie Nevin Booth, '84, is named Margaret, because she is the first niece in the Daisy Class.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Manning and Miss Odell at the Senior reception on the evening of Columbus Day.

We received a call from Miss Lawry during her short visit in Andover, at the beginning of the term.

Miss Gilchrist is preceptress at Jones' Seminary, All Healing, N. C.

Miss Morton, who has been visiting in the east since June, has just returned to her home.

Miss Sanborn is at her home in Hallowell, Me., but expects to go south this winter.

Miss Staats has strayed farther away than any of our '92 friends, for she is now teaching in Montana.

The Courant Guest Book registers the following names for the fall term: †Miss Lillian A. Wilcox, '82; †Mrs. W. Eugene Wilder, '82; Miss Mabel Lee Kittredge, '92; Mrs. Willard G. Sperry, '68; Mrs. John M. Harlow; †Mrs. Fannie Fletcher Parker, '72; †Miss Winnifred Spear Lawry, '92; †Miss Edie Dewey, '90; Miss Eleanor Libby Holt, '92; †Miss Alice J. Hamlin, '87; †Miss Emily A. Means, '69; †Mrs. Alice Chapin Noyes, '72; †Mrs. Fannie Holmes Cornish, '72; Miss Frances Brown †Mrs. Edith Capron Moore, '78; †Miss Carrie Foster, '78; †Mrs. Eliah Laskey Kelley, '75; †Mrs. Jennie Sargent Watson, '60; †Mrs. Mabel Carpenter Mason, '79; Miss Ella W. Bray, '87; †Miss Martha B. Hitchcock, '92; Miss Nettie Heritage, '93; †Mrs. Lucy Montague Brown, '66; †Miss Charlotte L. Odell, '92; Miss Josephine Billings; Mrs. Sarah Barrows Dummer, '67.

BIRTHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Davis (Helen Hunter, '89) of Germantown Penn., have named the little daughter, born last August, Catherine Hunter.

MARRIAGES.

April 19, 1892, in St. Johns Cathedral, Denver, Col., †Miss Elizabeth Rockwell, '88, to Mr. Isaac Daw Russell.

June 15, 1892, †Miss Lucia A. Watkins, '83, to Mr. Edwin A. Bayley

June 30, 1892, Miss Alice Farley McKeen, '74, of Farmington, Conn. to Mr. Frederick Livingstone Scott.

July 5, 1892, Miss Ella Kimball, '85, to Mr. Wm. A. Tyler.

August 20, 1892, Miss Edythe N. Goodrich, '90, of Kensington, Conn., to Mr. Arthur Sloper Walker.

September 6, 1892, †Miss Annie Cora Brown, '91, to Mr. Leonard Herbert Campbell of Providence, R. I.

October 5, 1892, Miss Maria Trow Dyer, '82, to Mr. Xanthus Henry Goodnough.

Oct. 27, 1892, †Miss Mary E. Stow, '88, of Plantsville, Ct., to Mr. Hiram C. Roberts of Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 16, 1892, Miss Mary M. Gorton, '85, formerly of Andover, Mass., to Mr. Frank W. Darling of Hampton, Va.

Nov. 16, 1892, At New Haven, Vt., at the diamond wedding of her great grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ward, Miss Hattie E. Mason, '83, to Mr. F. Harold Sawyer of Amesbury, Mass.

Nov. 23, 1892, Miss Isabella G. French of Woburn, Mass., to Mr. Melville J. Bigelow of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dec. 6, 1892, Miss Evelyn Raiguel Page, '85, of Bucksport, Me., to Mr. Horace Fremont Webb of Portland, Me

The following notice is taken from the Andover Townsman :

“ Hugh McK. Landon, P. A. '88, and formerly editor-in-chief of the *Phillipian*, has recently married Miss Susette Merrill Davis, a pupil of Abbot Academy in '88.”

DEATHS.

Mrs. Sophia Walker Hayden, died Nov. 8, 1892. She was born in Andover, Mass., May 12, 1819. She was the daughter of Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., and a younger sister of Leonard Woods, President of Bowdoin College. She was entered as a scholar on the first roll of membership of Abbot Academy. Her home for many years past has been in Portland, Me., where her husband has long been pastor of the New Church, of which she was a valued and faithful member.

In Medford, Mass, June 4, 1892, C. A. Douglass, husband of †Sara M. Puffer, '81.

In Burlington, Vt., June 4, 1892, Hon. C. W. Brownell, father of Mrs. J. A. Collier, who was a successful teacher in Abbot Academy for several years.

In North Adams, Mass., June 6, 1892, William Martin, father of Sarah Martin, 64.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'93.

"Respice Finem."

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<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE DOWNS INGALLS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MAY ALDEN.
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Flowers,	Buttercups.

'94.

"Laetus sorte mea."

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<i>Vice-President,</i>	AIDA DUNN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINNIE B. BARBER.
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Flowers,	Pansies.

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Algebra
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I. GENERAL COURSE.

JUNIOR YEAR.

FALL TERM.	WINTER TERM.	SPRING TERM.
Caesar	Caesar	Cicero
Geometry	Geometry	Geometry
<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>
French	French or	French, or
German	German, continued.	German, continued.
<i>Weekly</i> ,— Bible, English Composition, Elocution, English Literature (one half-year), Mythology (one half-year)		

JUNIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Ancient History	Mediaeval History	Modern History
Physics	Physics (4 weeks)	Chemistry
	Chemistry (7 weeks)	
<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>
Latin—Cicero	Latin—Virgil	Latin—Virgil
French	French	French
German	German	German

Weekly, — Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, English Literature.

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

English Literature	English Literature	English Literature
Astronomy	American History	Geology
<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>	<i>Elective :</i>
Latin—Cicero	Latin—Livy	Latin—Horace
French	French	French
German	German	German

Weekly, — Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Shakespeare.

SENIOR YEAR.

Psychology	Ethics	Theism and Christian
General Literature	Art History	Evidences
Church History	English Literature	Art History
		English Literature.

Weekly,— Bible, Elocution.

II. CLASSICAL COURSE.

JUNIOR YEAR.

FALL TERM.	WINTER TERM.	SPRING TERM.
Caesar	Caesar	Caesar
Geometry	Geometry	Geometry
<i>Elective:</i>	<i>Elective:</i>	<i>Elective:</i>
French	French, or	French, or
German	German, continued	German, continued
<i>Weekly</i> ,—Bible, English Composition, Elocution, English Literature (one half year), Mythology (one half-year)		

JUNIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Cicero	Virgil	Virgil
Greek Lessons	Greek Lessons	Greek Lessons and
Ancient History	Mediaeval History	Anabasis
		Modern History
<i>Weekly</i> ,—Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Literature		

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Cicero's Essays	Livy	Horace
Greek—Anabasis	Greek—Homer	Greek—Homer
<i>Elective:</i>	<i>Elective:</i>	<i>Elective:</i>
English Literature	English Literature	English Literature
Physics	Physics (4 weeks)	Chemistry
	and	
	Chemistry (7 weeks)	
<i>Weekly</i> ,—Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Shakespeare		

SENIOR YEAR.

Psychology	Ethics	Christian Evidences
Greek—Demosthenes	Greek—Plato	Greek—Aeschylus
Church History	Art History	Art History
<i>Weekly</i> ,—Bible, Elocution, Composition, Greek Testament		

III. MODERN LITERATURE COURSE.

JUNIOR YEAR.

FALL TERM.	WINTER TERM.	SPRING TERM.
Caesar	Caesar	Cicero
Geometry	Geometry	Geometry
French	French	French

Weekly,—Bible, Evolution, Rhetoric, Literature

JUNIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Ancient History	Mediaeval History	Modern History
French	French	French
<i>Elective</i> :	<i>Elective</i> :	<i>Elective</i> :
German*	Physics completed	German
Physics	and	Chemistry
	Chemistry begun	
	German	

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Literature

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

German	German	German
English Literature	English Literature	English Literature
<i>Elective</i> :	<i>Elective</i> :	<i>Elective</i> :
French	Physics completed	French
Physics	and	Chemistry
	Chemistry begun	
	French	

Weekly,—Bible, Rhetoric, Elocution, Shakespeare

SENIOR YEAR.

German	German	German
Church History	Art History	Art History
Psychology	Ethics	Christian Evidences

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Composition

* Physics and Chemistry may be elected in the Junior Middle Year in the place of German, or in the Senior Middle Year in the place of French.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

PREPARATORY YEAR.

FALL TERM.

Latin
Algebra
English

WINTER TERM.

Latin
Algebra
Physiology

SPRING TERM.

Latin
Algebra
Botany

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Composition

JUNIOR YEAR.

Cæsar
Geometry
French, or
German

Cæsar
Geometry
French, or
German

Cicero
Geometry
French, or
German

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Literature

JUNIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Cicero
Greek Lessons
Ancient History

Virgil
Greek Lessons
Mediaeval History

Virgil
Greek—Anabasis
Modern History

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Rhetoric, Literature

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Latin
Greek—Anabasis
Mathematics

Latin
Greek—Homer
Mathematics

Latin *
Greek—Homer
Mathematics

Weekly,—Bible, Elocution, Composition, Literature

* The Latin of this year consists in additional work in Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil.

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

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The Fall Term

*Of the Sixty-fourth Year opened on Thursday,
September 15, 1892.*

The Winter Term

Will begin on Thursday, January 5, 1893.

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FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

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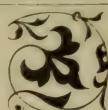
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First “ “	“Oh he doesn’t smoke.”

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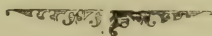
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The Abbot Courant

ANDOVER, MASS.

Published by Abbot Academy.

1893.

JUNE, 1893

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOL. XIX. NO. 2

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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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JUNE, 1893.

NO. 2.

Backgrounds to Familiar Objects.

BY MISS McKEEN.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."

UPON entering the Academy Hall, perhaps nothing sooner attracts the notice of a new scholar than the picture of an old lady who looks, with a kindly greeting, out from an antique frame; for sixty-four years she has been a quiet observer of the coming and going of both teachers and pupils, and of the work which they did, or left undone.

Have you made her acquaintance? or are you going away with only a memory of her as the quaint old lady in the cap with a broad quilled ruffle, doubled over the top, and tied with muslin strings under her chin, with a muslin bow at the top, and more broad double frills about her neck. She has a right to more definite remembrance from every one of us. The school is her namesake; it was she who adopted it when it was a helpless little child; she built a roof over its head, and, at her death, left her property for its

maintenance. The picture is a portrait of Madam Sarah Abbot, the mother of Abbot Academy.



"She had no children to cherish her memory, or broaden her influence. But now this quiet woman lives again in countless homes. Her hidden existence finds its fruitage in the intense activities of mothers, authors, and teachers, whom she has blessed with a culture she never enjoyed."¹

Especially noticeable among the attractive young girls in Abbot Academy fifty years ago was Mary Elwell Jenks, who afterwards married a gentleman who was a student in the Theological Seminary during her school days here. Quite recently she sent a very fine Braun photograph of the Sistine Madonna, handsomely framed, as a memento of her pleasant school days, requesting that the picture should hang in the Academy, the only building with which she had associations. It was the gift of Mrs. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, of Brooklyn, New York, and hangs in the Academy hall.

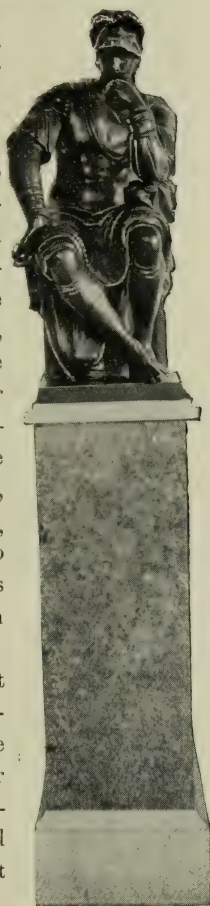
The Cabinet of shells in the long entry was collected by the only son of Professor Alphonso Wood, the eminent botanist. It was begun when Frank was a boy, and a very remarkable boy, for he was born a naturalist. By the time that he had completed his collegiate and theological training and was ready to go into missionary work in Syria, he had collected three thousand specimens of shells, which, though very dear to him, he must, of course, leave behind. As the Principal of Abbot Academy was intimately acquainted with

¹ History of Abbot Academy, p. 15.

his father's family, he naturally preferred to leave his treasure here rather than at some other school, and he offered them at a low price. Two of the trustees, Mr. Frost and the late Mr. Coburn, bought them and presented them to the school. An eminent authority says that "it is an exceedingly valuable collection. I know of no larger or finer one out of the great city museums." After a few years of loving service in Syria Rev. Frank Wood died, and the shells are a permanent memorial of his devotion to science and to humanity.

Of course you know that the fine bronze upon the left of the teachers' platform is a copy of Michel Angelo's great statue of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, but perhaps you do not know how it came to be here; you do not know that Professor Park noticing that pedestal one day in a marble shop in Boston, spoke to Mr. Ripley of it as something which ought to be secured for Abbot, and he, with prompt generosity, acted upon the suggestion, bought it, and set it in place upon the platform. Now, a pedestal suggests a statue, and keeps on suggesting it, whether or not one has money to spend. Meanwhile, Professor Park and the Principal and her sister held counsel over the problem of what statue would be their choice, provided the money could be raised, and, with one consent, they fixed upon Lorenzo, and learned through Miss Emily Means, who was then in Paris, that the sum required for its purchase was two hundred and forty dollars in gold.

Meanwhile, the pedestal was imploring that its wrong might be righted. Six pupils volunteered thirty dollars, and, by a bold departure from all precedent, the tickets to the Draper Reading that year were *sold* instead of complimentary, as had been customary, and the coveted sum was found to lack but seventy dollars. It was a happy afternoon, a few months later,



when a delighted audience crowded the Academy Hall to enjoy "An Hour with Mendelssohn," chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Downs, and to witness the unveiling of the great statue, which had come from Paris to be ours, — our very own ; for the deficit in our funds had been made more than good, by the sale of tickets for the entertainment that afternoon. No person who was there can forget how charmingly Miss Helen Bowers, '77, now Mrs. Edward N. Lovering, introduced the Duke to us, and gave us his marble history, and told us how he had found his way, through bronze, into Abbot Academy.

As you have faced the platform, month after month, you may sometimes have wondered about the elegant vase at the opposite end from the Lorenzo. It is a reproduction of the most celebrated of the twelve famous vases in the gardens of Versailles, and was presented by the students of Phillips Academy to Abbot Academy, upon the celebration of her Semi-Centennial.

As you have sat in Number Seven, Abbot Hall, has your thought sometimes strayed from the recitation to the large drawing which hangs upon the wall? When you shall next visit Washington, go to the Capitol, stand in the rotunda and look up to the frieze beneath the dome and you will see the finished work of which this is the Cartoon. It is one of a series representing critical events in American history, from the landing of Columbus, to the scene of driving the last spike in the Pacific Railroad. Our cartoon shows a moment in the battle of Lexington. The decorations of the dome were designed, and nearly completed, by Signor Brumidi of Rome, who lost his life by falling from the scaffolding while he was engaged upon these frescoes. Of course Brumidi's cartoons were in great demand, that one should have been secured for Abbot Academy was wholly owing to the influence and loyalty of Miss Anna L. Dawes '70, of Washington.

We are also indebted to Miss Dawes for another valuable acquisition ; it stands in the Museum, Abbot Hall. It is the model of the ruins of a temple built by the cliff dwellers, that interesting, far-away people, of whom we know so little and wish we knew so much. These models belong to the United States government and can be obtained only by special favor. Abbot Academy was fortunate in having a friend at Court.

The ivy which encircles the Academy was all planted, with wise forethought, by the class of '90. Their gift will renew itself with every spring and make the mother building the most beautiful of the group. Have you noticed upon the north side a woodbine holding its own in the midst of the encroaching ivy? Look at the figures in the granite beam above. That date, "1873," was cut by the class who graduated twenty years ago. Pleasant as is this memorial, they have made a nobler record in their grand living during this double decade. In their homes they have remembered the school. One of them gave a thousand dollars toward the building of Draper Hall; another sends frequent and affectionate greetings from her missionary home in Turkey; and another still has helped us by verifying the promise of very present help in trouble and coming out of it with a face beaming with a light which is more of heaven than of earth. All of the class have lived out their motto, "By noble means, seek noble ends."

The likenesses of Professor and Mrs. Stowe will ever deserve an honored place in Smith Hall, where they were hung by the distinguished authoress, after she had furnished the parlors of the then new house, at her own expense. A card table at Smith Hall, and a small table and three light chairs in the cloak room at Draper Hall, are pointed out to guests as cherished relics of the generosity and taste of our distinguished friend.

Every day as you walk by the Academy and the other Halls you pass a tree which was planted with patriotic ceremony, as a memorial of our country's centennial. It is the smaller of the two trees, — a maple.

The bittersweet which climbs up the south porch at Draper Hall and the clematis which adorns the front door at Smith Hall are from Miss Greeley's house, — a gift from her mother.

Down the Maple Walk, beyond the path which leads to Sunset Lodge, at the right, is a weeping willow. Its grand-parent wept over the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, and its mother adorned the grounds of Washington at Mount Vernon. This little willow was brought from thence to school by Mr. W. F. Draper and planted where it is. It is sad to relate that it daily weeps in secret places, because its noble lineage is entirely ignored by the troops of girls who saunter by and never notice it.

The woodbine over the front verandah was sent by the Reverend



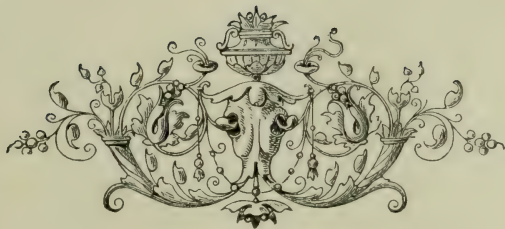
Dr. Silas McKeen to his daughters who were then in charge of the school, from the thrifty vine on the latticed door of the parsonage,—their happy home,—in Bradford, Vermont. When Smith Hall was moved to its present location, the woodbine was moved with it without disturbing a tendril. It was, indeed, a problem how to do it, but Miss Lina Kimball's practical sense stood in good stead, as it had often done before. By her direction, the roots were carefully taken up and planted in a tub, which was set upon the floor of the verandah, where it rode in great state, with Smith Hall for its turn-out. A trip across the Atlantic would have taken less time, but both woodbine and house made a safe journey and soon

took on a settled look, as if they had always lived there.

The grand old oak upon Davis lawn is our pride, but the little oak, growing apart from it, holds the secret of a prouder history.

On Wednesday morning, the tenth day of June 1879, the South Church was crowded to its utmost by old scholars who had come from far and near to celebrate the semi-centennial of Abbot Academy. They had come bringing memories of school-days covered by half a century. Rich decorations, music and addresses were in sympathy with the love and loyalty which thrilled every heart. At different hours in the afternoon, re-unions were held in the Academy, the centre of memory and association to them all. At sunset the great company gathered upon the lawn to listen to the exercises of the class of '79,—who were to be graduated the next day,—and to join them in their tree-planting, which was to be a memorial of a half century. As the spade passed from hand to hand, eyes filled with tears and hearts throbbed with emotion, for, though many of us were strangers to each other, we were bound by a common and sacred tie; we were daughters of one mother.

A few months before that time, when standing upon the drifting sands of Scheveningen, our guide pointed out a monument as that "which remembers King William III." So shall this young oak "remember" for the pilgrims who shall visit their Alma Mater in the century to come, the beautiful celebration of her semi-centennial. It would be a fitting custom which should annually gather those who are about to leave school, around this memorial oak to recall reminiscences, to tone up vague aspirations, and to pledge their undying troth to Abbot Academy.



Different Styles of Architecture, Their Marked Characteristics.

ARCHITECTURE may perhaps be called the most ancient work of man in the world, for no matter how far back we may trace the line of civilization we cannot fail to find that wherever there has been a people there has existed, however rude, a style of architecture. Thus we see that, in a certain sense, architecture is an individual expression of national life, and, looking at it in this light, it not only becomes more interesting, but more intelligible also.

It is to Egypt that we turn for our earliest examples in this line, for there we find the oldest now existing complete monuments. These were principally pyramidal, consisting, for the greater part, of gigantic pyramids, varying sometimes in color but never in form or material, the latter being enormous blocks of stone covered with hieroglyphics. Other marked features were the temples, colossal pillared halls extending over acres of ground. When we think of the changeless continuity of life, and of the gloomy religion that actuated the people it is not remarkable that the architecture should have resolved itself into this form—tombs for their king, which being calculated to last till the end of time were massive, grand, and durable, exciting only emotions of awe.

When we turn from this to the Greek art the contrast is most strikingly felt. Here, too, the architecture was the outcome of the religion, but built by a free, beauty-loving people, it had all the elements of strength and softness without stiffness or effeminacy. It is here that the three forms of pillars, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, became distinctly characterized and named. The first is stout, compact and regular, giving token of great power; the second slender and softly fluted, with four delicate wheels or volutes at the top; the last, while a blending of the other two, has in addition the border of acanthus leaves on its capital. These pillars were extensively used in the temples, which were of a pure rectangular shape, built of

the dazzling white Pentelican marble, and consisted of an inner room or cella surrounded by rows of pillars with beautiful friezes carved in bas-relief. The buildings are a fitting outcome of the simple natural belief of the Greeks, and like the gloomy Egyptian architecture, show the dominating power of religion over the minds of men.

Law decrees that nothing can last but a certain length of time, only the death of the old can give birth to the new. Here was no exception. The Greek spirit of freedom declined, the belief in the gods waned, and thus deprived of any ideal, it is no wonder that the Greek architecture ceased only to spring up in Rome, the land of their conquerors. To the Romans we are indebted for the development of the arch, on this principle all their buildings were founded. Their architecture, however, never attained a marked degree of development, for although the style was usually domical, it was a form borrowed from the Etruscans, and later struggled continually with the rectangular form of the Greek, and, as a result, we often see a combination of the two, producing a not, altogether, pleasing effect.

When Christianity came into the world paganism was forced to retreat, and thus we have what may be called an early Christian architecture. It consisted, principally, of churches which were at first only a modification of the Roman basilica or hall of justice, but later on, as the doctrines of entire separation of the clergy and laity were advanced, the service became more complicated, and in proportion to this the architecture grew, so that, finally, we have a style characterized by a multiplicity of altars, apses, and naves, tending toward plainness, perhaps, on the exterior, but in the interior to a collection of beautiful mosaics, pillars, and arches.

The next important style that came into the world is the Gothic, an intermingling of older forms blended with something new and different. It is essentially a pointed architecture, aside from that its most marked characteristic is a profusion, almost a superfluity, of ornament. The domes of the former period have given way to slender spires and pinnacles, while flying buttresses jut out from every side. On the outside are beautiful statues, while inside exquisite windows, columns, and galleries form a harmonious whole. This style had great influence for some time, and even now

has been, by no means, abandoned, but the study of the classics aroused art, and when the Reformation took place, with the old religion whatever savored of it was also neglected.

As the simple Protestant faith did not require gorgeous churches, a domestic style arose, which is characterized by a noticeable lack of original thought, as in the same building we often see a combination of details from widely different styles.

This, while an architecture of the past, yet is, in a degree, of the present, also, for the American architecture of to-day is what may be called Eclectic — reaching out to the past it gathers up whatever suits its present need, and as a result we often see on the same street examples from all the different styles. It is a question of great interest to the world, whether America with her cosmopolitan characteristics will ever become conservative enough to form an architecture of her own. This only the future can reveal, but it is hoped, if her present peace, prosperity, and plenty continue, she will possess as markedly characteristic an architecture as are the other features of her national development.

E. D. N. '93.



A Bare Tree.

ABOVE me bends the sky of spring;
The wild birds come on errands fleet,
And the May breezes to me bring
Sweet sounds, and odors yet more sweet:
To day the other trees rejoice
To don new robes in wood and town,
All Nature lifts her happy voice,
While I alone stand bare and brown.

So bare, so brown, that naught in me
Pleased look or word of praise deserves;
Rough twigs, where fair green leaves should be,
Angles instead of graceful curves.
Almost my boughs with flowers are crowned,
Almost the leaves break through the wood;
And all my life and thought are drowned
In one great longing — "If I could!"

Yet knowing that the hand of Love
Has fixed these bounds I may not pass,
I look up at the clouds above,
I look down gently at the grass;
I feel that I must have some part
In beauty which I may not share:
Spring has her witness in my heart,
And she shall reign forever there.

M. A. T. '93.

Pencil Sketches.

Frances Burney and Jane Austen.

IN going through some large publishing houses of to-day our attention is attracted by the new and beautiful editions of Frances Burney, Jane Austen, and Miss Ferrier. The enticing bindings of white and gold invite us to re-read the petty intrigues of high life, the saucy wit and highly moral lessons of those early novels.

Madame D'Arbly or Frances Burney was the daughter of Dr. Burney, who was quite a famous musician in London. Even in childhood Frances was familiar with various classes of society, from the garrulous old wig-maker to Garrick, who was always perfectly willing to amuse the Burney children. They felt especially grown up when they could occupy the Garrick box in Drury Lane. Frances, shy and having little beauty and less musical talent, felt ill at ease in the brilliant company which gathered in her father's drawing room. Perhaps as she moved quietly from corner to corner, or gave Dr. Johnson his twentieth cup of tea, she was storing up material for "Evelina." Scribbling and the writing of short stories had always been her delight, and "Evelina" was the natural result of an imagination crowded with all sorts of curious and quaint people.

When she asked her father, with fear and trembling, if she might publish her first novel, he laughed good-naturedly, saying "La, my dear, publish anything you like." This novel brought her only twenty pounds, but its ready sale, and her fame, raised the drooping spirits of Fanny. At this time, she made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, at one of her father's musicales. This literary autocrat was exceedingly disappointing in appearance, she wrote her friend Daddy Crisp, and so shockingly near-sighted that he leaned over the key-board so as almost to touch the fingers of her sisters, who were playing a duet. Mrs. Thrale was constantly begging Dr. Burney to lend Fanny to her. It was in Mrs. Thrale's gay house-

hold that she met Burke, who told her, in flattering terms, that he "sat up all night to read *Evelina*." Dr. Johnson would never sit down to a meal, at Mrs. Thrale's, without his little little "character-monger," "little Burney," or that "dearest of dear ladies." His usual salutation was a hearty kiss, or a tweak of the ear, accompanied often by an imploring appeal to be "a good girl." The loveable, sympathetic side of Johnson's character was never known to the world till the publication of the *Recollections of Madame D'Arblay*.

Another great event in her life was the meeting of the king and queen, at Mrs. Delany's at Windsor. Poor, timid Fanny was almost overcome by the startling questions put by the first gentleman of the land: "Was there ever such stuff as Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is that not sad stuff? What? What?" The queen was condescendingly gracious, and gave much valuable information concerning books which could be bought at stalls. Both the ladies were rather surprised at her Majesty's mode of encouraging literature. Fanny's life at court was not pleasant or easy. She was obliged to play cards with a horrible old German woman, Schwellenberg; and she herself says that sneezing, coughing, or feeling tired or sick were out of the question. Finally her health began to suffer. But her father considered that waiting upon her Majesty was of more importance than health, so Fanny was dosed with bark, wine, and opium, but to no avail. She was obliged to leave. Her literary talent, after this time, seemed warped because of many distractions, and the great influence of Dr. Johnson, which made her style bombastic, less simple, and less natural.

Not so with Jane Austen; her most vigorous works were her last. She was brought up among the quiet influences of Steventon Parsonage. The country was pretty, with an abundance of the world famous hedges, under which grew the primrose and wild hyacinth. The terrace which ran along the old-fashioned sloping garden was her favorite walk. Jane loved company, dancing, and flirting. She was a tall, striking brunette, with brilliant coloring. Children loved her genial, hearty sympathy. She told them nice, long, circumstantial stories, so dear to every childish heart. Life

at her father's parsonage was very uneventful—a few charades and social tea-parties being the only interruptions. Wherever she went her keen wit and easy grace of manner made her welcome.

Writing had always been a recreation, and she wrote only as she felt in the mood. Her study was the common sitting-room of the family. The door of this room squeaked most dolefully; but Miss Austen would never have it mended, for she said it warned her of the approach of intruders, and the squeak would give her time to slip the tiny scraps of paper, on which she wrote her works, into a drawer. Sometimes she made journeys to Bath, and saw that world of etiquette as established by the celebrated Beau Nash. Bath was decidedly vulgar in her eyes, for Jane Austen was essentially genteel in the old English use of the word. The genius for critical observation of the little world around her created Elizabeth Bennet, Mr. Darcy, Mr. Collins, and other characters as familiar. The people she saw daily were never copied trait for trait in any one of her novels. Some critics have tried to detect an unknown love affair in the scene in which Elizabeth Bennet refuses Mr. Darcy. This is impossible. She laughingly says that if she ever married any one, it would be Mr. Crabbe, her favorite poet.

Fame came to her but slowly. Only one noted person, the Prince of Wales, kept a set of her books always near him. In his journal, Walter Scott alludes to her wonderful genius in delineating subtle shades of a character, saying that he could only do the big "bow-wow." Some one once asked her to write a highly romantic novel. She declared that if she were to be hung, she might, but probably she would take her life before the end of the first chapter.

She was buried in Winchester Cathedral. The gray-haired verger shook his head doubtfully as foreigners of high and low degree placed flowers upon her grave, and said no one in that section of the country thought her more than a good lady.

A. I. D. '93.

A Poet's Garden.

WHEN we build our "Castles in Spain" let us surround them
with

"Shadowy forests, and with champaigns rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide skirted meads"—

There every flower loved of poets may find its home, and there, perhaps, the poets themselves will walk with us in spirit, as the lark "startles the dull night from his watch-tower in the skies," or the nightingale sings "in embalmed darkness."

In the deep pine woods we shall find the "Puritan Mayflowers," so "like children lost in the woods and covered with leaves in their slumber." There, too, Bryant's yellow violet will "make the woods of April bright." The dandelion, that "dear common flower, first pledge of blithesome May," needs no urging to cover our green slopes with its blossoms that "shine like stars, to tell us spring is born." We must choose a fair green meadow near by, for here a "host of golden daffodils" meet us, "fluttering and dancing in the breeze." Or perhaps, in the words of a graver poet they may "fill their cups with tears" at some sad tale of earth. Down in the fresh grass the buttercup is "catching the sun in her chalice," while near her is the "cowslip wan, that hangs the pensive head." Nor must we forget the "small celandine, ever blithe of heart," nor the rhedora, that "Rival of the rose."

By the "brook whose society the poet seeks" the "sweet forget-me-nots" are growing, and, upon its surface, "white water lillies float tremulously." The stately flower de luce, "born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance," has many a story of chivalry to tell, could it only speak. Yonder close cut turf is embroidered with the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," the "nun demurely dressed," compared alike to "a Cyclops with one eye" and to a "silver shield with boss of gold." Truly, it is the "poets' darling," and old Chaucer might have spoken well for all his successors when he said:

"Alas I had ne Englissh ryme ne prose
Suffisiant this flower to praise aright."

"But," you say, "the poets who will be our guests may look for the garden flowers they have known." Well, nothing is impossible in fairy land. At a moment's notice we may have, like Maud, "a garden of roses and lilies fair." Here "ardent marigolds open afresh their round of starry folds, and "deep tulips darken fiery red." Hyacinths, purple, white, and blue, "will ring their fairy bells, and thoughtful pansies hide beneath

"Sweet peas on tiptoe with delight,
With wings of gentle flush on delicate white."

Even here time must pass by, till the "blue-eyed gentian" shall "look through fringed lids to heaven," and the "purple astors, fit for hem of high priest's robe," stand beneath "great branching stalks of goldenrod."

And so we may add one beauty to another, for this fair garden has no limit and needs no care. The slightest wish will open its gates to our feet, and, as we know it better and better, we shall catch new glimpses of those hopes

"Which in flowers and men are more than seeming:

Workings are they of the self same powers

Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,

Seeth in himself and in the flowers."

M. A. T. '93.



Aunt Cynthia's Weddin' Gown.

IDN'T I ever tell you dear about my weddin' gown? Well, it was the summer I was eighteen. Silas and me had been keepin' company for two years, and, as he had n't got any home of his own, he was sorter anxious to get settled down. So we decided to be married the following Christmas, and the next thing I began to think of, after we had set the time, was my weddin' gown. I wanted a bran-new gown, but mother said my best one would do if I turned it. Mother loved me, but she did n't think girls oughter have many gowns, and kinder forgot, I s'pose, she was a girl once. But all her talkin' did n't do no good; my mind was sot on a bran-new weddin' gown.

The next week I went to town with butter and eggs, and just as I hitched old Dobbin in front of Mr. Grimm's store, what should I see in the window, but the most beautiful piece of silk cloth a-hangin' up over a basket of eggs. There was my weddin' gown! I knew it the minute I sot my eyes on it, just as well as if my name had been printed in capital letters and pinned onto it. It was sort of bluish with stripes in it. I could n't think o' nothin' else but that piece o' silk cloth all the while Mr. Grimm was a-weighin' the butter and countin' the eggs.

Old Dobbin never went home slower than he did that day, and just as soon as I had put him in the barn and fastened the door I hurried into the house to tell about that piece o' silk cloth. But all I could do or say, mother would only answer, that it was n't necessary for girls to have so many fixin's if they *was* goin' to get married. You see girls did n't have much money in them days, and I knew mother and father had spent all they could spare on my settin' out, so it was clear if I was married in a new gown I had got to earn the money to buy it.

Well, I sot my wits to work to think of some ways I could earn that gown, and I can't remember all the things I did that summer towards it. I spun flax for mother, and went without eggs so I could have more to sell. I picked berries and took 'em to the store,

and every time there was that silk cloth a-hangin' in the window to keep up my courage.

Finally, one night along in November I counted up my money, and found that I had enough to buy that precious gown. I remember how light-hearted and gay I felt that next mornin' as I hitched up to go to town. Again Dobbin's feet seemed to have weights on 'em; he did n't seem to realize he was on a weddin' errand. My heart beat so fast as we turned the corner in front of Mr. Grimm's, I could n't hardly say "Whoa." The minute the horse stopped I looked up to the window, when, what awful thing did I see? *Where that silk cloth had been a-hangin' was only a piece of red calico!* It could n't be; — such an awful thing could n't happen, as that my silk was gone! I grew so faint I could hardly get out o' the wagon, but I must know the awful truth. So I went timidly up the steps and into the store, and, walking up to the counter, said to Mr. Grimm in a faint voice, "Please sir, where is the silk cloth that was a-hangin' in the window?"

"Why I sold that this mornin'," said he. I did n't wait to hear no more, but went straight out, and unhitched and started for home. I had been *so* happy all summer a thinking about that silk gown, and now I could n't never stand up by the side o' Silas a wearin' it. It most seemed as if something had happened to Silas, or as if part of the weddin' was n't never goin' to happen.

Well, the end of it was, I was married in my old turned gown, and Silas said I looked as pretty as a pink; but nothing could ever be *my weddin' gown* but that bluish silk cloth with stripes in it.

"Did n't I never know where my weddin' dress went to?" Yes, dear, I did. It was our weddin' day, and Silas and me was a-standin' before the minister. He was jest a-goin' to say we was man and wife, when I looked up and saw somethin' over in Deacon Brown's pew that made me draw in my breath quick, and most forget what the minister was a-sayin'. — It was Susan Brown a-sittin' there in *my weddin' gown*.

J. E. B. '94.

Habbuba.

The Story of a Syrian Girl.

IT was a little village, among the Lebanon Mountains, clinging to a steep hill-side, and surrounded by olive groves, vineyards and fig orchards, in which Habbuba first saw the light of day.

She was not a very welcome guest, for she was "only a girl," and the neighbors thought it necessary to condole with her parents because she was not a boy. Fortunately, she was not the first born, else there would have been mourning upon her arrival.

The first baby of the household had been a boy, and oh, how glad every one was when he was born! The father went about, proudly, among his friends, receiving their congratulations. The mother sent out bowls of spiced "mugly" to every house, and almost every woman in the village came to visit her and see the baby and help name him. And when they had named him "Nejib," the mother was no more called by her own name, "Meriam," but "Im Nejib," the mother of Nejib.

After him there came another baby boy, and Meriam was the proud mother of two sons. But this third child was a girl. To be sure the women came to visit and gossip as usual, but there were no rejoicings and no steaming bowls of "mugly." But the father and mother could not help loving the little black-eyed mite with the downy black curls, even if she was "only a girl"; and so they named her Habbuba, the "beloved"; and when she was a few months old they took her to the priest to be baptized, and she was dipped three times under the water of the font, in the little Greek church of the village.

Much of the first year of Habbuba's life was spent on her back, in a cradle, with arms and feet bound down fast, and a little hard pillow under her head so that the back of it grew quite flat, just like her father and mother and the rest of the people in the village. How she grew when she couldn't kick her feet, and how she ever

learned to walk was a mystery ; but she did it in some way, and very quickly too.

As soon as she was old enough she used to go with her father to his pottery, and watch him turn his wheel, mould the clay into jars, pitchers and pots, bake them in his furnace, and set them out in long rows in the sun. Although a silent little one, she would notice everything and look with great, wondering eyes.

The other girls called in vain for her to join them in their games of jack-stones. She would rather wander on the mountain side, gathering wild flowers in the spring time ; while in summer she would sit on the door-step under the grape vine which her father had trained on a trellis over the door of their little flat-roofed house. Here she would listen to the long folk-lore, which her grandmother loved to tell, while spinning. This was a pretty picture framed by the green vines,—the old woman with her bent form and snow white hair, spinning out the long thread from a bunch of wool on her distaff, now and then stopping to shake her bony finger solemnly when she reached an especially exciting point in the story ; and the little maiden, dressed in her quaintly striped gown, her hands clasped, her wide wondering eyes gazing up into the old woman's face ; her little white veil half slipping off her dark hair, thus showing the string of amber beads and the charm which hung about her neck to keep off the "Evil Eye." But, always, before they got half through with the story, her mother's voice would come sharply from within :

"Habbuba, you lazy girl, why are you sitting there doing nothing, and how do you expect me to get the dinner without any water ? You should have gone to the fountain an hour ago !"

Shy little Habbuba was usually the last to fill her jar, for she was always shoved aside by her good-natured, but rude, companions. When she, at last, found room at the fountain and filled her jar, she lifted it to her shoulder, and, heavy though it was, she would walk quite straight under her load. As soon as she reached home she must help arrange the dinner, and still that fascinating story had to be delayed. Then her father and brothers came home hungry, from their work. She spread the food on a large straw tray and set it near the open door of the living-room. The dinner usually con-

sisted of a large dish of stew or of boiled rice rolled in grape-leaves, a plate of cheese, and some olives.

Habbuba was queer; everyone said so. From a little child she had been different from other girls, and now that she was sixteen the difference was more marked. Her mother could not understand her at all and was impatient at the absent, dreamy look in her eyes, her queer whims, and her idleness; but she was her father's favorite, and about this time he began to think: "My Habbuba is growing too old to remain unmarried. I must search for some one who will be worthy of my beautiful one." Habbuba was indeed fair to look upon, for she was slender and graceful. Her mother was descended from the Crusaders, and had blue eyes and brown hair, and Habbuba had inherited her fair complexion; but her eyes were deep brown, and her hair as black as night.

While her father was trying to decide which of the young men in the village he should chose for his daughter, her future was being shaped out for her in a very different way from what he intended.

Habbuba still loved to wander about the mountain sides, and whenever she could, would slip away from the distasteful tasks her mother set her, and go off by herself, beautiful and fearless. Her favorite spot was a curious hollow in the mountains, just behind the village. A road which is scarcely more than a mule-path leads down through it. At first, the descent is gradual, and there are vineyards and fig orchards on either hand, and fields of waving grain; but these soon cease, and the wild and uncultivated land becomes rocky, and mountains rise bare and rugged on every side.

But down at the bottom of the valley runs a clear stream through a beautiful little dell which is perpetually green with mosses and maiden hair and ferns. Habbuba loved this spot, for sometimes she would hear the far-off sound of a shepherd's pipe making its plaintive music.

One day she was sitting by the bank of this little stream, gazing into its clear depths, when she heard the rushing and scrambling of feet, the bleating of sheep, and a man's voice; and soon she saw it was a young shepherd with his flock. He looked picturesque with his red cap and rough cloak and staff, and his long pipe of reeds hanging at his belt.

Habbuba drew her veil about her and answered his cheerful "Salaam alayky!" very shyly. But, somehow, after that she used to meet the shepherd often in the valley, and it ended in their loving each other very much. They resolved that when the shepherd brought some of his sheep to sell, in the village, he should ask her father's permission for their marriage.

While all this was going on the father had made his plans. A fine young man had been chosen for her husband; the marriage contract had been made, and a beautiful corn-colored satin bought for the bride. When her father told Habbuba his plans she, did not seem pleased, but much distressed, and begged him not to make her marry unless she loved the man who asked for her hand. Her mother laughed at her for a silly girl not to jump at such a chance, and made her eyes open wide by telling her of the grand wedding she would have, the feasting and dancing and processions, and then she showed her the corn-colored satin. Habbuba had never seen anything so rich and beautiful in her life, and to think it came from Beirut—from the city! But she would even go without that for the sake of her shepherd.

By and by her shepherd came, but her father drove him from the door. Habbuba was in disgrace, and as her father now resolved she should be married to the one he chose whether she would or not, she was not allowed to go away from the house, but had to sit sewing on her trousseau, and listen to scolding, instead of the sweet, mournful notes of the shepherd's pipe. At first she thought her fate sealed and her shepherd waiting in vain; but one summer night she made the bold resolve to go and find her shepherd.

As her clothes were always kept tied in a bundle she had only to take them from the cupboard in the wall, then to step carefully past her father and mother who were still soundly sleeping, and then to open the door noiselessly and steal away.

There, it was done! She was free once more! Now to make haste and reach the valley before her absence was discovered! She wrapped her veil closely about her and hurried through the deserted streets of the village, and down the long path to the valley.

Alas! she heard a step behind her—her heart almost stopped beating. They had found out that she was gone! There was no

use running. Whoever it was was close upon her! The mountains, so rosy in the morning light, swam before her eyes—she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and — her shepherd's voice sounded in her ear!

It was still early; the sun was scarcely an hour high when they reached the next village where they were married by the priest.

By and by Habbuba's father and mother forgave her and wished to have the young couple live with them, but Habbuba and the shepherd loved the beautiful valley, and in the evening when the sun had set in dazzling glory, and the whole sky above them shone like the very gate of Heaven, and the mountains about them glowed with purple and rosy tints, they would lift up their faces to heaven and say, "El lama l'Illah!" ("Thanks be to God!")

E. M. P., '95, Mt. Lebanon, Syria.

An Episode.

IT was a cold, rainy evening of a Parisian December, and I was sitting comfortably ensconced in a huge arm-chair, before what our French neighbors call an open fire, but which in reality consists of nothing but a few lumps of peat, that smoke and sputter in a fashion altogether unlike the cheerful crack and snap of our old New England logs. I was satisfied with my day's work, for I had at last succeeded in finding an excellent school for my motherless girl of sixteen, whom I feared was growing up without the sweet influences which every daughter needs at that impressionable age.

Early that morning we had driven to the convent of my choice, and I had torn myself from the loving clasp of my little Priscilla, feeling that whatever the separation might cost us both, it was for her good. As I drove away, the heavy iron gates closed behind me with an ominous, deadening clang that corresponded only too fittingly with my feelings. As I was musing over the sad past, and looking forward to the future years when I might have my daughter again

at my side, I heard a knock at my door, and in a moment my reverie was ended by the entrance of my old friend and college mate, Jack Howard.

We had not met for more than twenty years, as he had married and gone to India to superintend his employer's interests there, while I had settled down to an uneventful country life in Massachusetts. We talked until late at night of the years that had so quickly slipped by, leaving us men of middle age, from whom much of the joy of life had gone. Knowing Jack was an authority on European schools, I asked him casually what he knew of the institution where I had placed Priscilla. Glancing at my friend as I spoke, I saw him, to my great surprise, suddenly pale, but before I could ask the cause of his evident distress, he began the following story, which sufficiently explains why I am superintending my daughter's education.

"Ten years ago," said Jack, "my wife and I, thinking the Indian climate bad for our only child, Katherine, sent her to one of the best educational convents in Paris,—the one you just named. On my next trip to France, which occurred several years later, I planned to see how my daughter was progressing in her studies. This desire was strengthened by the fact, that her last letters home had been fewer than usual and seemed unnatural, as though she were hiding her true self from us, and my wife, always too suspicious, as I then thought, of the influence that a conventual life might have on a young and emotional nature, begged me to find out the true state of Katherine's mind,—which I eventually did.

"Arriving late one Easter eve, I resolved to see my daughter early Sunday morning, and with a light and thankful heart I sat down to an evening repast with a fellow traveller who was about to "see Paris," and could therefore talk of nothing but galleries, theatres, and churches. In spite of his firm Protestant principles, he must see all the gorgeous Roman ceremonials possible, a weakness many of my countrymen possess, so when he suggested our going to hear the last of the Lenten music in a famous chapel, I reluctantly consented,—reluctantly, I say, because my heart was so full of my daughter, that with difficulty could I keep up even a small share of the conversation.

"The service was to begin at eleven, and some moments before,

we were wrapped in the gloom of the dusky church, listening to the Requiem that came floating down to us from an organ high in the arched roof. There was no light, save for the few tapers that burned before the high altar, and the one red lamp that glimmers ever in the half-light, and which never is extinguished. The air was heavy with the perfume of the Easter lilies, which were already arranged in drooping clusters about the pillars, preparatory to the joyous celebration of the morrow, and as the sweet fragrance like incense filled the air, the joy and sadness of my whole life seemed typified by the fragrant gloom of the church, which in a few hours would burst into light and music.

"Turning to a young woman, who sat next me, I inquired what kind of a service we were about to witness, and I was told that a sisterhood was to receive a new member into its number, and as this order was so rigid that few could stand its severity, the occasion would be an unusual one.

"In a few moments the sacristy doors were thrown open, and from the distant cloisters came the lugubrious chanting of the nuns, now rising higher and higher as the processional advanced. Two by two the black-robed figures came, each bearing a wax taper that shed a pale light on their paler faces. Slowly they walked up the aisle to their seats behind the grating, the abbess and postulant coming last. Turning my eyes towards these last two, I was struck by the resemblance of the novice to my daughter. I said to myself that I was getting nervous, and yet, despite my efforts, I could not throw off the idea that this white-veiled figure was Katherine, and to assure myself of my error, I watched closely for the moment when she should turn to the people to pronounce her vows. The chanting went on and the incense rose in fragrant clouds before the altar, but for me the service now held no interest, save one. At last the novice, coming to the altar steps, knelt, and I recognized my daughter. Too late I called for them to stop, and when I regained consciousness it was only to find myself irrevocably parted from Katherine!"

E. B. '95.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

GLANCING back over the year now drawing to a close, we rejoice in the success which has attended the work in the various departments. The extended course in science and language which has recently been added to the former liberal curriculum has aroused the girls to enthusiastic individual work. Through the kindness of Trustees and other friends we have received many valuable gifts for the art collection and library. However, it is not only in the material prosperity of Abbot Academy that we have reason to rejoice, but in the intellectual and spiritual outlook which is so true to Abbot's history, and which points to ever-widening influence and advancement in the future.

With the advent of so many new pupils last September, came a deeper appreciation of the need for larger accommodations than Abbot Hall can offer. This feeling culminated in a mass meeting, held January 28th, under the direction of the Senior class. Stirring, extempore speeches presented the discomforts of the crowded, ill-ventilated classrooms, and emphasized the need of a large hall for prayers and public exercises. Enthusiasm was aroused, and in a few minutes one hundred and eighty-five dollars was pledged. New contributions came in, until the sum reached two hundred dollars, when it was sent to the Trustees. If "well begun is half done," we may keep up our courage and trust that the work will be carried on by others wiser and more efficient than ourselves.

LETTER TO "OLD GIRLS."—*Care of Editors of the Courant.*—I wish you could stand on the Academy steps as the girls come over to prayers, under the bright June sunshine.—girls who are just as happy as we used to be, and who are another link in that long chain of loyal, loving hearts bound so closely to "Abbot." There are *many* of these girls, and I learn that a larger number may be here next year. The time has come for the immediate erection of the new Academy building. The accommodations offered by dear old "Abbot Hall" are far too small for the increasing number of pupils. Both prayer-room and recitation-rooms will soon be over-crowded, and no suitable provision can be made for guests on public occasions. Arrangements must be set in operation which shall, with the blessing of God, provide for the coming daughters of Abbot—*our sisters*.

The old Academy building will only gain in dignity as newer buildings spring up about it. How proud we are of our Alma Mater — how we cherish the sweet memories of our school-days, and how enriched our lives have been because of ideals gained here, and because of the lifelong friendships here formed! Somebody built for us, and now it is for us to see that other Abbot girls, in their turn, receive what we have received.

GRADUATE.

The work of the English literature class would never seem complete without a word from Mrs. Downs, who, however occupied, is never too busy to manifest her interest by a talk or lecture. This term the class, with a few friends, heard Mrs. Downs' lecture upon George Eliot, and followed with admiration the masterly analysis of her novels, the clear exposition of her philosophy, and that rare picture of Mrs. Downs' personal interview with George Eliot, showing so clearly the novelist's charm of person and conversation, and the tender homage of Mr. Lewes and a wide circle of friends. All were grateful, not only for the enjoyment of an hour, but for a permanent uplift into a wider atmosphere of criticism and appreciation.

This year's studio work has been chiefly drawing, the students having shown great perseverance in endeavoring to reach the standard of the regular art schools. Several full length figures from the antique have been drawn, and so much ability has been shown throughout the class that portrait work in charcoal from life has been added, while those who have painted in oil and water-colors, from still life, have joined the portrait class and worked in those materials.

CHARACTER PARTY.—The evening of Washington's birthday was honored at Abbot Academy by a "Character Party." Draper Hall was gay with "fair women," and though some few noted heroes were present, yet many "brave men" were lacking — Heloise wished in vain for Abelard, Portia sighed for Bassanio, and smooth-haired Samantha alone represented the Allen family, as her husband had "put up at the tavern."

At this remarkable gathering the characters of Shakespeare and of Mother Goose shook hands. Little Bo-Peep, Miss Muffit, and Jack and Jill fraternized with the sad, mad Hamlet, and the fair and melancholy Ophelia. It was at Abbot also that "Greek met Greek," for Diogenes in his search for a "man" found a sweet substitute in Sappho. George and Lady Washington and the Empress Josephine, with her two fair maids of honor, were friendly with such simple folk as gypsies and Indians. John Alden and Priscilla, and Romeo and Juliet were as fond as

ever; and for Rosalind and Orlando, if they were separated even for a moment, Orlando was willing to ask Cinderella's proud sisters to direct him to his true love.

As a further illustration of the good feeling which existed between the guests from many lands, it may be mentioned that laurel-crowned Virgil associated with Baby Ruth and the President's grandchild; "Alice in Wonderland" asked questions of Evangeline and the Witch, while Topsy talked to Lady Teazle. Rowena and Rebecca forgot to think of Ivanhoe, while watching a maid hanging clothes on unsuspecting guests, and who was attended by that black-bird so well known to well-read persons because of its famed propensity to nip noses.

Characters from *Romola* made friends with Audrey and saucy Touchstone — in short, no place but in America, where equality is the watch-word, could such a gathering have taken place. It was as if the books in the library had opened their covers and let free their prisoned characters for one merry social evening. — *Andover Townsman*.

The class of ninety-three had a practical review of their study of Greek sculpture one evening in May, when the works of antiquity came to life in a remarkable manner. Beautifully chiseled figures in classic draperies filled the room and represented the most well-known and perfect works of ancient art. Among the statues at this rare exhibition were, "Apollo Belvedere," "Diana of Versailles," "Agrippina of the Capitol," and the stately "Athene," all so well executed after the original masters as to seem fairly alive. The same mighty power of representation was seen in the "Faun of Praxiteles," the "Mars Resting," the "Discobolus," and the "Dying Gaul." The sculpture by the masters of the impassioned style was so nobly executed as to excite the deepest emotion, and the "Niobe," "Arria and Paetus," and "Laocoon" seemed almost to pass the limits of plastic art. One of the most imposing works was a group of statuary from the pediment of Athene's temple at Ægina.

In addition to the life-size statuary, there was a very choice collection, chiefly of Greek art spoils with a few Italian works. The "Minerva of the Parthenon," the "Apples from the Garden of Hesperides," and a "Capitoline Dove" were here to be seen. Raphael's "Portrait of a Young Man," and his study of cherub heads claimed special attention; and so great was the sympathetic nature of the spectators that they felt they had already met these pictures somewhere in the dim past. The "Choragic Monument" of Lysicrates, crowned with the noble tripod, arose gracefully at the left of the gallery. A proof of the rare value of this collection was given in the letter received from Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, which expressed his deep regret at being unable to attend the exhibition.

As the evening went on, the works of plastic art became so infused with the inherent power bestowed upon them by the chisel that they were unable to partake of nectar, ambrosia and Olympian fruits ; but the soft strains of Lydian music gently soothed them back to marble solidity before the clang of a very unromantic electric bell closed the gates of the exhibition,

The Abbot Academy Club of Boston, whose organization and first meetings we noticed in our last number, continued its successful work during the winter. The members declare that each meeting is more delightful than the last, and if we can judge from the programmes arranged for each re-union, their enthusiasm is certainly not misplaced.

The January meeting was under the direction of †Miss J. W. Goddard '74. The features of special interest were readings from "Timothy's Quest," by the author, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, '83, and remarks from Miss McKeen.

In February the Club enjoyed the life and master-pieces of Raphael as presented to them by Miss Adeliza Brainerd.

The subject of the March meeting was Shakespeare, when after some interesting reminiscences of her visit to Stratford-on-Avon, given by Mrs. Downs, some of the present Seniors took part in the afternoon's entertainment.

The last meeting of the season was held at the Parker House on April 1st, and upon reading the reports it was found that the Club closes its season with a membership of more than one hundred.

The main features of the literary programme were the addresses by Mrs. Gutterson, (†Emma Wilder, '74,) and of Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill. Miss Strickland, French teacher in the Academy, '72 to '75, gave interesting notes of her experience as teacher in a Dresden boarding-school. The literary programme closed with a song by Miss McCutchings of Charlestown.

The success of the Abbot Club is largely due to the untiring energy and executive ability of the president, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, and we repeat the invitation, which she extends, to all members of the school, past or present, to identify themselves with this Club.

The inhabitants of Draper Hall rejoice that the appointment of an assistant matron, Mrs. Tower, who will have immediate charge of the culinary department, will leave Miss Kimball at liberty to minister to us in that motherly capacity so helpful to school-girls. Thus a long-felt want will be most happily supplied.

The Saturday afternoon preceding Shakespeare's birthday was devoted to his life and works, and the Seniors who participated in the exercises

of the Abbot Academy Club in Boston repeated that programme for the benefit of the school. As an introduction, Miss Julia Sanborn gave an account of Shakespeare's life. Miss Chase, Miss Nichols, Miss Hitchcock, and Miss Childs read interesting papers on the plot and character of "Hamlet," while Miss Annie Ingalls gave a clear outline of "King Lear." Miss Abbott charmingly interwove quotations from Hamlet in her sketch. Miss Watson added greatly to our enjoyment by describing her visit to the home and haunts of Shakespeare.

The afternoon devoted to botany was a most enjoyable one. Through Miss Kelsey's thoughtfulness, flowers were gathered and prettily arranged near the stage. The exercise consisted of appropriate selections from different authors and two interesting reports by Miss Gildersleeve and Miss Wilber. When the regular programme was finished Miss Watson stimulated our interest by calling for voluntary quotations on botanical subjects.

At one of the Saturday afternoon exercises Miss Blalock, of the Emerson School of Oratory, gave a delightful talk on physical culture and entertained us with several selections. Immediately afterwards, Miss Watson received with Miss Blalock in the drawing room at Draper Hall.

The old girls will be glad to hear that "Love Lane" is no longer a muddy road, but a flourishing thoroughfare, owing to the fact that the grade has been raised to correspond with that of Main and School Streets. Two clubs and several new private houses have robbed "Love Lane" of its romance, and the girls of the present day know it in general by the more prosaic name of Locke Street.

A trip to Boston with Miss Patterson's studio on Chestnut Street as the objective point was greatly enjoyed by her "special" drawing class. Miss Patterson received us in her artistic rooms, whose gray green walls and draperies made a fitting background for the portraits, interiors, and landscapes exhibited. Divans, antique chairs, and a great gilt-framed mirror added to the attractions of the room. Miss Patterson poured tea for us at a dainty tea-table decked with wild flowers. At the last exhibition of the Boston Art Club, Miss Patterson showed two pictures, one of which was bought by the Club.

Saturday evening, May 13th, we welcomed Mrs. Selah Merrill, wife of the United States Consul at Jerusalem. She gave us an interesting and vivid account of the life and customs of Palestine. Her descriptions of the dress and customs of the people were illustrated by a few of our own number dressed in various Eastern costumes.

The following Saturday evening, it was our pleasure and privilege to follow with Miss Emerson, the teacher of Bible and Hebrew at Wellesley College, her trip from Berytus to Jerusalem. Miss Emerson, with a small party of friends, travelled through the Holy Land. And she told us of her deep interest as she walked over the many paths trodden by our Lord. Especially was she impressed as she sat by Jacob's well, knowing that those were the same stones on which Christ had sat as he talked with the woman of Samaria.

We are always interested to hear of the missionary work carried on in our large cities, and we had such an opportunity Saturday evening, May 20th. Miss Cornelius spoke of Mr. Henry Schauflier's work among the Bohemians of Cleveland. Mr. Schauflier's father, Rev. William Schauflier, was educated at the Andover Theological Seminary, and was one of the first instructors in French at Abbot. Mr. Henry Schauflier was also educated at the Seminary, and, like his father, taught modern languages here. Mr. Schauflier is particularly fitted for his work, and the churches and Bible classes, established by his energetic efforts, are fast bringing the light of the gospel to thousands of Bohemians.

Towards the end of the winter term, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock of the McCall Mission in Paris, spoke to us of that work, which so much needs our support and interest. Dr. Hitchcock paid such a beautiful tribute to Miss Beach, whose unselfish efforts in connection with this mission field were productive of great good, that we were all proudly happy to feel that she, too, had been an Abbot girl.

The philanthropic work carried on among the poor boys and girls of Boston, under the guidance of Miss Sara E. Wiltse is worthy of particular notice. It was our privilege to listen to her accounts of the reading-rooms, where eager boys and girls come daily for their only means of obtaining knowledge.

Among others who have conducted our Saturday evening meetings are Prof. Hincks, Mr. Ropes, Mr. Page, and †Miss Julia Twitchell, '79.

The day set aside as a time of prayer for schools and colleges was appropriately observed here. In the afternoon, school exercises were omitted, and all assembled in Academy Hall to hear an address from Rev. Willam A. Keese of Lawrence.

In a recent article in the Courant on Literary Women of Andover, the name of Mrs. R. M. Wilbur was, through an oversight, omitted. She has written extensively for the Sabbath-school Libraries; having published, perhaps, twenty volumes.

SPRING IN ABBOT GROVE.

Dedicated to G. H. H.

The Spring has come with balmy breeze,
 To cast her smiles o'er ground and trees.
 "The spring is here! the spring is here!"
 So call the birds afar and near:
 And human hearts rejoice and sing:
 It is, it is the gladsome spring."
 This year the spring has come so late,
 That all the flowers were told to wait,
 Before they raised their tender heads,
 Above the brownness of their beds.
 But now they've come with beauty rare,
 And, gay, we turn from winter's care;
 Escaping from the toil of books,
 To seek the shade in fragrant nooks.
 To-day while gath'ring violets blue,
 We spied a spot where white ones grew.
 Then spake my friend, well tried and true,—
 "You choose the white ones, I the blue."
 But when we met again we found,
 That they were best together bound,
 Then both seemed fairer to behold;
 Thus in our friendship, which is old,
 Both hearts grow light, and then life seems
 More full of joy than sweetest dreams.
 So we'll not fear the coming year,
 For now the song of birds we hear,
 The green wood's near and brook are clear.
 O, we'll not fear the coming year,
 For spring is here, and friends are dear.

C. W. B. '93.

Through the kind invitation of Mrs. Graves some of the Seniors had the pleasure of attending the social meeting of the Ladies Benevolent Society which was held at her home. All were delighted with the opportunity for a visit with old friends, and the chances of making new acquaintances which the occasion afforded.

The Seniors and some from other classes have especially pleasant memories of last winter, because of the receptions and teas to which they

were invited. Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Moore, Miss Mills, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gay, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Ropes have entertained us in this way, and we take this opportunity of again expressing our appreciation of their kindness.

Several of our number have been favored with invitations to the public meetings of the November Club this spring. We shall not soon forget the lecture on Holland, when we watched with eager interest the charming sketches of windmills and Dutch landscapes that a few telling strokes of the crayon in Mr. Harlow's skilful hand set before us. The Schubert musicale was also greatly enjoyed, and on both these occasions chocolate was daintily served by the department in charge of the entertainment. But the crowning pleasure, for the Seniors at least, was the afternoon in Venice. Through Miss McKeen's kindness the entire class was invited, as the subject was so closely connected with their studies. The platform of the club-house was filled with tall easels bearing beautiful photographs of the familiar scenes, which were pointed out and explained in reports given by the members of the art department. At intervals in the programme appropriate songs were sung, which added much to the pleasure of the affair.

The annual Mean's Prize Reading took place in Phillips Hall, May 4th. The speakers showed marked literary ability, and their efforts were fully appreciated by a large and attentive audience. During the intermission the Phillips Glee Club rendered several selections.

Among the many charming books which were published last winter, one is especially interesting to us because of its author, †Miranda B. Merwin, '68, who writes under the name of Barbara Waite. This dainty poem tells the story of a discontented fir-tree that longed to be a Christmas tree, and attained its ambition by being decked out with lights and tinsel for one night, but only to be cast out into the wood on the following day. There it lay, restless and discontented, till one night a tiny bird took refuge in its branches, and from that time on it was satisfied and happy. The story ends with the lines, —

“ Oh, beauty perishes, and honors pale;
Flatterers forget us, and admirers fail!
Love only seeks us when the rest are flown;
’Tis love that satisfies, and love alone.”

In a letter to Miss McKeen, Miss Merwin writes:

“ I think there were ten of our class who sat down together at the McKeen breakfast, and, as here and there, in the sea of faces, one or

another drew near who bore the well-known features, lost to sight, some of them for twenty-five years, it was an interesting study to trace the story of the life by the lines which it had written on mouth and forehead. In nearly every case I said, 'the anchor holds.' It is thrilling to halt midway in life's battle, and read such a record! Thankfulness for the past and courage for the future clasp hands, and life means more forever after."

Several years ago Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe visited Miss Merwin at her home in Wilton, Ct. The day before they left she had brought a morning-glory vine to twine about the mirror, and the following verses, written soon after, describe the little incident.

THE MORNING GLORY.

"Still heavy with the sad farewell of yesterday,
I feared this morn to enter where remembrance lay
In every curtain-fold, and filled the fragrant air
With fleeting phantoms of thy presence sweet and fair.

But having crossed the threshold with reluctant feet,
A rare, unlooked-for token made my pulses beat
With quicker motion, and dispelled the gloom
With which my foolish fears had filled the room.

For wreathed around the oaken mirror-frame still hung
The morning-glory vine which yesterday I flung
About it, bringing in, with happy heart, to you
Its wealth of newly opened blossoms wet with dew.

Faded and drooping were these blossoms, but amid
The dreariness of withered leaf and flower lay hid
In all its beauty, made more perfect by delay,
A sunny, smiling morning glory of to-day.

So in my weary, drooping heart I hold
A little, fair unopened bud of hope untold;
And in some happy morning yet to come
A sunshine, not of earth, shall warm it into bloom.

MIRANDA B. MERWIN.

Wilton, Conn., July 24, 1880.

The readers of Lord Bulwer Lytton's "The Last of the Barons" will remember the stirring incident towards the close of that fine historic novel, when Adam Warner, its principal character, is accused of a plot to take the life of his monarch, the gay and astute Edward IV. Warner was of a noble but decayed lineage, of distinguished presence, educated in what-

ever was best of the science and philosophy of the day, an inventive genius, a member of the privy council, a physician to the king, and withal his personal and trusted friend. He had one child, Sibyl, a motherless treasure, as beautiful and devoted to her father as he was worthy of such love. A deeply-laid scheme is planned by political enemies to remove the confidant of the throne from his position of honor and influence. The crisis comes at a meeting of the council in the Tower of London, which was then a royal residence. The charge is made in Warner's presence, and so boldly and with such seeming proof of its truth, that the monarch's suspicions are aroused, and the accused man is committed for detention to one of the cells near the council hall. One of the attendant nobles, a friend of the prisoner, immediately carries the news to his daughter, who is in the city, and brings her to the Tower. The moment chosen by the artist for the scene thrown upon the canvas is Sibyl's entrance to the thick-walled cell, where, least of all places she had thought to find him whom, next to God, she worshipped. But it was no moment for the expression of terror. There was in this girl too much of the parent's strong self-control and consciousness of absolute innocence to suffer any outburst of fear. Other eyes also—the bewildered king's among the rest—were near enough to mark the indications, for or against, of the interview so suddenly precipitated.—The large painting, illustrating this scene is loaned to Abbot Academy by the Rev. Dr. J. T. Tucker, of Boston.

Through the lecture fund established by some of the alumnae, the Academy has had the benefit of a series of eight lectures in geology, given by Dr. T. W. Harris of Harvard University. Although these lectures were of special interest and benefit to the class in geology, they were not technical, and were intelligible to every listener. The two special features of the course were the fine photographs brought by Dr. Harris to illustrate each lecture, and the many references to the geology of localities near us, and surely Marblehead, Nahant, Cape Cod and Mount Desert will ever be more interesting to us since we have learned a little of their geological history. As one result of the course, we hope to have a collection of photographs for the use of future classes.

During the winter term the school enjoyed a rare pleasure in hearing a series of three lectures on literature, given by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith of New York. On successive evenings, he made his audience familiar with the marked traits of the rugged old Norse poetry, the silvery flow of the Spanish dramas, and the rich lyrics of Petrarch. One feature

of the lectures was that we were not kept on the outside of these widely differing expressions of thought, but were taken at once into the very heart of the matter and made to feel the true spirit of each style by vivid translations from representative authors.

The money from the Alumnae Fund has this year been used to procure lectures in literature and geology. This fund, which is an annual gift, was started through the efforts of Mrs. Daisy Douglas MacFarland, and has obtained for us, not only fine courses of lectures by college professors, but from the sale of tickets we are enabled to buy books and photographs to enrich the departments of geology and literature.

The efforts of Mr. Holt, our new "superintendent of grounds," are appreciated. Under his sympathetic touch, the turf grows velvety, chaotic corners become attractive, and flowers bloom.

January 18th, Miss Eddy and Miss Whitaker entertained the teachers and girls of French Hall at an orange tea. The room where they received was gay with orange ribbons and draperies. Frozen oranges were among the dainties offered to the guests, and the affair passed off with charming success.

In common with the other institutions of Andover, Abbot Academy deeply regrets the decision of Professor Tucker to go to Hanover. As a school we have felt the strong helpful influence of his life. We have especial cause of regret, for when the family of Professor Tucker leave Andover we shall lose his daughter from our list of day scholars.

Abbot Academy rejoices with its daughters, not only in their own achievements, but in those of their husbands and brothers. Speaker Douglass of the Republican House of Representatives in Kansas, who struck the first blow on the door which the Populists had barred in their attempt to keep the Republicans out of the hall of the House, is a brother of Daisy Douglass McFarland.

Much of the success of Morgan Park Seminary is due to the energy and forethought of the Acting Dean, Prof. Isaac B. Burgess. Abbot claims an interest in Prof. Burgess, for his wife, Ellen Wilber Burgess, was, for four years, head of the German department at Abbot Academy.

A new magazine has been started under the management of S. S. McClure, husband of Harriet Hurd McClure, a former teacher here, which promises to be unique among other periodicals, and is especially noticeable for its fine illustrations.

IMPORTANT TO OLD SCHOLARS.—Shortly after her return from the World's Fair, Miss McKeen gave us a delightful account of her trip and of the old Abbot girls whom she saw. In Detroit she was the guest of Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis, who invited all the Abbot girls living in or near Detroit to meet Miss McKeen. While in Chicago, Miss McKeen was entertained by Mrs. Ellen Wilber Burgess, wife of Prof. Burgess of Morgan Park Seminary. In her visits to the Fair, Miss McKeen, among other places, was especially interested in the Manufacturers' Building, the Woman's Building, and the Fisheries Building. Her vivid descriptions stimulated the interest of the fortunate girls who are to visit Chicago, and in a large measure compensated those whose summer plans do not include a trip to the World's Fair.

Through the efforts of Miss McKeen and Mr. Draper a space has been obtained for Abbot Academy in the Organization Room of the Woman's Building, where any information regarding the school may be obtained, and which is furnished with photographs, catalogues, "Courants," and other things pertaining to Abbot Academy. It is the wish of Miss McKeen and Mr. Draper that all Abbot girls visiting Chicago should visit this room and register their names in the Abbot book. The address in full is, Space 47, Organization Room, Woman's Building, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONALS.

We are sorry to lose the frequent visits of our trustee, †Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, '68, but we congratulate her upon the appointment of her husband, Rev. W. G. Sperry, to the presidency of Olivet College, Michigan. Mrs. Sperry has always been an influential and faithful alumna, and at the March meeting of the Abbot Club she announced her intention of uniting the Abbot girls of the West in a similar organization.

The following is clipped from a Boston paper: "Miss Anna Dawes, daughter of Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, is said to be asked to more dinners and luncheons than any other woman in Washington, for her pleasing wit and agreeable manners make her a most delightful guest." Miss Dawes was an Abbot girl in 1870, and we are pleased to note her success, not only as a brilliant member of society, but also as the author of a valuable book, "How we are Governed." She has recently returned with her father, the honorable ex-Senator H. L. Dawes, to the family home at Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Draper have been spending a few weeks at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Quite a contingent of old Abbot girls have settled at Colorado Springs. They are Mrs. Margaret Montgomery Slocum, †Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile, '77, †Miss Anna Fuller, '72, †Helen Ladd Corbett, '79.

†Miss Adeliza Brainerd, '77, spoke to the Abbot Club at their meeting on February 4th, about the life and works of Raphael. This she was eminently fitted to do, as she is now a most successful teacher of art in Boston and Worcester. For the use of these classes, she has prepared a series of art topics most daintily bound.

An example of the influence of Abbot Academy comes to us from Mrs. Edgar Lloyhed (Francis Ames, '81). Recently she read a paper before a woman's club, and a clergyman, in congratulating her afterwards, said that its superiority was easily accounted for since she was an Abbot graduate. Mrs. Lloyhed's present address is No. 2,306 Fifth Street, Seattle, Wash.

†Helen Gilchrist, '92, writing to Miss McKeen of her work at All Healing, North Carolina, says: "How you blessed friends of mine come up! I am a composite Abbot Faculty, for I mimic your very ways and expressions, and find them as good here as there. Miss Fletcher [a fellow teacher], says she is a small edition of Mt. Holyoke, and we have great fun laughing at our want of originality. She will say to me, "Good-morning, Miss McKeen," and I answer, "Good-morning, Mrs. Meade." — Miss Gilchrist has filled her present responsible position so creditably that there is every prospect of promotion for her next year.

A letter from an old girl, †Marion Keene Little, '84, shows that the enthusiasm for art, which has been a characteristic of every Senior class from time immemorial, does not pass away upon leaving Abbot, and that the lessons productive of so much pleasure at the time are recalled with delight, if one is permitted to visit the museums and galleries of Europe. Mr. Little has been studying in Leipsig, and during the vacation he and Mrs. Little made flying trips to the principal cities of the continent. Mrs. Little in writing to Miss McKeen describes her experiences: "Of course Baedeker was a great help, but especially in Italy did the teachings received in 'No. 1' prove a constant source of help." Mr. and Mrs. Little have now returned to their home, Lacoma Park, D. C.

A clever little book, "A Literary Courtship," by †Anna Fuller, '72 has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The plot is both bright and original, and the story is told in a most entertaining way. The book is daintily bound in white and green, and the Courant takes great pleasure in congratulating Miss Fuller upon her continued literary success.

Lillian N. Wilcox, '79, is now an editor of the "Golden Rule."

Two of our number, in addition to their school duties, have been trying the art of house-keeping. Miss Mabel Duren and Miss Pansy Brown have had full charge of Miss McKeen's beautiful home, "Sunset Lodge," during her absence in Chicago.

It is with pleasure that we congratulate one of our number, Miss Florence True, upon her success as a violin player. She had the honor of playing both a solo and in a double quartet at a musicale given, this spring, by Miss Ladd in Haverhill.

BIRTHS.

In Baltimore, Md., a son, Frank Nelson, to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Balton, (†Freda Johnson, '84).

MARRIAGES.

In Hanover, N. H., March 9, 1893, †Maria Porter Hitchcock, '86, to Mr. Frederick James Allen. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are now living in Milford, N. H.

In Newton, Mass., on Wednesday, January 18, 1893, Lydia M. Barton to Mr. Alfred Ashenden.

At the First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, Louisiana, Wednesday, April 19, 1893, †Lilian Ellis, '89, to Mr. John Leonard Emerson.

At Pittsfield, New Hampshire, Wednesday, April 26, †Annie Elizabeth French, '83, to Mr. George Stevens Mahoney. Before her marriage, Mrs. Mahoney was a teacher of elocution in Boston, and has given great pleasure to the members of the Abbot Club, by her readings at their meetings.

In Rockland, Maine, May 23, 1893, †Winifred Spear Lawry, '92, to Mr. Franz Mitchell Simmons.

At Trinity Church, Boston, June 6, 1893, †Annie Genevieve Spencer, '89, to Mr. James Porter Gilbert. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert will reside in Chicago.

DEATHS.

In Cincinnati, October 28, 1892, Mr. Buswell, the husband of Maude Fulton, '88.

In Andover, February 7, 1893, Mary Dove Johnson, wife of Rev. Francis H. Johnson. The funeral services were held in the Seminary Chapel, Prof. George Harris officiating. Her strong, active and joyous life and the Christian standard which she followed gave her a high place in the social and religious life of Andover. Mrs. Johnson was at one time a teacher in Abbot, and after her marriage continued her interest and sympathy in the school.

In Springfield, Mass., November, 1892, Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wright (Fannie Burt, '84).

In Hudson, N. Y., March 11, 1893, John McGiffert, father of Margaret C. McGiffert, '84.

Judge Charles McCandless, father of †Caroline McCandless, '83, died at his home in Butler, Pa., March 14, 1893.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., April 26, 1893, Harriet Woods Baker, '32, widow of Rev. Abijah R. Baker, D.D. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Baker attended Abbot Academy during its first year.

In Andover, December 29, 1891, Phoebe E. Abbott, '41.

In Lawrence, March 26, 1893, Harriet Smith Emerson, mother of Georgia H. Emerson, '92.

In Middlebury, Vt., recently, Mrs. Ezra Brainerd, wife of President Brainerd of Middlebury College. Mrs. Brainerd was the mother of †Elizabeth DeLong Brainerd, '90, and sister-in-law of †Adeliza Brainerd, '77.

February 15, 1893, Emma Nason, '79.

In Andover, February 28, 1893, †Mary Hidden, '36, at the age of seventy-five years. It was to the family of Miss Hidden that Joseph Neesima was brought when he came to study at Phillips Academy, and her Christian teaching was one of the strong influences which moulded his character.

The death of †Clara Dwight Ketchum, '71, in New York City, Jan. 14th, 1893, is one of the saddest losses which Abbot has lately sustained. After her graduation in '71 Mrs. Ketchum kept an active interest in the school, and in times of special need was always ready with practical aid. We quote from a letter written by a family friend, Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, D D., to her husband, Col. Ketchum :

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1893.

"MY DEAR COL. KETCHUM:—As Mrs. Virgin and myself return from your home, we sit down to tender and affectionate remembrance of her whose exaltation to heaven leaves you all sadly bereaved. Our thought of her goes back twenty-five years, when she was a student at Abbot Academy. Her attractive face and winsome manners quickly won the attention of all, and her worthy qualities of character drew to acquaintance and friendship those who were privileged to meet her. Mrs. Virgin recalls a peculiar charm which she had in class-room, in gymnasium, and in other associations with her class-mates. That was her perpetual treasure on earth, and doubtless abides with her in her heavenly relations. The experience of life, contact with many, knowledge of the world's insincerity, the portion of suffering that is permitted to come into every life, often steal away the sweetness of early life and subdue the brightness of the radiant years of youth. But your beloved wife retained all the sweetness and brightness that charmed her early companions, and the smile with which she greeted her friends will never be forgotten by any one of them."

MR. WILLIAM SARGENT LADD of Portland, Oregon, Jan. 6th, at the age of 67.—The death of Mr. Ladd calls for more than a formal notice. Not cause he was the beloved father of Helen and Caroline and of the husband of Ray Hall, whose sorrow we deeply share,—but because his life was remarkable and suggestive. A young man of twenty-five, he left his home in northern Vermont to try his fortune in Oregon. Portland then consisted of a few houses gathered upon a muddy bank, with a great river upon one side, and upon the other an unbroken forest. His prophetic eye at once saw the commercial and agricultural possibilities of this place, and he decided to make it his home. No sooner was this decision reached than he took upon himself the obligations of a good citizen. He had brought with him the religion of his home in Vermont, his faith in good schools and the New England Sabbath. He reasoned that what had been good for the East would be good for the West. He went to Portland with no capital; he lived there forty-two years, and died, leaving an estate worth twenty millions of dollars.

This bewildering success never disturbed his natural simplicity, his strict integrity, or his devout piety. No press of business was allowed to crowd out daily family worship. Although confined to his wheeled chair for eighteen years, by paralysis of his lower limbs, he was seldom absent from church and was constantly interested in active Christian service. It was by a long, hard struggle that he accepted his physical limitations, but he won a complete victory; patience had her perfect work; he seemed to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." As he was known to be a man of large wealth, it is said, that "a constant procession of applicants filed into his office, and a constant stream of letters was poured upon his desk." His wealth was consecrated to God, and his giving was princely. His death was sudden, but he was ready. When the Lord came and knocked, he opened to him immediately.

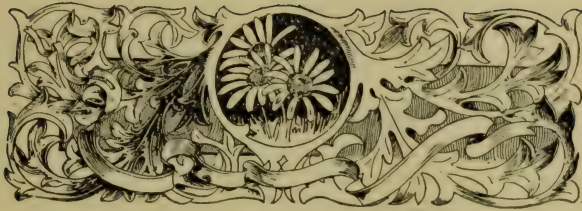
P. McKEEN.

MR EDWARD TAYLOR.—In the death of Mr. Taylor, Abbot Academy has lost a long-time and faithful friend. To the amount of nearly four hundred dollars, he assisted in building Smith Hall and adding to its grounds, and in providing seats for the school at the South Church. His benefactions to pupils who were struggling with pecuniary limitations began in 1866 and continued through many years. Not unfrequently, as I met him at church or upon the street, he handed me a little business envelope containing twenty or twenty-five dollars, to be appropriated to needy pupils, according to my best judgment. As the semi-centennial approached, I asked Mr. Taylor to establish the scholarship, which he had told me it was his purpose to found at some future time, the interest upon which he had long been paying. I urged him to do it then, as befitting the occasion; but he hesitated very much, not that he was unready to give the one thousand dollars, but because he shrank from publicity in giving; constitutionally and conscientiously his left hand was kept ignorant of the good deeds of his well-practiced right hand. As I urged upon him the possibility that his benefaction might start up other Semi-Centennial gifts, he consented, but modestly hid himself in filial devotion, and named his scholarship "the Brewster," for his mother. He liked to know the names of the young ladies whom he was helping, and to learn of their usefulness after leaving school.

When the trying duty of soliciting funds for a new building came to me, I called upon Mr. Taylor with my subscription-book. I shall never forget his kindness. He immediately wrote his name for one thousand dollars, and raised my courage by his good advice. Later, when the great new house stood empty of everything, unasked, he offered to furnish a room, leaving the choice of room and furniture to me. It is stated

in the history of Abbot Academy, that, ten days after its election, the Board of Trustees of Abbot Academy held its first meeting, March, 1828, in the house which we have so long known as Mr. Edward Taylor's residence. From this coincidence, and also because Mr. Taylor had served upon the Governing Board several years, it seemed to me fitting that his gift should go to the Trustees' room. For the furniture, carpet, and wall decoration he paid nearly one hundred and eighty-five dollars. At my request he drove to Draper Hall, although very feeble at the time, and expressed himself pleased with the selection of the room and the expenditure of his money. The school will miss his kind sympathy and his wise, generous, and quiet helpfulness. Who will take his place?

P. McKEEN.



CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'93.

"Respice finem."

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE TUCKER NETTLETON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE DOWNS INGALLS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MAY ALDEN.
Class Colors,	Gold and white.
Flowers,	Buttercups.

'94.

"Laetus sorte mea."

<i>President,</i>	HARRIET ELEANOR FORSYTH.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	AIDA DUNN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINIFRED BELLE BARBER.
Class Colors,	Purple and Gold.
Flowers,	Pansies.

OFFICERS
OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1892-1893.

PRESIDENT :

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.

MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.

MRS. ESTHER SMITH BYERS, of New York.

MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, of Andover.

MRS. SALLIE RIPLEY CUTLER, of Bangor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER :

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

MISS LAURA WATSON,

MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,

MISS AGNES PARK.

THE SIXTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY
OF
ABBOT ACADEMY,
ANDOVER, MASS.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON :

At the SOUTH CHURCH, June 18, 10.30 A.M., by Prof. George
F. Moore, Andover.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT :

At ABBOT HALL, June 19, 7.30 P.M., by the pupils of Prof.
S. M. Downs.

GRADUATING EXERCISES, June 20 :

At ABBOT HALL, 9.00 A.M., followed by Tree Exercises.

At the SOUTH CHURCH, 10.45 A.M.

Address by Rev. Charles A. Dickinson of Boston, Mass.

Presentation of Diplomas, by the Rev. Edward G. Porter
of Dorchester, Mass.

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Fall Term

*Of the Sixty-fifth Year will begin on Thursday,
September 14, 1893.*

The Winter Term

Will begin on Thursday, January 4, 1894.

For information and admission apply to Miss LAURA S. WATSON,
Andover, Mass.

FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

FACULTY.

LAURA S. WATSON, A.M., PRINCIPAL,
Metaphysics.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.

ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE,
History.

JANE LINCOLN GREELEY,
Latin.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.

NATALIE SHIEFFERDECKER,
German.

ALICE JULIA HAMLIN,*
Science.

EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Rhetoric.

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.

KATHARINE I. HUTCHISON, A.M.,
Greek.

LILIAN NORTHROP STODDARD, A.B.,
Elocution and Gymnastics.

PROF. SAMUEL MORSE DOWNS,
Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.

JENNIE B. LADD,
Violin.

CLARA L. CARLTON,
Assistant Music Teacher.

ANGELICA S. PATTERSON,
Drawing and Painting.

PROF. HENRI MORAND,
French.

MISS ANGELINA KIMBALL, Matron at Draper Hall.

MISS MARY E. KELSEY, Matron at Smith Hall.

* Absent for the year.

It seems to be the fashion,
The over-ruling passion,
Crinoline to wear.

HAIR STORE.

Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing, Manicure and
Complexion Parlors.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently removed by Electricity.
Almost painless.

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For beautifying the complexion
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Cleanliness, Civility, Long Experience, and First-Class
in Every Particular, are our recommendations.

Thomas G. Rhodes,
Dermatologist and Electric Needle Specialist,
437 Essex St., Bicknell Block, Lawrence.

But don't you see how foolish
You are, to act so mulish,
Crinoline to wear.

It seems to be quite senseless
Your fathers you'll leave penceless
If crinoline you'll wear.



Gentlemen :

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ISAAC CROCKER, MANAGER.

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They do it in the "city."
There crinoline they wear.

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P'raps, after all the stanzas
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309 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS. 309

I'm not a dress-reformist,
Nor yet a non-conformist,
No crinoline I wear.

O, strong hearted maiden,
Listen to my plea,
Else I will go, I say, and sit
Beneath the Seniors' tree.

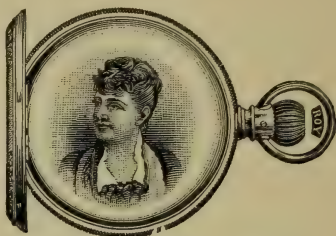


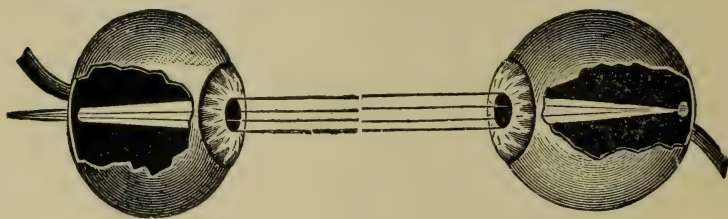
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And some, say I, surprising.

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You've no thought of far to-morrow,
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You happy live while time flies by
Oh! Happy, happy butterfly.

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At one o'clock a note of woe ;
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Girls, as you bid your final farewells this term to your school-mates remember that a kiss is "nothing divided by two."

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ANDOVER, MASS.

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1893.

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The Andover Press.



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ETHELYN L. MARSHALL, '94.	MABEL DUREN, '95.
MABELLE E. BOSHER, '94.	GRACE A. SIMONTON, '95.
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NO. I.

The Woman of To-day.

THE woman of the latter part of the nineteenth century is truly characteristic of the period. She has ceased to be the typical woman that existed in the times of our forefathers. Those times are gone, and what the woman of all the centuries past has missed at last has come to her daughter of to-day. Before the doctrine of equality and similarity of education for boys and girls was preached, woman was in a social position where the aims in her life were limited. The woman of old who was not content to be a mere embodiment of this limited development, who showed aspirations to differentiate herself was an exception, and had to fight her way alone.

This condition exists no longer, and upon the ears of an American it only falls as a "tale that is told." It is evident that great progress has been made, and the age in which we live shows a marked contrast to the times of our great grand-dames, centuries back.

America can boast of having first acted upon the doctrine of similarity of education for both sexes, and even here it is

scarcely half a century old. Before that time girls were only allowed to attend the schools of classic Boston during the summer months, when there were not boys enough to fill them. But woman's eagerness for knowledge led to the founding of colleges for women. Activeness and ambition was the result of the higher education—for, educate a woman and she will immediately ask for something to do. When people compare the attainments of the men with those of the women of half a century ago, they should remember that it was like a race between two horses, one ridden with whip and spur, the other with neither.

Perhaps the characteristics of the nineteenth century woman are more vividly shown in the American than in any other nationality. One of the first observations which the English or German traveller is apt to make after visiting us, is that American women have vivacity, character, and freedom of speech. That is, they are individualized, and have a distinct flavor of personality. The types here are varied, and more pronounced than in Europe. But wherever the nineteenth century woman is, she is always the aspiring woman, the well-bred, sympathetic, and intelligent helper.

The American shows her Puritanic descent, and we do not forget the priceless blessing that lies in the fact that our foremothers, in their necessarily narrow lives, possessed the aspiration, which caused the lifting of the character to a high plane, so that it was transferred to their daughters who had the chance to attain what they themselves had missed.

The modern woman, then, looking into the future, hopes that by her broad education, high aims, and noble deeds, she may fulfil the mission of woman, "To uplift, purify, and confirm, by (her) own gracious gift, the world."

WINNIE BELL BARBER, '94,

Fashionable Life in Ancient Egypt.

A RICH Egyptian about to make his toilet for the day is assisted by a barber, who shaves his head and face, and arranges the many small curls of his wig. After his hair is satisfactorily arranged, he arrays himself in a short kilt, fastened about the body with a girdle; over this is worn a full robe of fine linen, reaching from shoulders to ankles, and provided with full sleeves, falling to the elbows; this garment also is confined at the waist by a leather girdle. The arms and lower part of the leg are left bare, and the feet encased either in sandals, woven from palm-leaves and papyrus, or in green leather shoes.

Having dressed himself, with the aid of his valet, he puts on ornaments:—golden bracelets, armlets, anklets, rings for fingers of both hands, and also a golden necklace.

Thus attired, he takes his stick, or cane, and leaves the dressing-room.

Meanwhile, the lady of the house is engaged in a similar occupation, with the assistance of her tirewoman, who combs her abundant hair with a double-tooth comb, separates it into numerous distinct tresses, and plaits it into thirty or forty fine braids, then gathers them into three masses, one at the back of her head and one on each side, and confines the whole with a fillet.

The dress of a society lady consists, first, of a garment fastened around her neck and reaching to her ankles, confined at the waist by a colored sash, passed twice around her body and tied in front; over this is worn a long, loose robe, made of finest linen, and having full open sleeves, reaching to her elbows. Her ornaments are similar to those of her husband's, with the addition of ear-rings.

Thus dressed, she, too, is prepared for her daily duties and pleasures.

The Egyptians are liberal and open handed, and very much delight in entertaining their friends. When a dinner party is given, the magnates of the town are the first to arrive; after

them come those of less importance. The chief persons are surrounded by their attendants, each of whom carries something which his master may require during his visit, such as a stool to alight by, or his tablets.

The footmen knock at the door; the servants respond, and offer the guests golden basins, filled with water, for bathing the feet. After each guest has bathed, a servant anoints him with perfumed oil, and garlands him with flowers. When the guest enters the reception room he finds ladies and gentlemen seated on ottomans, chairs, stools, or sofas; at the upper end of the apartment sit the master and mistress of the house, ready to give their welcome to the new arrival.

Wine is served by a white servant, who is followed by a black slave who receives the empty cups and offers napkins for wiping the mouth after drinking. While dinner is preparing, the guests converse or listen to favorite airs played on the harp, pipe, flute, or tambourine by professional musicians.

Meantime, the kitchen is the scene of active occupation, where the cook, with her many attendants, is preparing dinner. An ox, kid, or goat, and a quantity of geese, ducks, or quails, and other birds, have been obtained for the occasion, and, in an adjoining court they are slain, and prepared for cooking; then the joints selected for the purpose are boiled in a large kettle, placed over the fire on a metal standard or tripod; a servant stands by, and regulates the fire, with a poker or bellows, worked by the feet; another slave skims the boiling mass with a spoon, or stirs it with a fork; while a third mixes salt, pepper, and other ingredients in a large mortar, and adds them, from time to time, to the meat.

Other servants have charge of the pastry; some sift and mix the flour, others knead the paste with their hands or feet, in the latter case, placing it in a large wooden bowl upon the ground; in the former case, the dough is made into rolls, which are carried to the oven upon the head of a servant; when kneaded by the feet, the paste is in an almost liquid condition, and is carried in vases to the pastrycook, who forms it into a sort of macaroni.

By this time it is mid-day and the hour of dinner; the guests are seated and a blessing is asked; then the tables are brought in and placed before the assembled company; the food, which consists of a quantity of meat and an endless succession of vegetables, is either brought in by the servants in baskets, or upon the tables, which, in that case, are removed with every course. As there are no knives or forks, or any substitute for them, the guests eat with their fingers, spoons, however, being used with soup and other liquids.

When the enjoyment is at its height, a mummy, or a wooden representation of one, is brought in and passed around from guest to guest, to warn each of the mortality of life and of the fleeting nature of human pleasures.

After dinner, music and singing are resumed; both men and women perform feats of agility, and tricks of jugglers are introduced, in the house and out-of-doors, for the amusement of the guests; sometimes the entire company engages in such games as draughts, "odd and even;" and in this manner the dinner party closes.

MARION G. LEES, '94.



The Search for Ancient Manuscripts.

THAT great enthusiasm for classical literature, which originated with the Italian scholars in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is termed the Renaissance, or more narrowly, Humanism. This wonderful revival of interest in classical antiquities has sometimes been explained by referring to an accidental discovery of some ancient manuscripts, like the alleged discovery of the Pandects of Justinian at Amalfi in 1135, or the unearthing of the Laocoön group from the Baths of Titus, in the reign of Pope Julius II.

But it is more generally supposed that the minds of people were aroused by the debates of the Schoolmen, by the Crusades, the schools and universities with which Germany, France, England and Italy were filled, and by the stores of the past, accessible through the labors of Arabian scholars.

Just at this time the progress of Europe received a great impulse from the bringing to light of some long-lost treasures of classical literature. A new movement now sprang up, well-named Humanism, from the elevating influence of polite literature. The great leaders of the movement were Petrarch and Boccaccio, who, with their enthusiastic followers, ransacked the libraries of monasteries, cathedrals and all out-of-the-way places of Europe for old manuscripts. It has been thought that but for the appearance and influence of Petrarch at that period the manuscripts would have perished in the attics and dungeons of monasteries and other places, forgotten and abandoned to dust and vermin. He made many long and wearisome journeys to investigate remains of antiquity and entreated all the learned strangers whom he met to make similar searches in France, Germany, Spain, England, and even in the East.

Among other objects, he proposed to himself a collection of the works of Cicero, which he succeeded in making after many years. At Liege he came upon two of Cicero's speeches, up to that time unknown. After obtaining ink with great difficulty, he copied one, entreating a friend to copy the other. This copy of

Cicero in Petrarch's handwriting still exists in the Biblioteca Laurenziana at Florence.

It was not the only time that Petrarch gave himself to the Herculean task of a copyist, for in those days it was difficult to find men learned enough to read and understand Latin. Upon one collection of Cicero's speeches he labored four years.

To Boccaccio, also, belongs the honor of having saved many valuable books from the ignorance of lazy monks and the destruction of time. He procured, at his own expense, manuscripts from Greece, which were distributed in Florence through the teachings of Leontius Pilatus, one of the most learned Greeks of Constantinople.

In fact, both Petrarch and Boccaccio dedicated a long and laborious life to the discovery and study of these priceless works. They were generally scattered at a great distance, without table of contents or marginal notes. It must have required great patience to seek at a distance a work begun under one's own roof and to discover in a manuscript of Cicero, without title or commencement, the full meaning of the author, the time at which the work was written, and other circumstances connected with the subject. It required, also, great scholarship to correct the numerous errors of the copyists, and to supply that which was often lacking at the beginning and end; in short, to determine how one manuscript discovered at Heidelberg could complete another discovered at Naples.

Boccaccio assisted at the examination of Petrarch, previous to the coronation of the latter, as classical scholar and accomplished writer of Latin verse. At this time the friendship arose between them which terminated only with their lives.

So great was the enthusiasm of this period that a few more names came to our notice, as promoters of the study of polite literature. Guarino Veronese, who studied Greek at Constantinople, brought, on his return, two cases of Greek manuscripts, one of which was lost at sea. So great was his sorrow and chagrin that it is said to have turned his hair gray in one night.

Giovanni Aurispa, a Sicilian, followed the career of Veronese, and brought back to Venice two hundred and thirty manuscripts, containing the works of many distinguished writers.

Poggio Bracciolini travelled widely and saved many manuscripts from perishing; for example, the works of Quintilian, Valerius Flaccus, Vitruvius, and others.

Libraries were now founded where the new treasures might be stored, and it was as a result of this movement that the famous Vatican Library was established by Pope Nicholas V, one of the most generous promoters of Humanism. At the present time the amount of the whole collection of Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts is twenty-three thousand, five hundred and eighty, the finest collection in the world, some of these dating back to the fifth century. All ages and all nations of Europe and Asia have furnished their contributions to this treasure. The establishment is of ideal magnificence, but does not present the appearance of a library; no manuscripts or books are visible, and it is a pleasant surprise to be told that under cover of a multitude of shut and gilded presses are such manuscripts as the Greek Testament of the fifth century, Virgil of the fifth, and Terence of the fourth. Countless as are the trophies of the Eternal City, this library, with its priceless collection of ancient manuscripts, is one of the chief treasures of Rome and of the world.

It is almost impossible to speak too highly of the self-sacrifice manifested by the Humanists and their leaders in the search and preservation of ancient manuscripts. The spirit which animated the work is well expressed by Symonds,—“As the Franks deemed themselves thrice blest if they returned with relics from Jerusalem, so these new Knights of the Holy Ghost, seeking not the sepulchre of a risen Lord but the tomb wherein the genius of the ancient world awaited resurrection, felt holy transport when a brown, begrimed and crabbed scrap of some Greek or Latin author rewarded their patient search.” And what had they not done for the world! They had re-lighted the torch, which, handed from nation to nation,—from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Modern Europe—was destined to burn in the New World with inextinguishable brightness.

M. ELIZABETH LEONARD, '95.

Among the Chrysanthemums.

THERE is a singular harmony between the Chrysanthemum and the bright New England autumn. This imperial flower of Japan is only one of the treasures of the Orient which have been transported into this newer land. A little more than two centuries ago seeds of the royal flower were introduced into Europe: first into Holland, and later into England. Then, like the English fathers themselves, it crossed the ocean and became naturalized.

By its susceptibility to the skill of the cultivator, numberless developments have taken place, which are displayed at annual "Flower Shows." At a recent exhibition, in a greenhouse, a mass of these was displayed, containing beauties of every variety of form. The petals of some were flat and smooth: others curled either outward, or inward toward the heart of the blossom: some were ostrich-tipped, others separated into fine shreds. The variety of color was no less than that of form. Golden yellow contrasted harmoniously with flaky white balls: others seeming to have blushed pinky under the steady gaze of the spectators, perhaps envied the strength of their darker tinted red and magenta neighbors.

The sun streamed down through the tiny panes of glass overhead, thus adding glory to glory. All in all, this harmony in color, this combination most exquisite in every detail, made an impression that could not readily be effaced.

Among the crowds who attended few paused to notice, in the beautiful frame of nature's glories, human pictures representing various phases of life, worthy of a master's brush.

One of these was a youth, who, unconscious of the placards labelled, "Please do not handle," reached eagerly forth to the plants. He was totally blind. Tenderly, gently, he clasped the massive flowers, thus learning their extraordinary size. He stroked his fingers along the length of the petals, while his com-

panion guide told the colors. These he associated with the vivid memory of familiar objects, once seen in childhood's days, when his sight was unimpaired. He remembered that white was like the snow; pink, the wild rose; yellow, lemons and oranges; red, fire. Thus he formed his idea of the various chrysanthemums.

Another picture was that of a young child, held high to view the flowers. The garments of the mother who lifted up the little one indicated their experience of having been "made over" more than once, in order that the baby might have something new. He laughed as he pointed a finger of his dimpled hand at the "pitty fowers," and opened his blue eyes wide with admiration and surprise.

An elderly woman passed along the flower-hedged walk. There was about her that indescribable air which marks a *lady*, in the truest sense of the word. She was a lady of wealth, and "Seedling 46," one of the premium plants, had found a purchaser. As she met the blind youth, an expression of pity overspread her face. She paused before the baby, and looked into its happy eyes, then turning to the mother said, "You have the loveliest flower of all."

These pictures were gems from "common life" enhanced by a beautiful setting.

ELLA M. ROBINSON, '94.



Scarlet and Gray.

TO every person who has artistic feeling, or in whom the sight of beauty touches a responsive chord, there must come some perception, however faint, of the wondrous and exquisite beauty of the autumn foliage.

If those who claim no high artistic talent can enjoy the coloring seen around them, how much more must the painter, whose eye is carefully trained, discern the minutest effects in the surrounding landscape and realize the detailed perfection of the living pictures before him. To no other person is the opportunity given of so fully appreciating these autumnal scenes of Oriental splendor. However bright are the colors upon his palette he has only to look from his studio window at the leaves of a maple tree near him to see shades and tints far more brilliant and varied, or to look beyond at the forest with its yellow, scarlet and crimson fires, flashing and glowing in the light of the October sun.

At no other time of the year can the artist find that intensity and warmth of color which appears in the foliage of the trees and shrubs. Where can he find that vivid scarlet, shading down to the deepest, darkest red, except in the oaks? or where such deep brilliant purple, fading into a shadowy tinted mist, but in the ripening grass of the early fall?

But above all, to every thoughtful artist must come an overpowering sense of the utter futility of trying to portray in anything approaching its original beauty, the varied and bewildering scenes before him. Numberless ones have tried and failed, since no pigment can produce the bright and delicate coloring of nature. To the painter, then, must be taught in its fullest strength the lesson of a higher than mortal power which is able to create such marvellous beauty.

But though art may fail in literal reproductions, for in trying to be true to nature too often the effect is harsh and glaring, yet, some artists, like Diaz, Bierstadt and Enneking, have, in some

measure, reached the end they sought. Diaz, especially, devoted himself to this one aspect in nature. His October scenes "where play all shades, the dark green, the brown, the golden yellow, the bright scarlet," are remarkably rich and brilliant.

The difficulty in reproducing the literal shades in color has led many artists to paint nature veiled in mists or shadows where effects in details are not needed. We see the perfection of this idea in the fascinating pictures of Corot. In his paintings we find none of the flash and glow of autumn splendor; none of those glimpses of forest where the leaves rest heavily, one above the other, a wealth of yellow and scarlet; but all is pale green and silvery gray, with tinges of purple and brown. He best loved to paint the scenes of early morning, with the pale light on the dewy fields and the vague shadow of the trees mirrored in the clear water. It has been said of him that nature is subjective to his mental vision. He sees the spirit more than the forms of things.

Both of these styles meet the wants of our natures; one supplements the other. Just as the curling clouds of smoke enhance the beauty of the bright flame, so the scenes where the foliage is veiled in a misty haze only enhance the more brilliant scenes when all stands out in bright distinctness.

LENA DEWEY, '94.



In Confidence.

MY granddaughter Jane has jest been visitin' me, but, if it ain't wicked, I kinder hope she will want to go somewhere else next time—to Europe maybe, or to New York. I s'pose I hadn't ought to feel so, but she *did* make me so uncomfortable. We expected her Tuesday afternoon, so after I had got the spare chamber fixed up and the fire lighted in the front room I sat down, by the window, to watch for her. We live out in the country a considerable distance, and as there was about three foot of snow on the ground, and the roads weren't broke yet, son William took the ox-sled to fetch her from the station. When I first set eyes on her as William drove into the yard, she was sittin' up by the side of him as straight as a stick and somehow she didn't seem to fit in.

Not that I hadn't never seen folks fixed up fine before, for Mrs. Snow, our next door neighbor, was a parson's daughter and had four brand new dresses when she first set up housekeepin'. But somehow, Jane's clothes were different. I hadn't seen the child sence she was a mite of a thing, and I never should have knowed her in this world. Everythin' was so stiff and straight-up about her. In the first place, her hat was a queer, stiff lookin' thing, mostly black, with things like crows' wings and broom-splinters a'standin' up on it. And then her mantilla was so queer lookin' The collar, instead of lyin' down, as I always 'sposed collars was made to do, stood straight up and was most as good as a hood, it came up on the back of her head so far. When she took off her mantilla I thought she had on some kind of a green tippet, there was so many points and things a'standin' up on her shoulders. And her sleeves was so big I thought maybe her mother put enough cloth in for a new pair so she could hev it handy when she wanted it.

I 'spose Jane had a dreadful good education but she didn't seem to know how to use it someway. I guess she showed it too much. She was always askin' me if I remembered 'bout the "Pyramids," (which of course I didn't) and how old I 'sposed

the "Wooden Man" was? I hadn't the least idee what wooden man she meant so I jest looked at her and didn't say nothin.' She told me she had been studyin' 'bout the soul and asked me what I considered as "Innate ideas." I wouldn't have told her if I had knowed for I think when folks goes to askin' questions 'bout the soul they'd better stop. There couldn't a tramp come to the door but she would begin to talk about "Pauperism" or say somethin' 'bout a "Wage Question." One day she asked me what I thought 'bout the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, though what she wanted to know 'bout those heathen for I couldn't see. She was readin' some new kind of a language, I believe she called it Saxon somethin'. And she had the queerest kind of a picture that she brought down stairs one day and asked me if I didn't think 'twas beautiful. 'Twas an "Impressionist landscape," she said, but it looked like a lot of streaks and spots and the grass was as purple as the velvet on my bonnet. She wanted to know if we had got a "Cookin' Club" in our village, but I told her no, we did our cookin' to home. Then she was crazy to have me bring in the cups and saucers and set 'em around in the settin'-room, though what use it was to have 'em around except at meal time I couldn't never see. And she told me how folks kept their tea-kittles right in their front rooms!

One thing she did really scared me. It was jest after she had gone up to bed, the first night she came, and I thought I would go up and see if she wanted anythin'. I opened the door softly and there she stood a'throwin' her arms around and a'rollin' her head from one side to the other and a'tryin' to look on the back side of it. I was so scared I most dropped the candle, and said as soon as I could get my breath, "Jane, what be you a'doin'?" "Why, Grandma," she said, "I'm practicin' the Delsarte system." I didn't understand what she meant, but it worried me dreadfully. I felt uneasy all the time she stayed, for though no one hadn't never been queer in our family, I couldn't help thinkin' somethin' *must* be the matter with her.

GRACE BECKLEY. '94

The Princess and the Echo.

IT was the most beautiful day of the whole beautiful year. The forest, on the right of the highway, seemed a temple, its mighty pillars bearing wonderful tapestries, its brilliant carpet spread for the feet of dryads, and the turquoise of heaven itself for windows. Far, far away to the phantom mountains, field after field unfolded itself, and was as a gentle path leading up those shadowy hills.

Out of her chamber window leaned the Princess Eyebright, the glorious scene before her awakening in her restless nature a longing for the freedom which was not her own. Till now her life in the castle had been accepted unquestioningly, and she had known no hopes outside the circle in which her lot was cast ; but to-day something told her that the regal state in which she lived was imprisoning her sympathies.

Over the fields came the sound of sheep-bells and the cheery call of the shepherd-boy as he strolled by his nibbling flocks. "Come hither," he sang. "Hither," answered the echo. "I ever wander," "wander ;" "So follow," "follow ;" "O'er hill and hollow," "and hollow ;" "Ever, ever follow !"

Such a pleading invitation ! How she longed to obey ! With the abandon of youth she yielded herself to the new impulse, and stretching forth her hands, cried bitterly :—"Ah, me unfortunate ! The beautiful world is at my feet. I am the Princess ; all in my kingdom bow to me, yet this day would I flee from my castle and follow this beckoning song ! The meanest peasant in my realm can wander at his will, but I, the Princess, when I go my daily way, are hampered by lackey and guard, by bowing subjects and ceremony ever. Once, only once, let me be free ! Let me but this day be free, and over the meadow, hill and hollow, to forgot myself, and so to be myself ! The hills are decked for my coming ; the gold of the trees and the royal purple of the vineyards,—are they not my colors ? Are they not for me ? Oh, that I might enjoy them,—they wait for me ! Let us go !"

Passionately she cried out, and in answer one of her maidens said, "Remember you not the decree of the King, that on this day, in memory of a valiant battle won in olden times the 'King's highway should be open to peasant or prince till the sun should set'! 'Tis yet some hours ere the sun goes down.'

With joyful face and heart the Princess turned and led her maidens unhesitatingly to the castle door. The ponderous gate swung open and out into the sunshine the merry party danced.

"Ah, freedom!" "Sunshine, golden sunshine, everywhere!" "And we are free!"

Like a flock of gay butterflies they flitted across the path, and as gossamer wings their silken gowns shimmered in the light. The Princess' lovely head was crowned with sunshine and her dainty feet seemed tireless as she led the merry chase.

On and on they went, singing "We follow, we follow;" and the echo answered, "Follow" and "still follow"—ever "follow." Like a sylph the Princess waved her golden hair and lily hands, dancing on.

But the sun was hot, and wooed the haze from the hills; the dust blew in a blinding cloud, and their royal leader, one moment dejected, stayed her hastening steps. The forest trees bent over her head to protect her; one straying sunbeam crowned her; nature's gorgeous tapestry was the background for her fair face. It was a holy shrine in which she stood, and yet the Princess was troubled. She even trembled when the choral winds sighed through the trees. It was not for her,—this solemn mystery, this intensity of worship. It was so new, so strange, that she could not understand it. For the first time in her life she was free,—free in God's forest, under his sky, but the air of freedom, for which she had longed, was too rare for her to breathe and she felt oppressed. Again in the hush of the forest, "Come hither, I ever wander; so follow, and follow, o'er field and hollow,"—the shepherd's invitation! "We follow," she said, with almost despairing eagerness, and on they went. But the hills that looked so smooth were steep to climb, and briers in the hollows tore their gentle hands. The meadow grass, whose sweet perfume had lured them on, tripped their tender

feet, and ever distant, ever farther, the shepherd sang, "Follow."

Finally, wearied and faint, the Princess stopped. "Ah me," she softly cried, "We have followed and followed and are now no nearer. He is free and we have thought ourselves so, but is this freedom? These velvet hills are not so soft as my velvet cushions. I fear we are strangers to the meadow. So tired am I, come back!"

Wearily they wandered back the long, long way of their short freedom. The Princess Eyebright regained her chamber, and again leaning from her window, gazed at the lovely scene. But now it had a different meaning for her,—this picture, framed by her chamber window. Still and calm the fields stretched before the castle walls, the pillared forest raised its columns and the tender sky bent over to protect and comfort. The sun had set, and one by one the stars looked out to greet her.

Is it a fancy that she still hears the calling echo? "Sing on, sweet shepherd," said the Princess, "perhaps, some day, I too may follow."

GRACE NORTON, '96.



The Birth of Friendship.

One night as Cupid swiftly flew
Through balmy air of love,
To lay his tender messages
Before the throne of Jove,

A sharp and deadly pointed dart,
With swift, unerring aim,
Was shot from Scorn's defiant bow,
And snapped the wing in twain.

While Cupid faint from wounds and fear,
Had gained Olympus' slope,
The broken wing fell softly down
Before the feet of Hope.

Hope's ever patient, watchful eye,
Quick spied the bruised thing,
And strightway Trust and Honor called
To view the snow-white wing.

When Confidence had joined the three,
Their brightness shone around,
And part of Heaven's glory seemed
Transfiguring the ground.

Surrounded thus, the broken wing
Seemed suddenly to move,
And eagerly the band bent o'er,
With anxious look and love.

And when they all, with magic touch,
Moulded the pinion fair,
The graceful form of Friendship lay,
In wondrous beauty there.

ETHELYN. L. MARSHALL, '94.

At Sun-set.

THE sun was setting as I turned
 Into the narrow wooded road,
And through the somber, leafless trees,
Which gently swayed in autumn breeze,
 It poured in crimson flood.

Beneath my feet the rustling leaves
 A carpet spread of brown and red.
The dying vine still grasping, clung
To the low wall ; the pine-cones hung
 From bending boughs o'er head.

A little further meadows stretched,
 All seeming desolate and still,
When suddenly, a tiny bird
Darts towards the sky, and soon is heard
 Its last note of farewell.

And as I passed the meadow bars,
 I stopped, and patient boss caressed,
Who waiting stood till someone kind
Should drop the bars, and she could find
 Her way to sheltered rest.

Close by the margin of the road
 There stood a cottage, small and white,
And round the door, in merry play,
Three happy children, blithe and gay, —
 A picture sweet and bright.

The sun had low and lower sunk,
 And twilight shades fast closed around ;
When as I looked toward eastern sky,
The pale, round moon, night's peaceful eye,
 Gleamed through the dark profound.

HELEN E. MUZZEY, '95.

The Erlking.

Translation from the German; Goethe.

"WHO rides so late through the night so wild?"
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy well in his arm;
He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hidest thou thy face so fair?"
"Father, seest thou not the Erlking there?
The Erlking with his crown and train?"
"My son, 'tis but the mists of rain."

"You lovely child, come, go with me!
Many pleasant games I'll play with thee;
Many beautiful flowers are on the strand;
Many golden robes in my mother's hand."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see
What the Erlking, so softly promises me?"
"Be quiet, my child, stay quiet, do try;
'Tis only the wind in the leaves so dry."

"Will'st thou, good boy, come go with me?
My daughters shall bounteously wait on thee;
My daughters shall lead in the mighty song;
They'll dance and sing for you in throng."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erlking's daughter in that dark spot?"
"My son, my son, I see it all here;
'Tis only the willows that gray appear."

“ I love you, I'm charmed with your beautiful play ;
And, if you're not willing, I'll force you away.”
“ My father, my father, he takes me from thee ;
The Erlking has done a great harm to me.”

The father shudders, he rides on so wild ;
He holds in his arms the agonized child,
He reaches the courtyard in pain and distress ;
But dead, in his arms, the little child rests.

FLORENCE GILDERSLEEVE, '96.

“ Some mute, inglorious Milton.” — THOMAS GRAY.

Not every poem is voiced, some songs are dumb —
Grander than Epic lines, a patriot's death ;
Sweeter than Lyric strains, unselfish lives ;
More perfect than the Sonnet, holy deeds.

ABBOTT.



EDITORS' DRAWER.

WE wonder if the average girl in boarding-school realizes how little time she spends in general reading. Usually she allows her interest to flag in matters outside the little world she forms for herself, and confines her library work to the departments she happens to be studying, neglecting the daily newspapers and periodicals, which are just as much a part of her education and general culture as her school-book. She is at school, primarily, to take up subjects which require special instruction, and to learn self-reliance, but this does not exclude general knowledge. Every girl should set aside some portion of the day for general reading.

Let reading circles be organized, to meet at appointed times, with a full attendance, armed with enthusiasm; let the reading be followed by discussion of the latest book or certain articles in the last magazine. This acquaints each one with the subjects in which the literary world is especially interested, the authors, the prevailing literature, and enables the student to contrast its present style with the earlier, which perhaps she is studying at that very time. The informality and comradeship give courage and opportunity to express ideas freely.

When the "reading girl" leaves school and mingles with other people, she is well equipped to join intelligently in general conversation. But let every girl be careful in her selection of reading matter. Let her guard especially against the sensational novel, which should find no resting-place on her shelves. It distracts attention from studies; indulges a taste for excitement; and unfits for good, practical thought and concentrated effort.

Why should Young Ladies be interested in Politics? — The subject of politics was, a few years ago, too frequently considered entirely foreign to the range of school-girl conversation. Now the intelligent girl is able to discuss with her father and brothers the leading questions of the day.

But why should politics be of interest to us? It is a well-known fact that now young women wish not only to be thoroughly acquainted with mathematics, classics, and literature, but as well in the questions

which perplex the greatest minds of our country. So politics have become of interest to the girl of to-day.

The time is not far distant when our young women will have telling influence upon the subject of politics. Most certainly we should make ourselves acquainted with the work of women in the political field, even if our sympathies are not wholly with them. And surely in these times of dire distress and poverty we MUST investigate the yet unsolved political and social causes which are bringing honest and respectable laboring families to starvation.

As women who wish to be helpers we must seek to KNOW the causes of poverty as well as to relieve it temporarily.

The introduction of athletics into girls schools and colleges is becoming a topic of general conversation. It is a well-known fact that to be strong physically, mentally, and morally one must have a certain amount of good, healthful exercise. But the question is, Where shall the line be drawn? Shall we be content with a few indoor sports, or shall we plunge heart and soul into the rough and tumble of many an out-door game. There is a happy medium, and there the young girl athlete should pause before she makes her choice of sports. The work in Gymnasiums, taken systematically, does much for the development of the body and mind; the mind we say, for it is only in a healthy body that we find a healthy mind. But in addition to the Gymnasium, we should seek those out door-sports, where we are brought face to face with the beauty of nature, and the invigoration derived from pure, fresh air. This can be found in such sports as tennis, boating, and those long, brisk walks that add so much to the general health. Here the muscles are brought into easy and full play. If we realized the great benefits to be gained from such healthful exercises, there would be more interest in our Gymnasiums, our Tennis courts would be crowded with enthusiastic players, and we should be inspired with that courage, confidence, and resolution which makes the healthy, pure, and strong woman.

All our readers know of the initial step taken by the noble girls of last year toward raising a fund for the new building. The hard times have necessitated a temporary pause in the enterprise, for we know that many of the friends who would gladly give hundreds or thousands towards satisfying this crying need are not certain what is theirs to give. Yet are there not some who, even in these dark days, are ready to make, without solicitation, the offering which their love will prompt? Are there not old girls, versed in modern methods of money raising, who long to lend a hand toward swelling our "nucleus" to the first

thousand or ten thousand? Your dear school still needs, as it ever must, your affectionate help in accomplishing its high aims.

The Commencement of '93 was, like all other Abbot Commencements, delightful in every detail.

Commencement week began with the Baccalaureate sermon, at the South Church. On Monday evening Abbot Hall was taxed to its utmost with an enthusiastic audience to listen to a *Musical* given by Prof. Downs' advanced pupils. And Tuesday brought the Graduating Exercises of the Class of '93. The lunch at noon was followed by a meeting of the *Alumnæ* of Abbot in the Hall.

FROM THE COURANT LETTER-BOX.

I have been asked to tell the readers of the *Courant* a little of what I know about the Salvation Army. It is such a short time ago that I knew it only by name and had no real acquaintance with its method and work, that I can readily believe there are many now who know little or nothing about it, and I will be very glad if I can help anyone to understand something of this organization that has been so blessed of God.

Two years ago I had a glimpse into the Army work through hearing Mrs. Ballington Booth speak in one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Washington. A few months later La Marechale Booth-Clibborn, who is in charge of the Army work in France, spoke in the same church. I was greatly impressed by both these interesting young women. I remember in walking home from La Marechale's meeting with some friends I said: "Does not all she says rebuke us? Are not these Salvationists doing just what every Christian ought as far as possible to do?" And yet I recall that I did not make any effort then to look up the local corps and find out what I could do to help them. I had not courage enough to actually associate myself with the poke bonnet.

On my way home from Boston, where I had gone to attend the breakfast given in honor of dear Miss McKeen, I stopped over Sabbath in New York and then went with a friend to the first genuine Salvation Army meeting I had ever attended. It was at the Forty-fifth and Broadway Training Garrison where girl cadets are instructed and tested. The meeting was in charge of Ensign (now Adjutant) Isabel Wood who was in charge of the Garrison. I had never seen so many poke bonnets and tambourines together before and I viewed the platform where they congregated with something of the feeling that I was looking at a kind of show. One after another the modest, simple girls arose and told of the

power of God to save the sinner, and entreated all who were out of Christ to come to Him. It was very touching. Some of them spoke with real earnestness and power. Finally, the collection time came and the fascinating little Ensign in the prettiest way possible took the audience into her confidence in regard to a big gas bill due on the following day, and appealed to us to help her pay it. I think that bill must have been paid. I do not see how anyone in the house could resist the pleading of that dear girl. She herself carried around the Army collection plate, the tambourine. As she came near me I tried to get a good look into her beautiful, spiritual face, but she was attending strictly to passing the tambourine, and did not even lift her eyes. Since that time it has been my privilege to make the beginning of a friendship with this hand maiden of the Lord. And I have rarely known any man or woman who is enveloped in such an atmosphere of holiness as she. She has a special mission for Christians and has led many worried, troubled ones into that rest of God which has been left behind for us, that we so often fail to take.

I was unable to stay through the entire meeting as we had planned a trip to the Florence Midnight Mission down in the slums, and so I had yet to see the entire program of an Army meeting carried out.

A year ago I became a member of the Salvation Army by joining the Auxiliary League, which is composed of Christians who agree to pray for God's blessing on the Army, contribute to its support, and defend it from the unjust attacks that are so often made upon it. The League has now two thousand members in the United States. Since then I have been helping a little in the work of our local corps, and it is in this local work that I know the Army best. Head-quarters and divisional work I could not undertake to tell about, but after all they exist simply to further the interests of the local corps.

We have recently had a captain with us, a young woman twenty-seven years old, with whom I was constantly associated for eight months. I have never known a more lovely spiritual character. When I graduated at Andover and proudly took my diploma, I would have been much astonished to be told that in years to come I would be glad to sit at the feet of a girl who had had no education and could not even speak the English language correctly. But this dear Captain, although she had once been a servant in her native place, was learned in the deep spiritual things of God. For months I listened to her Bible readings with amazement, but also with great profit to my own soul. She had literally none of that knowledge which shall vanish away. But she knew God and walked with Him, and night after night her

simple testimony and faithful work in the meetings were the means of bringing many souls out of darkness into light.

I know no one who works much harder than a Salvation Army officer. The week begins with "Knee drill" at 7 o'clock Sabbath morning. This is a prayer meeting on the knees. At 11 o'clock is "Holiness meeting," where there are usually only Christians in attendance. At 2 o'clock an "Open air." At 3 o'clock a meeting partly for Christians and partly for sinners. At 6 o'clock a "Soldier's meeting." At 7 o'clock another "Open air," and at 8 the great meeting of the week, which has the largest audience, and all soldiers and friends are expected to be there for a determined fight against the forces of the evil one. Monday night there is a meeting for soldiers and recruits only, and on the other evenings of the week there are public meetings at 8 o'clock, preceded by an "Open air," unless there is a drenching rain.

Between times it is the duty of the officers to visit soldiers, recruits and new converts and any attendants of the meeting who may request them to call. These visits are not for mere sociability but to help and strengthen spiritually those who are visited.

Then the "War Cry" are to be sold, especially in saloons. This is a great trial to a sensitive, shrinking woman. But the seed must be sown. I suppose it has never been known how many conversions have resulted from this part of the work. But their number is great.

Each corps must provide its own support. This is obtained from the collections that are taken every evening and from private subscriptions that are usually solicited by the officers. All officers say that the collection is the hardest cross of all. It is wonderful how the money comes in, however. It would not seem that dimes and nickels, of which the collections are largely composed, could meet the rent of halls and quarters. After the rent and other hall expenses are paid, the officers are allowed their salary: a captain six dollars a week, a lieutenant five dollars. This they seldom get in full. Our present captain who thinks she is getting on very well tells me that the food for herself and lieutenant costs about two dollars and a half per week. Not very high living this.

In addition to all these cares and responsibilities, the officers must do their own housework. They are allowed to hire some one to wash and iron, but usually have no money for such a luxury, and the wash tub is as much the emblem of Army work as the tambourine. With such a prospect of hard work before them it does seem wonderful that girls born to ease, and even luxury, should go into the Army, and yet they do. I know of a beautiful New York girl who gave up leadership in

society, innumerable suitors, and all the agreeable accompaniments of balls, flowers, candy and drives, to go into the Army. She had to wash and iron and scrub floors in the Training Garrison. Her father was very fearful of the experiment. But one day when he went to the Garrison and found her scrubbing the floor, he said he knew she had been tried and proven and that her conversion was sincere. She had indeed counted all things but loss for Christ.

One hears a great deal of talk about being "soundly saved," in the Army meetings. Surely, there is a vast difference between that and being merely "a professor of religion." A "soundly saved" person, according to the Army creed, will obey the command to "come out from among them and be separate," and this they count to mean a complete forsaking of the world and an entire devotion to Christ and his cause, which, after all, is not far from the idea Jesus must have had in his mind when he said: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." The Salvationist who goes to the theatre or attends a worldly social gathering, takes a glass of wine, or uses tobacco, is counted a back-slider, and is not allowed to sit on the platform or testify until he has come forward to the "penitent form" and sought forgiveness and publicly acknowledged his sin. If this Army rule were applied to church members I fear the "penitent forms" would either be very full or very empty.

I never saw any sight much more touching than the coming to the "penitent form" of a good, simple-hearted soldier to confess, with tears, that he had wanted to go to the theatre, simply wanted. He never dreamed of yielding to the desire. The Army believes in holiness, and teaches it. It believes in the cleansed heart, that sinful desires are removed, not fought against; and many good Christians of years standing have knelt at the "penitent form" and sought and received "the blessing of a clean heart."

I have never known a Salvation Army officer who was not happy. They call themselves the "happy people." The sweet captain, to whom I have especially referred, told me once that since she entered the Army she had had no real trials, and yet I know she and her lieutenant have had sometimes but a dollar a week to live on.

I wonder how many readers of the *Courant* have ever seen a "War Cry," the weekly publication of the Army all over the world. The United States "Cry" is a very graphic, spicy paper, and is read by those to whom the ordinary religious journal would not appeal. This paper is greatly appreciated by the prisoners in the jails. For several months I have assisted the local officers in the weekly distribution of

papers in the local jail. We always take the latest number and as many of them as we can afford. The eagerness displayed to get them is delightful, and I do not know which are most disappointed when the supply fails, we or the prisoners. As we go from cell to cell, the "Will you have a paper to-day?" often opens the way for a personal talk, and we hear the sad story of weakness and sin that gives us the opportunity to offer the blessed remedy for it all, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

But I realize the limitations of the Courant, and I must stop, although I have only given a glimpse into one phase of this great work. "The Life of Mrs. Gen. Booth," and "Under Two Flags," by Mrs. Ballington Booth, will tell the whole Army story in a way that I am sure will not fail to interest anyone who will read them.

M. L. D. M., '77.

Old scholars and new, alike, are glad to hear from "dear Miss Greeley," for she was one who greeted us at Draper Hall with a smile; who had tender sympathy for our trials, and loving interest in our joys. Her enthusiastic and earnest work for us in the class-room aroused our ardent admiration for the teacher as well as the friend. Wherever she may be in the future, we wish her the greatest joy and success.

In a recent letter to a member of the Senior class she writes: "I am glad to be missed, for I have missed you all so constantly, and have longed so many times to walk in upon you one by one for a good long Sunday evening talk." Before the last pages of the Courant go to press, the editors hope to receive a letter from Miss Greeley, written especially for the Courant.

Miss Mason, the genius of science, during Miss Hamlin's absence, has been spending a large part of the autumn in a delightful sojourn at the World's Fair. Though deeply impressed by the magnificence of Chicago, it is refreshing to read this closing statement of a genuine New Englander:—"Give me dear old Boston and a quiet little home in the suburbs!" Her many friends in Abbot Academy take much satisfaction in this preference, as they may hope to see often among them one whose graceful presence, ready sympathy and fine scholarship were an unflinching support.

A recent letter from Miss Stoddard, who is at her home in Cheshire, Ct., gives interesting glimpses of an active life, even though it is being lived in one of the small and quiet old New England towns. Her own words will give you the best idea of it. After speaking of the summer's outings, which included a week's attendance at the Young Men's Col-

lege Conference at Northfield, to which she was drawn by the desire to hear Henry Drummond, and of a later visit to Chicago, under especially pleasant conditions, she writes :—

“ There is much that might be said, but time is short and I must put in some practicing before I proceed to make bread and go to bed. This sentence suggests some of my present occupations. I am taking singing lessons, more with the hope of strengthening my voice and throat generally than of becoming a prima donna. It is pleasant work, and has some encouraging features. Mrs. Paddock and I are giving a series of Bible readings here, which are proving successful in drawing out the ladies and giving them some pleasant and, I hope, profitable afternoons. We have also been starting a literary club, which promises well We have Art, Science and Literary committees. I am so unfortunate as to be chairman of the last, and have had to plan the next meeting. Gladstone is the subject. I have a Latin pupil who recites to me twice a week, a bright, affectionate girl of seventeen, who is very anxious to please me, and takes pride in having almost no mistakes in her written work. I have, also, a pupil in elocution. Altogether I seem to be living quite as busy a life as at Andover.

Though no longer enjoying the supremacy of the Senior year at Abbot, we wish to remind you that the class of '93 take as warm an interest as ever in the affairs of the school, and are waiting impatiently for the publication of the Christmas Courant. In return for the news we expect to glean from its pages, it is, perhaps, only fair to report what we ourselves are doing, for we are still busy girls, even if we have laid aside for a time Psychology and the History of Art. Indeed, there is one of our number who is continuing the work of last year in a way that might be open to us all. Susan Chase is attending the lectures on Art given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and also those given from time to time at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Annie Ingalls, on the other hand, is putting last year's mental discipline to good use by taking a Kindergarten course, which begins with Psychology and ends with a row of fifteen pert little darkies, whom she has to instruct in the intricacies of sewing cards and pasting pictures. It is hard to imagine her flying about the room in imitation of a bird, or perhaps representing a sheaf of wheat which the mischievous pickaninnies delight in mowing to the ground, but she has evidently thrown her heart into the work, and regards such games in their true relation to the system.

From another quarter comes the news that Elsie Francis is teaching a bright pupil, taking up church work, and, best of all, proving her

loyalty to John Stuart Mill by starting a class in political economy with his work as a text-book. (The Seniors will better appreciate the magnanimity of this act during the next two terms.)

But we must not give the impression that we are all indulging in post-graduate courses of study. Several of the class are enjoying the change from the routine of of class-rooms to the more varied and active interests of home life. Amy Childs spent many of the summer weeks in visits to her old Abbot friends in the West, and is now at home for the winter. Charlotte Briant, too, has but recently returned from a trip to Chicago and Minneapolis. Elizabeth Nichols, after "valiantly resisting the World's Fair craze" all summer, finally joined one of the Raymond excursions to Chicago in the early part of October. So the class of '93 was pretty well represented at the Fair, and the register in "Space 47" bears the names of Annie Ingalls, Amy Childs, Charlotte Briant, Elizabeth Nichols, and Anna Nettleton. Surely to those of us whose privilege it was to see the Art of the "White City," the lessons in the Senior room have already proved invaluable.

Caroline Abbott is still in Andover, supplementing her course at school by lessons in nursing and housekeeping, and Mary Thompson is busy with similar duties at her home. Both of them express a fear that their occupations are not up to the standard of Abbot graduates, but the rest of us know that they are filling positions of trust and responsibility in the home circle that we all might be proud to hold.

May Alden is once more in Middleboro, after a long visit with Winifred Lawry Simmons in Rockland, Me. She writes of cooking experiments and of having plenty of leisure time for reading.

Since the class of '93 dispersed in June Anna E. Finch has had severe trouble with her eyes, but we are happy to hear that she is now regaining the use of them.

Alliene Hitchcock and Anna Nettleton had the good fortune to visit Waterville, N.H., during the past summer, and the misfortune not to be there at the same time. Both did a good deal of mountain climbing, but Alliene bore away the palm for camping out on Mount Adams and tramping over the Presidential Range. Anna Nettleton is regularly occupied with private French lessons and weekly lectures in that language, but other pursuits ranging from art exhibitions to a Salvation Army meeting fill her days so full that she longs for the electric bell to portion off the engagements for each hour, as they did in school days.

Various as are our lines of work and pleasure, the old loyalty to the

school and to each other binds us together, and we are eagerly anticipating our first re-union in Andover next June. But as many of us will not see you at Abbot until that distant day, the class of '93 take this opportunity to wish you all a happy New Year.

ABBOT ITEMS.

The Saturday evening prayer-meetings form one of the most helpful influences of our school life. We take pleasure in mentioning among the many friends who have addressed us, Dr. Bancroft, Prof. Ryder, and Prof. Taylor; Mrs. Darling on the work among Indians; Mrs. Vietze on her work among the Greeks in and around Boston; Mrs. Williams on her life as a Missionary to China. The meeting on the last Saturday of each month is conducted by a member of the "Christian Workers." One of the most interesting of these meetings was a "Thank Offering," led by Miss Marshall, '94, the President of the "Abbot Christian Workers." About twenty-five dollars was given as a "Thank Offering" for blessings received. It has been unanimously decided to send this offering to Mrs. Lee, Clara Hamlin '73, that a library may be started for the young ladies of her school at Marash Turkey.

The customary reports from the various missionary fields are given every Friday morning.

Miss Hamlin told us of the work of her sister Mrs. Lee. Miss Sanborn '94, spoke of Missions in Southern Dakota, and the urgent call for more money, in order that the good work may still go on.

Miss Brittan '95, reported the recent great advancement of the philanthropical work in our cities.

We had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Mayo, author of "Southern Women in the Recent Educational Movement in the South." His years of experience among the schools of the South enabled him to present a vivid word picture of Southern educational work.

Miss Beckley '94, who had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Bottome of New York, reported her work among the large and prosperous band of workers known as the "King's Daughters." Mrs. Bottome's lecture caused the "King's Daughters" in Abbot to form a "Ten." Their first work has been to send away a Christmas box.

At different times Miss Merrill has read letters from friends working in the various missionary fields. Among these we would mention the letters from Miss Jennie Person Stanford of Japan; and those from Hudson, North Carolina, and from Kentucky, telling of work among the poor mountain whites.

Christmas boxes are making quite a journey this year; one going to Hudson, N. C., where Miss Tuttle and Mrs. Rand have interested us in the mountain whites; the other to Miss S. E. Ober, in Evarts, Harlem Co., Ken., whose letter about her work among the mountain whites caused deep sympathy. The Seniors are going to aid a family near home.

The annual Thanksgiving service was held in the Chapel on the Monday morning preceding Thanksgiving recess. Praise verses were recited, and, under the leadership of Prof. Downs, the singing was full of the spirit of praise and thanksgiving.

It is with great pleasure we look forward to every Tuesday morning, when Miss Watson gives the school one of her delightful and helpful talks.

The customary meetings of the "Abbot Christian Workers" are held in the Reading Room every Saturday evening. The meetings are well attended, and much interest is taken in the work of the society.

Wealth in-doors may be the inheritance of few, but the blessings of autumn are equally distributed.

The old girls of Abbot would have rejoiced with us if they could have seen "Maple Walk" in all its beauty. Those who remember the small stripling maples edging the long gravel walk must now think of full grown trees whose branches form a beautiful arcade.

In summer their still green leaves make a canopy over our heads which by Autumn's magic touch is gradually changed into colors bright and variegated. Finally they must drop their trophies under our feet, but still our hearts are made brighter and lighter as we tread upon this carpet of Nature's own weaving.

The long rows of elms and maples in town must speak to all who frequent them; they do not tell the same thing to each of us, but all, consciously or unconsciously, are influenced by them. The old girls will remember many spots near Abbot where nature, alone, was the designer. Among these Indian Ridge, Sunset Rock, and Prospect Hill are just as attractive as ever.

Towards the end of the spring term Miss Schiefferdecker, our popular German teacher, planned a picnic at Sunset Rock for her classes. An original game was played and those most successful in controlling their risibles were presented with German favors. Later, the company gathered on the Rock, sang college songs, and enjoyed the glorious sunset. The girls went home with increased admiration for their teacher's happy way of giving pleasure to others.

CLIPS FROM MISS MCKEEN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Jessie Guernsey writes from New Britain, where she is teaching, "It seems to me that those of your girls who are teachers themselves must realize more and more what Abbot really meant. Nothing that I ever did there has failed to be, at one time or another since then, the source of just the help necessary for some new step."

She says of some others near her, "Mattie Hart Moore is a very lovely young mother, and Helen Bunce is a true Abbot girl in her room of High School boys and girls."

Mrs. Mary Stow Roberts writes of her pleasant home, 1815 Ontario Street, Philadelphia, and speaks of dining on Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Ball — Esther Dow — in West Philadelphia.

Those who were in school in '67 will remember the Texan sisters, Anna and Libby Talbot. Libby, now Mrs. E. R. Anderson, writes that her residence is now in Austin, Texas, where they find better schools for her little daughter Cora. She mourns the lack of a Congregational Church, but says, "If Texas had plenty of rain and was Republican, she would be the grandest state in the Union." She adds "My Abbot Academy days did me worlds of good and will brighten my whole life."

ABBOT ITEMS.

In spite of the financial trouble, "Old Abbot" holds her own. Her Senior class numbers sixteen and her Senior Middle class now has twenty members.

On a beautiful September Wednesday two of the girls, acting upon a happy thought, invited eight or more of the "other girls" to a picnic. The presence of Mary Thompson, '93, and Gertrude Prindle, '95, added to the pleasure of the occasion. Great was the merriment over the dinner, and lively were the banjo and songs which followed.

"The following incident is but slightly indicative of the high esteem in which Miss Watson, the principal of Abbot Academy, is held by the students. Last week Miss Watson attended the meeting of the American board of Foreign Missions at Worcester. Upon her return after three days' absence she found her parlors literally turned into a bower of autumnal beauty. Every vase and nook, the fire-place and mantel, desk and table were decorated with branches of autumn leaves, while on the table, beside an immense bouquet of nasturtiums, lay an explanatory note, which read, 'Welcome home to Miss Watson.'" — CLIPPED.

A successful Tennis Tournament was one of the pleasant features of the term. Twenty-two entries were registered, and many of the sets were skillfully contested. One after another gave way to their opponents, until only three remained. The end was near and the contest close. Miss Russel scored against Miss Muzzie 12-10, 6-3; Miss Bosher against Miss Russel 8-6, 6-2. The first prize, an Abbot souvenir spoon, was awarded to Miss Bosher, while Miss Russel was the winner of the second prize, a book of etchings.

Abbot Academy appreciates the frequent courtesies which are generously extended to it by its near neighbor Phillips. We witnessed with great enthusiasm the Harvard-Andover game, and we greatly appreciated the magnificent playing on both sides. We recall the fact that University teams are often strengthened by men who have learned athletic warfare on the campus of "old Phillips."

In order that the "new" girls might enjoy the picturesque scenery of the old railroad track, Miss Watson and Miss Chadbourne, together with a few learned and dignified Seniors, accompanied a party of the uninitiated on one of the pleasantest strolls of the term.

Perhaps one of the most attractive corners in Draper Hall is the landing between the first and second floor. Phillips Academy, at the ~~semi-centennial in 1879~~ ^{House Warming} showed its friendly feeling toward Abbot in the gift of a stately clock which stands at the head of the stairs and reminds us of the fleeting hours in tones clear, strong and melodious. This term our attention is also attracted by a dainty mahogany table on which rests a curious jard~~anier~~^{anier} containing a beautiful Japanese palm, from the fine green-house of one of our trustees. Mr. George Ripley.

Some time in the near future we hope to make this cosy corner more complete and comfortable by the addition of upholstery on the now bare window seats.

Aside from the many attractions of this sanctum of rest and ease, the evening view from the west window is worth mentioning. Far out to the west lies the peaceful Shawsheen, with its background of rolling hills, overhead gleams the sky, illumined by one of New England's greatest charms, her far-famed sunsets.

The above mentioned mahogany stand and jard~~anier~~^{anier} were purchased from the net profits of a sale of toilet articles bought of Kelly and Durkee, Boylston Street, Boston. The sale took place in Miss Chadbourne's room and caused great amusement, both among buyers and sellers.

What delightful sensations the young lady experiences, who finds that her birthday has not been forgotten, as she goes to her accustomed seat at the table on that important day, can only be known to the fortunate individual thus favored. All this is owing to the kindness of Mrs. Minot, our new stewardess.

HALLOWE'EN, '93.

"'Tis now the witching time of night,
We'll play a prank on every wight,
We'll force the creeps adown her back,
We'll send our little friends — a pack!"

So spake the sprites of Hallowe'en,
Assembled, all so bright and keen,
In Abbot's old time honored halls;
In all the chinks along the walls.

They stood, those maids, all bright and fair,
On each appalled face a stare;
An oh! a shriek from every tongue,
A light! a light! each damsel cried.

A groan, a shriek, a wail, a howl!
From tittering spirits all aprowl;
'Tis Hallowe'en the maidens cry!
As lights they see with grateful sigh.

Down in a dungeon, dark and deep
(Where Mrs. M. her stores doth keep),
More goblin tricks to start the hair
Of those whose venturous spirits dare,

To face two witches stern and grim,
In gaudy tents, in twilight dim,
Who knew each trembling subject's fate,
The marriage, death, and e'en the date.

I see her now, that gruesome cap,
That awful wand upon her lap;
Those horrid shears, she cuts the thread,
And lo, the future open spread!

Her mate more dreadful doth appear.
 The expectant crowds go in with fear
 She muttered, low, and very deep.
 I cannot hear, although I peep!

In all the dimly lighted halls
 Fantastic objects, countless, spells,
 Green apples swaying, light in air,
 With marks of tooth-prints here and there.

Again the witching time of night,
 Big Ben forgot her manners quite,—
 The little bell whirred gaily round
 With all its busy daylight sound.

But rest, perturbed spirits, rest,
 Old Hallowe'en you've done your best;
 You've given us each an awful fright;
 We thank you for this merry night.

THANKSGIVING AT ABBOT — 1893.

Wednesday was an ideal balmy day, which was passed in long delightful rambles and quiet reading. Wednesday evening we gathered in the reading room, where Miss Hutchison and some of our number had arranged an impromptu programme, which was opened by an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's famous wax-works.

Mrs. Jarley (Miss Calhoun), arrayed in a European costume of great richness and variety, introduced and explained her figures with characteristic genius. "Sitting Bull" (Miss Florence Gildersleeve), clad in blanket and feathers, executed a war-dance with true mechanical expression. "The girl who died of chewing gum" (Miss Stover) impressed the audience with the terrible results of that habit. "Patti" (Miss Oshier) entranced her hearers with her beautiful voice. "The widow who died of grief" (Miss Flora Johnson) tore her hair in a becoming manner. "Queen Elizabeth" (Miss MacConnell) beheaded "Mary Queen of Scots" (Miss Mathews) with that formidable weapon, a tack hammer. "The Abbot girl at a reception" and "The athletic college girl" were also represented, while "George" (Miss Ione Gildersleeve) with the help of "James" (Miss Darling) manipulated, wound up, and lubricated the figures.

This was followed by the inimitable "Peake Sisters," who gave the following programme, which was opened by the introduction of the seven Peake Sisters by their chaperone, "Kuziah" (Miss Hutchison). She first presented "Kicerone" (Miss Beckley), the most intellectual member of the family, who had graduated from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Oxford, and Cambridge, and who had early displayed great literary ability. She then read an essay on "The irredescent, irradiate, rapturous, radiancy and the voiceful, voluptuous verdancy of vernal Spring," and also a portion of the "Valetudinary" which she had given upon graduating from each of the above-mentioned colleges, ere she went forth "to breathe her intellectualness upon this desert world." Mariah (Miss Halderman) next performed. Being deaf and dumb, she recited upon her fingers, with great facility, "that masterpiece of the English language, The House that Jack Built." Bethiah (Miss Alta Johnson) had formerly been a noted elocutionist, but her nervous system having been entirely shattered by an early love affair, from which she had never recovered, she had never since been able to elocute on a certain subject "The Moon." Nevertheless, she made an attempt, but swooned. Nothing would restore her to consciousness but to show her a certain picture which she always carried in her bosom. "The Moon" was then recited by Kuziah with great feeling and expression. She never wandered from her subject, but the theme of the poem was felt in every word.

Sophiah (Miss Drury) was the irrepressible giggler. She was indispensable, since she carried the camphor bottle for Bethiah. Demosthene (Miss Marjory Clark) was endowed with marvelous oratorical powers, and stuttered so that she was obliged, like her great namesake, to orate with her mouth full of bolders: and as these bolders had been the foundation of her oratorical education, they were to be presented to Abbot, to be used as corner stones for the new Academy building. She delivered her grand oration on the nomination of George Washington as "first President of this glorious republic." His qualifications for this position were enumerated, among others was the "great hatchet act." He was especially honored because he was born on February 22, and thus released thousands of students from recitations on that day, in each succeeding year. Also, because he married Martha, and because he crossed the Delaware when it was snowing. The Peake twins, Lamentations (Miss Cox), so named because she was always smiling, and Hilarity (Miss Holmes), because she always looked sober, played selections on banjos. Indeed, music was furnished throughout the entertainment by the Peake's band, who performed upon banjos,

combs, and tambourines. Many thanks are due Miss Hutchison for her successful efforts to make Thanksgiving delightful.

Thursday was the crowning glory! A perfect day like early autumn. Some of the girls even indulged in a game of Tennis. In the morning a party with Miss Watson and Miss Hutchison enjoyed a long tally-ho ride to North Andover. At three o'clock we all gathered in the dining-hall, where we sat down to a long table extending the whole length of the room, and which was very artistically adorned with palms and fruit. And then the dinner! A triumph of culinary art, upon which Mrs. Minott must have expended much thought and care. The following menu was served:

Consomme.		
Oysters on half shell.		
Fancy biscuit.		
Roast turkey, with dressing.		
Celery,	Cranberry sauce,	Olives.
Salted Almonds.		
French roll,	Frozen pudding,	Mince pie.
Assorted cake,		Figs.
Bananas,	Oranges,	Pears.
Assorted nuts.		
Coffee.		

Dinner over, we moved back our chairs with the thought that we should never be hungry again. Then began the post-prandial speeches.

Miss Watson as toast-mistress most fitly introduced "the feast of reason and flow of soul" which followed, with appropriate and humorous remarks on the day and the company assembled. She first proposed toasts to the northern and southern limits represented at the table, New Brunswick and New Mexico. Miss Calhoun, in response to the toast "New Brunswick," so delighted the company with a series of anecdotes suggested to her fertile mind by the laws of association, that they were uncertain whether the toast was "World's Fair" or the "Chinese Question." Miss Florence Gildersleeve, responding to the toast "New Mexico," read a selected poem which gave a vivid and beautiful picture of her distant home. A toast was then proposed to the most distant country represented, Germany, and was responded to by Frl. Schiefferdecker, who read a beautiful selection from "The Maid of Orleans" with so much expression and feeling that those who did not understand German enjoyed the spirit of the poem. Miss Lees rehearsed the perils of wind and storm through which the good ship '94 had been thus far safely guided by our able pilots, the teachers. Miss

Marjory Clark, in response to "The Puritan Maiden," paid a fitting tribute

"To Priscilla of the Pilgrims.
To a maiden, simple, blushing;
Her with gentle look and accent,
To Priscila, prim and proper."

Miss Beckley gave the following in response to "The Ideal Abbot Girl of the Nineteenth Century":—

"Behold the ideal Abbot girl at the close of the nineteenth century. "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." The embodiment of all known powers, intellectual, social, and moral. A Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Michael Angelo, Paderewski, Patti, Wentworth, Allen & Greenough, Goodwin, Young, Myers, Lubke, Fergusson, Mitchell, Fisher, Schaff, Milman, Neander, Brooke, Lounsbury, Murray, and James in one grand whole. With two dead languages on the end of the tongue, four live ones in the throat, and an illimitable capacity for acquiring a numberless number when necessity arises, fitted to shine in society like the stars of the firmament, polished to an indescribable lustre by all kinds of rubs, and utterly beyond the help of all social physicians, having swallowed and thoroughly digested all known and unknown laws of etiquette. Filling with equal dignity the chair at the White House or the coffee cup of a son of the soil. Able to address the senate on any subject in impromptu, owing to her thorough training in this line, and owing to this same cause, she is capable of exhorting and inspiring the flock when the shepherd sinks under prostration. She causes the manly cheek of the sterner sex to resemble the rising sun by reason of her superior judicial weapons. By reason of her great intellectual resources, she is able to pass her life as a solitary inhabitant on a desert isle in perfect felicity, or to educate, elevate, civilize, and Americanize whole communities of African heathen during a fraction of her earthly existence. In a word, she enhances the world with her beauty, fascinates it with her accomplishments, confounds it with her intellect, and paralyses it with her finances."

Miss Katherine Hutchison, the sole executrix of the late turkey, now read his will. Many interesting bequests were made, a few of which I will give:—

"To so many of the above-mentioned members of Abbot Academy as shall be called upon, after having performed the painful operation of devouring with mirth my flesh, to make a witty or otherwise post-prandial speech, I hereby give and bequeath my brains.

"To the one of oratorical tendencies among said number, — in order

that she may soar aloft higher on the wings of eloquence than ever before — I hereby give and bequeath my wings.

“To the first classical graduate of Abbot Academy, in order that she may not be compelled to go to Athens to receive polish in her classical studies, I hereby give and bequeath what there is left of it after the feast, my grease.

“To the Peake’s band I hereby give and bequeath my comb, drumsticks and ear-drums.”

After three and a half delightful hours spent in the dining-room, we repaired to the drawing-room, where the rest of the evening was spent in games and ended in a story. Although the thought would creep in, “to-morrow we must begin work,” we were comforted with taking a philosophical view of the situation in remembering that :

“If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

ABBOT ACADEMY CLUB.

The enthusiasm of the members of the New England Abbot Academy Club, at its first meeting, which was held at the Parker House, Nov. 4, gave promise of a series of delightful gatherings during the season of '93-'94. Several new names were added to the membership, and the warm and cordial greetings that were interchanged evidenced the pleasure which Abbot Academy pupils derive from these re-unions, and the deep interest they feel in the success of the Abbot Academy Club. At the noon business meeting, after the usual routine, resolutions were adopted recognizing the loss the Abbot Academy Club, in common with all other organizations of women, has sustained, by the death of Mrs. Lucy Stone, who so persistently and heroically labored to secure to women equal rights with their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons.

After luncheon, which was served at one o'clock, and which was most leisurely discussed, the literary hour took the form of an experience meeting, at which members who had journeyed to the White City related incidents of travel, their experiences and impressions while there, with extended descriptions of especial features of the exhibit, for the edification of less fortunate members.

Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence gave an interesting account of her journey from Marblehead to Chicago, and life at the Woman's Dormitory, where she sojourned while there. So vivacious was her manner, and she interspersed her story with so much of wit and humor, that the younger members could scarcely realize that she had passed the four-

score mile stone, and that she was one of four sisters, who, one bright May morning in '29, attended Abbot Academy on its opening day. She also pictured scenes in the Parliament of Religions, in which she was specially interested, in a graphic manner. Mrs. Masury (Evelyn Fellows, '71), President of the Danvers Woman's Club, read a paper upon "Science at the Fair," giving a sketch of the marvellous exhibits in botany, ethnology, natural history, natural philosophy, geology and mineralogy, especially dwelling upon the wonders of the electrical display, without which the beautiful city would have been in twilight, compared to the flood of glory the appliances of this element threw over it.

Miss Adeliza Brainerd, '77, who for some years has made Art a study, and who conducts enthusiastic classes in Art study in Worcester and Boston, caused to pass before her hearers a beautiful panorama of the "Paintings in the United States Section of the Art Palace." The most beautiful and striking pictures were described with such vividness that even to those who had seen them they were clothed with an added beauty. Especially did she dwell upon paintings by New York, Philadelphia and Boston artists, portraits by Vinton, Hardie and Sargent, sculpture of French, Elwell and Adams, and notable works by American women. Boston artists were complimented, and special beauty of detail and coloring ascribed to "The South Duxbury Clara Digger," "Salting the Sheep," and "October Twilight," by John J. Enneking. Miss Brainerd is giving a course of twenty lectures at the "Copley" this season, upon the "History of Art," treating the subject by countries, which to students are intensely interesting and valuable.

Miss Floretta Vining, treasurer of the Club, contributed the latest news from the Fair, and stated that she learned that "Space 47" in the Organization Room of the Woman's Building, procured through the thoughtfulness of Miss McKeen and Mr. W. F. Draper of Andover, as a rendezvous for Abbot Academy pupils and teachers, was more frequently inquired for than that of any other Eastern school. The Register contained more than thirty pages of names of those who sought and found "Space 47." While at the Fair, Miss Vining kept the bust of Lucy Stone garlanded with fresh flowers.

Mr. Draper, who was present, and to whom Abbot Academy is indebted for its beautiful and commodious Draper Hall, after a hearty greeting, which must have convinced him that his generosity is well appreciated, supplemented Miss Vining's account with interesting information regarding his efforts in securing headquarters for Abbot Academy. He modestly refrained from stating that the entire expense was defrayed by him.

Miss Nurno of the Boston School of Oratory gave a pleasing recitation. Miss Edie Dewey played a piano solo in her finished way, and Miss Cora McDuffee recited pathetically, "My Sweetheart." Letters of regret were received from Miss Anna L. Dawes and Mrs. Col. Hall of Dover, N. H., both members of the Board of Lady Managers, at unavoidable absence.

It was voted that Abbot Academy pupils and teachers who may chance to be in Boston at the time of any meeting of the Club will find welcome at its lunch and literary exercises.—BUDGET.

"The Abbot Academy Club held its December meeting at the Parker House, Boston, last Saturday. "The Abbot Girl in Literature" was the subject of the afternoon's discussion. Only the more recent writers were heard from, including Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Anna L. Dawes, Alice French (Octave Thanet), Anna Fuller, Miss Lily Dougall, Miss Miranda B. Merwin and Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne.

A selection from Miss Phebe McKeen's charming story of school-girl life, "Thornton Hall," was read by Mrs. Effie Dresser Wilde of Malden. The story of "Tom o' the Blu'b'ry Plains," in the December Atlantic, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, was read by Mrs. Alice Lee McLaughlin; "The Fall of the Pemberton Mill," from Mrs. Ward's "Men, Women and Ghosts," by Mrs. Annie French Mahoney; a chapter from Miss Dawes' "Charles Sumner," by S. W. Hatheway; "Aunt Betsey Pratt," from "Pratt Portraits," by Anna Fuller, read by Miss Nettleton, '93, and poems of Miss Chadbourne, by Miss Watson, principal of the Abbot Academy.

Miss Merrill, of the Abbot Academy Faculty, read a selection from "What Necessity Knows," written by Miss Dougall. A "symposium," at which the subject discussed was: "Daisy Miller: Was She a Caricature or a Reality?" by Octave Thanet and arranged by Miss Elizabeth Goddard, was among the numbers. Miss McCutcheon of Charlestown sang several pleasing selections.

There was a large attendance, and several names were added to the membership. At the January meeting a French play will be given, under the direction of Professor Henri Morand of Boston, teacher of French at Abbot Academy."—ANDOVER TOWNSMAN.

The world never looked more beautiful and the sun never shone more brightly than upon the day Miss Ingalls took the Longfellow class to Cambridge. Miss Watson joined our merry party of fourteen girls who, through the kindness of Miss Alice Longfellow, were promised

the rare opportunity of visiting the poet's study. Reaching Cambridge a little after ten o'clock, we went at once to the famous old graveyard guarded by the two churches mentioned in Holmes' poem :

" Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green ;
One seems to guard, the other weep,
The graves that lie between."

We could not resist the temptation to take a peep into Christ's Church, whose door stood invitingly open. It is a very interesting little church, and has many historical facts in connection with it. During the Revolutionary war Captain Chester's company held it in the spring of 1775, and because it was Tory property, melted the pipes of its organ for bullets. On New Year's eve General and Mrs. Washington went to service there and sat about where the font now stands. The tomb of the Vallal family is under the church, and in the neighboring churchyard is the " lady of high degree," of whom Longfellow says :

" At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead."

The next object of interest was the Washington elm, with its simple inscription on the stone slab in front of it : " Under this elm Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." Passing the Shepard Memorial, our party stopped before St. John's Chapel and repeated Longfellow's lines :

" I stand beneath the tree whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John."

At last we reached the home of Longfellow, and stood for a moment looking with admiring eyes at the house so familiar to us in pictures. There stood the veritable lilac bushes, and as we stepped along the walk we thought of the great man who had so often trod the same path. When we reached the door with its great brass knocker, while awaiting admission, we looked opposite at the snow-covered park stretching almost to the River Charles.

Very soon the door was opened, and we were ushered first into the hall, then into the study. Here we were enchanted by many interesting things which passed in rapid succession before our wide-open eyes. There was a very fine painting of Longfellow on an easel, and as we looked about we saw the pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne, a bust of Shakespeare, a full-length cast of Dante, and a picture under which was written the following : " The Sharpless portrait of the immortal Washington and his wife, presented to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow by his friend, James Webster, London, July 15, 1850." On one side of

the room was a beautifully carved black-walnut bookcase containing Longfellow's complete works. On a table were three of his quill pens and a blue porcelain ink-stand which he used; besides this there were two other ink-stands, one Tom Moore's and the other Coleridge's, from which, said Longfellow to a little girl, the "Ancient Mariner came." We saw the arm-chair in which "The Children's Hour" was written. and, best of all, the children's arm-chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree. Some of us knelt down and read the lines around the seat,

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door."

The green leather cushion was lifted by the intelligent maid, and we saw the inscription upon the brass plate beneath. We noticed carefully the circular piece, at the back, carved to represent chestnut leaves and blossoms, and, at last, each one in turn sat in "this splendid ebon throne."

The library door was open, and we passed into a spacious room of great beauty and elegance. Here, the first thing that met our eye was a fine bust of Longfellow, a copy of the one in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey, and beneath it was a wreath of ivy leaves. Here, also, was a fine bronze of Demosthenes, a bust of Homer, and a sofa and chair which were sent to Longfellow from a convent in Spain. Hanging on the wall was a portrait of Liszt standing in long black convent robes, peering out into the darkness, with a lighted candle in his hand.

Opposite the study is the Lady Washington drawing-room, where we saw the bust of Mrs. Longfellow and Copley's painting of the grandchildren of Sir William Pepperell.

To crown all, we were taken into the dining-room to see Buchanan Reed's portrait of

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

We lingered here only a few minutes but our eyes seemed riveted to the picture, so fine and poetical was each beautiful face. The time had come to bid goodbye to the Longfellow mansion where we had seen so many lovely things, and, as we retraced our steps, we all, I think, in our hearts, gave a unanimous vote of thanks to Miss Longfellow for the pleasure we had enjoyed.

On Glenwood Avenue we caught a glimpse of Lowell's home and

then hastened back to the University Museum. We have might have spent a great deal of time looking at the collection of him who

“—wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear, old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.”

We could scarcely do more, however, than make rapid and general survey of the Blaschka glass models of flowers. We then hurried to emorial Hall where we had a peep at the dining-hall and Sander's Theatre.

Our last visit was the library, where, under glass cases, we saw many, many things of interest, among which were the original manuscripts of Longfellow's "Excelsior" and an autograph note by Abraham Lincoln inviting a guest to a concert. There, too, was the death mask of Oliver Cromwell and near it a book made from the wood of the Washington elm. In another glass case was the only volume that now remains of the library given by John Harvard to the College, the others having been destroyed by fire. Completely exhausted, and half-famished by our long morning of sight-seeing, we tore ourselves away from these memorable scenes, and when at five o'clock we were again at Abbot, safe and sound, we were well pleased with our day's work and very grateful to Miss Ingalls for our delightful outing.

The "Peoples' Course" of lectures and concerts this year introduced to us many new and interesting artists. On the first evening, we especially enjoyed Mr. Wulf Fries' interpretation on the violincello of Military and Religious Life; and Mr. Staats' clarinet music. Mr. Staats was for two years a pupil in the celebrated Paris Conservatory, and is said to be the finest artist, on his instrument, in the country. Mr. Staats is a brother of Miss Emilie Staats, '92.

The lectures of the course were full of interest, as they told us of the experiences in Europe on "Fifty Cents a Day;" of "Imperial India;" and of the "Strangers" who are within our gates. The "Tableaux d'Art," where young women appeared in Grecian costume, illustrating many famous themes from history, allegory, parable and imagination, were beautiful, while their caricatures were so amusing that those who saw them will never forget how ladies act upon hearing,—“Oh, there's a mouse!”

The first of the Saturday afternoon exercises, which form so delightful a part of the school's pleasures, was devoted to the World's Fair, and those who were unable to attend the great exposition at Chicago

heartily appreciated the pleasant and clear accounts given by those who were fortunate enough to go.

One of the most delightful afternoons was the one which we spent in Egypt with Miss Schiefferdecker, whose three years' residence in Cairo enabled her to give a graphic and entertaining account of the life in its quaint streets and little shops. Miss Schiefferdecker's descriptions of the journey across the desert and the ascent of the great pyramid were especially interesting, as were her collection of Egyptian souvenirs.

The astronomy class quite made us forget that we live so many millions of miles away from the sun, for they, with the aid of Miss Kelsey, Prof. Young and our good telescope, have become so intimately acquainted with the "Photosphere," "Chromosphere," "Coronal Spectrum," "Solar Spots," and the distance of the same, that it seemed as if they had made a visit to the centre of our universe.

The Seniors told us of Egyptian art and of Egypt's connection with Biblical History, closing with legends of the "Repose in Egypt."

The English literature exercise was a mosaic, and one of the most charming literary afternoons. The topics, pictures from Spencer and Shakespeare, were handled skillfully and gracefully by the different members of the large class. A pleasant surprise was enjoyed in the receipt of dainty programmes, designed and decorated by three of the class, Miss Duran, Miss Wilbur and Miss Pond.

Abbot Academy at the World's Fair.

"Through the efforts of Miss McKeen and Mr. Draper a space has been obtained for Abbot Academy in the Organization Room of the Woman's Building, where any information regarding the school may be obtained and which is furnished with photographs, catalogues, 'Courants,' and other things pertaining to Abbot Academy."—JUNE COURANT.

LISBON, N. H., December 1, 1893.

MISS PHILENA McKEEN, Andover, Mass.:—

My dear Miss McKeen: It gives me great pleasure to forward herewith, Medal card No. 14,224 for Abbot Academy.

It will probably be some time yet before the medal proper, with accompanying diploma, will be received by your school.

I cannot tell you, dear Miss McKeen, how pleased I was the day Abbot Exhibit was placed in my hands.

My dear Alma Mater—to think I should ever have the privilege of sitting in judgment on your merits!

This examination was not given out until the last week of October, by which time many of the photographs and much of the literature had disappeared from the triangle.

The Liberal Arts Department was continually cautioned by its President to give no awards for "aims," simply on the merits of actual exhibit. Forced to confine my language to evidence of things seen on previous visits to the Abbot Space, with personal knowledge of the school, enabled me to write as strong a report as the complete exhibit merited.

I borrowed one of the three remaining COURANTS to look over, that I might notice it in the report. Gen. John Eaton, so long in charge of the Bureau of Education in Washington, D. C., noticed this publication in my possession and asked for it to accompany other matter already collected for the Bureau. Gen. Eaton laughingly remarked that as he had always known Miss McKeen and her school, he would bear all the blame of appropriation.

There is at Abbot, now, one of our South Dakota young women, who has, ere this, I hope told you of my work at the Columbian Exposition. Called to Chicago early in April, I first installed the educational exhibit from my state, taking charge of the same until called to serve as one of the judges in the Liberal Arts Department, which work has kept me busy until a few days ago.

I am visiting my mother in Lisbon, N. H., for a few days, but expect Christmas will find me again in my own home at Pierre, South Dakota. My husband is pleasantly located in a bank there, while I have charge of the Art Department in our University there. Enclosed is a recent photograph of myself. I trust you will think I have not changed so very much, if I am forty years old and have grey hair.

My work these past months at the Columbian Exposition has been very satisfactory to me, and I have enjoyed it all greatly. I entered upon my duties there without fear or trembling, for I knew Abbot was my foundation, and that it would take considerable to shake me.

Miss McKeen, I want to tell you that when the judges were dismissed, as a whole, September 8th, and only a small committee retained to complete the work in our department, two women were included in this committee, Mrs. Susanna Fry of Minnesota, who years ago knew you and your family well, and Mary Noyes Farr, one of the Abbot girls of '74.

Dear Miss McKeen, I was so sorry not to have seen you in Chicago this summer, and I sincerely hope to meet you again in this beautiful world. It gives me pleasure, however, to say here, that the instructions given me in your school are remembered and treasured. This makes me certain of that meeting in a home not made by hands.

Should there be any persons associated with the school, now, who were there in '74, it will give me great pleasure to be remembered to them.

Proud of my Alma Mater, may my life never cause her to blush for me. With great love to your own dear self, and greetings from my mother,

I am, most respectfully, your pupil,

MARY NOYES FARR,

"Space 47, Organizations Room, Woman's Building," is now a familiar term to many Abbot Academy girls. Among the bewildering memories of the World's Fair, "Space 47" will henceforth be lighted by a special glint of sunshine, and will awaken a warm, home-feeling about the heart. This was the meeting-place, where, surrounded by photographs of the school buildings and grounds, and interior views of familiar rooms, the old scholars recorded their names and often experienced pleasant surprises in greeting old school friends.

The Register, kept here, covers large geographical limits, extending from Maine upon the northeast, to Colorado, Utah and California upon the west, and from Minnesota and Dakota upon the North, to Florida, Louisiana and New Mexico on the southern border. The dates of connection with the School reach back from 1893 to 1839, ten years from the birthday of Abbot Academy. This list of three hundred and fifteen names is interesting reading:—

Philena McKeen,	Andover, Mass.
Lucy Montague (W. W. Brown),	Portland, Me.
Florence W. Swan,	Portland, Me.
Emma P. Meacham (Rev. W. H. Davis),	Detroit, Mich.
Sarah E. Rockwell (Rev. W. W. Leete),	Rockford, Ill.
Sarah S. Hunking (Dr. O. D. Cheney),	Haverhill, Mass.
Annie C. Lawrence,	Reading, Mass.
Marcella L. Brown (Francis C. Kelley),	Auburndale, Mass.
Harriet A. Hollis (Judge Henry Baldwin),	82 Harvard Ave., Allston, Mass.
Sarah Stone Hunking (Oscar D. Cheney, M.D.),	72 Main St., Haverhill, Mass.
Margaret Duncan (Stephen H. Phillips),	Salem, Mass.
Mary L. Chamberlin (John G. Broughton),	Marblehead, Mass.
E. Josephine Wilcox,	Medford, Mass.
Nettie Baker (John E. Jacobs),	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lillian A. Wilcox,	Medford, Mass.
Irene P. Rowley (Warren F. Draper),	Andover, Mass.
Rebecca B. Smith (Charles L. Mills),	Andover, Mass.
Mary H. Irwin,	150 N. Front St. Wheel'g, W. Va.
Helen L. Page (Henry S. Donne),	2955 Gurrland Ave., Chicago.
May Anna Young,	Bay City, Mich.
Sara A. Chase,	South Byfield, Mass.
Mary E. True,	320 Marshfield Ave., Chicago.
Hattie W. Chappell (Fredc. S. Newcomb),	New London, Conn.
Ellen Wilbur, (Isaac B. Burgess),	Morgan Park, Ill.
Carrie E. Harnden (Carroll D. Wright),	Washington, D. C.
Carrie Hall (George H. Bird),	275 92nd St., South Chicago.
Emma T. Bird,	Cambridge, Mass.
Fannie A. Kimball (John M. Harlow),	Woburn, Mass.
Augusta Billings (Charles H. Taintor),	151 Washington, Chicago.
Anna Hunter (John Bracewell),	North Adams, Mass.
Mary S. Byers,	Newtonville, Mass.
Elizabeth M. Hodge (Frank J. Barber),	North Adams, Mass.
Julia Read (Charles H. Hubbell),	7044 Sale Ave., Chicago.
Emma Bates (Charles S. Hale),	215 Ashland Blvd., Chicago.
Jeannie L. Jillson,	9 Keene St., Providence, R. I.

Abbie F. Snow (Eben Matthews),
 Novella Matthews,
 Frances E. Brabrook,
 Mary Emerson Haven,
 Louise Arline Carman,
 Annie E. Watts (R. W. Pillsbury),
 Helen R. Heywood,
 Ellen J. O. Pratt,
 Jean A. Conyne,
 S. Virginia Gilmer,
 Josephine E. Marsh,
 Lucy E. Fairbanks,
 Mabel F. Wheaton,
 Alice M. Mosiley (A. J. Abbot),
 Nena K. Bass (Mynn W. Messer),
 Julia A. Sanborn,
 Clara A. Sanborn,
 Anna J. Kimball,
 Grace P. Smith,
 Carrie H. Ayer (DeBennville L. Ludwig),
 Harriet E. Himes,
 Kathreen Sanborn,
 Anna L. Davies (John Cummings, Jr.),
 Susan W. Snow (Rollin O. Linsley),
 Ella J. Shaw (Samuel Usher),
 Jean Coltart Scott,
 Carolyn M. MacConnell,
 Louise Morse Scott,
 Mary E. W. Beckham,
 Frances L. Howard (Henry G. Brainerd),
 Helen Bartlett,
 Anna L. Dawes,
 Ruth Anna Haven,
 Julia Edwards (Stillman A. Clemens),
 Emma C. Reed (J. C. Hunt),
 Catherine S. Harris (Frank Reed),
 Rachel Larrabee,
 Ellen M. Carpenter,
 Florence E. Gildersleeve,
 Ione Gildersleeve,
 Katherine I. Hutchison,
 Adeline G. Perry,
 Pansy M. Brown,
 Laura Brownell (J. A. Collier),
 Henrietta H. Hanford,
 Catherine F. Crocker,
 Margaret R. Redford (W. M. Neal),
 Alice H. Joy,
 Ethel N. Shumway,
 Hattie P. Baldwin,
 Ethel Whipple,
 Mary H. McCulloch,
 Olive Slayton,
 Edith S. Munger,
 Claribelle Berry (R. G. Saunderson),
 Mame E. Kent,]

3810 Indiana Ave., Chicago.
 Yarmouth, Mass.
 27 Tyler St., Lowell, Mass.

6437 Harvard Ave., Englewood
 Manchester, N.H.
 Gardner, Mass.
 Allston, Mass.
 422 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill.
 3220 Lake Park Ave., Chicago.
 3220 Michigan Ave., Chicago.
 Enfield, Mass.
 Roxbury, Mass.
 Westford, Mass.
 Etonham, Mass.
 Hallowell, Maine.
 Hallowell, Maine.
 Concord, N. H.
 Concord, N. H.
 3800 Locust St., Philadelphia
 Cohoes, N. Y.
 Newport, N. H.
 Utica, N. Y.
 Orleans, Mass.
 Cambridge, Mass.
 Philadelphia, Penn.
 East Orange, N. J.
 Philadelphia, Penn.
 Kansas City, Mo.
 Los Angeles, Cal.
 Peoria, Ill.
 Pittsfield, Mass.
 Chatfield, Minn.

Concord, Mass.
 4434 Berkeley Ave., Chicago.
 McGregor, Iowa.
 214 Columbus Ave., Boston.
 Sante Fe, N. M.
 Sante Fe, N. M.
 Cherokee, Iowa.
 Bridgton, Maine.
 Eldora, Iowa.
 212 Bergen St., Brooklyn.
 Roanoke, Va.
 Bay State Stony Is. Ave.
 Helena, Arkansas.
 Groton, Mass.
 Groton, Mass.
 6516 Harv'd Ave., Englew'd Ill.
 North Pownal, Vt.
 Peoria, Ill.

86 Loomis St., Chicago.
 111 Grand Ave., Burlington, Io.
 Huron, South Dakota.

- M. Frances Walker,
 Arethusa E. Salisbury (Samuel J. M. Merwin),
 Marcella L. Farwell,
 Lena M. Hinchman,
 Nellie B. Royce,
 Elizabeth Emerson (S. J. Humphres, D.D.)
 Rebecca Merrill (Rev. H. R. Wilbur),
 Caroline C. Wilbur,
 Marjory Clark,
 Jeannie Porter Adams (Charles Adams),
 Anne G. King,
 Bertha L. Manning,
 Effie J. Dresser (W. Eugene Wilde),
 Charlotte A. Dike (Frank Todd),
 Ida S. Jones,
 Gertrude E. Prindle,
 Mary E. Barnard,
 Helen B. Stiles,
 Caroline Sanders,
 Alice M. Brittan,
 Cornelia D. Hunt,
 Ellen O. Walkley,
 Marie J. Harvey,
 Annis G. Spencer (James P. Gilbert),
 Mary G. Peabody,
 Kirty S. Eddy,
 Jeannette Prince,
 Ida Schuster,
 Eva M. Converse,
 Hanna C. Green,
 Margaret Blunt,
 Lilian Ellis (John L. Emerson),
 Helen F. Cilchrist,
 Claribel Brooks,
 Sue S. Brewster,
 Charlotte E. Conant,
 Olive G. Slayton,
 Blanche Morton,
 Gertrude H. Haldeman,
 Anna T. Nettleton,
 Natalie Schiefferdecker,
 Sophia W. Williams,
 Aida Dunn,
 Mabel L. Bond,
 Ida M. Peck (H. S. Fiske),
 Mary R. Hillard,
 Susan M. Haywood,
 Penelope S. Bond,
 Amy B. Childs,
 Winnie B. Barber,
 Caroline W. Bond,
 Elizabeth Brainerd,
 Mary A. Fenton,
 Anna E. Wright,
 Mary M. Gorton (F. W. Darling),
 Martha Brainerd (E. W. Clark, M. D.),
 Council Bluffs, Iowa
 387 Temple St., New Haven, C.
 Dorset, Vt.
 Middleton, N. Y.
 Middleton, N. Y.
 315 N. Grove Ave. Oak Park, Ill.
 Andover, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 La Porte, Indiana.
 Andover, Mass.
 Calais, Maine.
 Andover, Mass.
 18 Maude St., Malden, Mass.
 Charlestown District, Boston.
 Methuen, Mass.
 Navy Yard, Boston.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Paterson, N. J.
 Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Beloit, Wis.
 Portland, Maine.
 9 Dana St., Cambridge, Mass.
 Leavenworth, Kansas.
 5848 Wright St., Chicago.
 Gilead, Maine.
 Bay City, Mich.
 Spencer, Mass.
 St. Joseph, Mo.
 682 Maine St., Worcester, Mass.
 510 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
 29 Dartmouth St., Boston.
 Middlebury, Vt.
 416 Lake St. Oak Park, Ill.
 Manchester, N. H.
 Hamilton, Mo.
 Clinton, Ill.
 Boston, Mass.
 Konigsberg, Prussia, Germany.
 Auburndale, Mass.
 Lock Haven, Pa.
 Middlebury, Vt.
 Platteville, Wis.
 Waterbury, Conn.
 776 Monroe St., W. Chicago.
 Taylorville, Ill.
 Ellenville, N. Y.
 North Adams, Mass.
 Middlebury, Vt.
 Middlebury, Vt.
 Chicago, Ill.
 Chicago.
 Hampton, Va.
 Grinnell, Iowa.

- Alice J. Hamlin,
 Anna E. Decker,
 Clara V. Decker (George W. French),
 Ida L. Soule,
 Abbie Holt (Francis Sawyer),
 Susan M. Wilbur,
 Cora P. Graves,
 Pauline G. Kelley,
 H. P. Price,
 Annie D. Ingalls,
 Caroline L. Cooper (D. M. Edgerly, M.D.)
 Martha D. Coffin,
 Grace Wanning,
 Edith Jackson,
 Katherine H. Lahm,
 Anna A. Hodges (Claude Wilson, M.D.),
 Clara T. Foss,
 Harriet J. Bradley (Henry W. Barnes),
 Marion P. Keene (Rev. Arthur M. Little),
 M. Frances George,
 Sarah W. Hutchinson,
 Jeanie Carter (W. R. Prall),
 May Carter,
 Mary Colby (T. S. Brown),
 Alice S. Parker (Irving A. Porter),
 Sarah E. Ballard (John A. Ellis),
 Lizzie C. Sewall,
 Belle C. Pearson,
 Marie Max Friedman,
 Lilian Rhoads,
 Eloise Gallup,
 Kate Winegarner,
 Caroline A. Goodell,
 Emilie Staats,
 Frances S. Marrett,
 Annie M. Bull,
 E. E. Newman,
 Sarah Wilcox (William Waterman),
 Mabel Duren,
 Josephine E. Richards (M. C. Gile),
 Carrie N. Dana (E. W. Bennett),
 Sadie L. Quimby,
 Alice A. Hendryx,
 Charlotte W. Briant,
 Lucy F. Partridge,
 Alice G. Fleek,
 Eliza L. Atwell,
 Nettie Baker (John E. Jacobs),
 Genevieve Allen,
 Climena Wakefield,
 Minnie P. Kiesel,
 Sarah M. Puffer (Chas. A. Douglas),
 Clarissa J. Downes (A. T. Burr),
 Merry Mitchell,
 Ida M. Barrett (Charles A. Adams),
 Laura Miller,
 Lexington, Mass.
 Davenport, Iowa.
 Davenport, Iowa.
 Middleborough, Mass.
 Sawyer, Iowa.
 Andover, Mass.
 No. Weymouth, Mass.
 278 Bissell St., Chrcago.
 Evanston, Ill.
 408 Gray, Louisville, Ky.
 Cambridgeport, Mass.
 Batavia, Ill.
 Birmingham, Conn.
 Parksburg, Philadelphia.
 Canton, Ohio.
 Waterville, N. Y.
 Amesbury, Mass.
 Lowell, Mass.
 Washington, D. C.
 Haverhill, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Corona, L. I., New York.
 Boonton, N. J.
 Brookline, Mass.
 West Medford, Mass.
 49 Jefferson Ave., Br'k'n, N.Y.
 83 Canfield Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Lexington, Ky.
 Newark, Ohio.
 Newark, Ohio.
 1710 Indiana Ave., Chicago.
 Newark, Ohio.
 Whitinsville Mass.
 Pasadena, Cal.
 Standish, Maine.
 Middleton, N. Y.
 Andover, Mass.
 New Bedford, Mass.
 Eldora, Iowa.
 1619 Cascade Av. Col. Springs
 Longwood, Ill.
 Newport, N. H.
 New Haven, Conn.
 North Chelmsford, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Newark, Ohio.
 Sewickley, Pa.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Gloversville, N. Y.
 Reading, Mass.
 Ogden, Utah.
 Medford, Mass.
 Greenwich, Conn.
 New York, N. Y.
 Lowell, Mass.
 Quincy, Ill.

Kate H. Locke (Stephen S. Abbott),
 Annie M. Morrison,
 Sarah W. Bird (Charles N. Harris),
 Emma H. Viets,
 May Shultz,
 Addie E. Greeley (Joshua Phippen),
 Lizzie M. Farnsworth (Seth M. Richards),
 Julia A. Gridley (Fred'k S. Lyman),
 Mary H. Beal,
 Carrie L. Beal,
 Louise Webster,
 Myrtie Woodman,
 Elinor A. Webster,
 Alice B. Goddard (Moses R. Emerson),
 Elizabeth W. Goddard,
 Carrie E. Stewart,
 Blanche McCui,
 Sarah E. Gates,
 Annie Terry,
 Julia W. Barnard,
 Elizabeth Langley (Wm. A. Gorton),
 Bessie A. Baker,
 Ella A. Paine (J. N. Gilchrist),
 Ethel Craighead,
 Florence C. Swalm,
 Hattie G. Abbott,
 Lizzie H. Pennell,
 Mary A. Libby (S. Reed Allen),
 Alice M. Keith (Alexander Whelden),
 Hattie E. Tufts (Horace Loring),
 Frances Swasey,
 Grace Bassett,
 Mollie E. Newland,
 Louise W. Pitts (Calvin P. H. Vary),
 Ada M. Clark (W. P. Bingham),
 Adela H. Wood,
 Charlotte Emerson (W. B. Brown),
 Ellen J. Abbott,
 Jennie H. Lamphear,
 Susan F. Chapin,
 Alice M. Milliken,
 E. May Hansen,
 Hannah Abbot,
 Olive R. Garland,
 Helen Corell,
 Henrietta A. Swinney (Chas. E. Longley),
 Alice I. Barrell,
 Lois McL. Hyler (Chas. A. Creighton),
 Josephine D. Crocker,
 Cora H. Brown,
 Edith L. Capron (Chas. A. Mooers),
 Esther M. Smith,
 Abbie J. Chandler (Peter D. Smith),
 Nellie M. Mason,
 Alice Hinkley,
 Florence E. Davis,

Denver, Col.
 Wakefield, Mass.
 Cambridge, Mass.
 East Granby.
 Winchester, Mass.
 Newport, N. H.
 Augusta, Me.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Highland Park, Ill.
 Amesbury, Mass.
 Medford, Mass.
 9 Billings Park, Newton, Mass.
 Newton Centre, Mass.
 Northfield, Minn.
 Massillon, Ohio
 Wilmette, Ill.
 Bath, Maine.
 Bucksport, Maine.
 Providence, R. I.
 Beverly, Mass.
 McGregor, Iowa.
 Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Middletown, N. Y.
 East Douglas, Maine.
 Newton, Mass.
 Ambia, Indiana.
 Campello, Mass.
 46 Gloucester St., Boston.
 Bucksport, Me.
 Bay City, Mich.
 Stillwater, N. Y.
 Newark, N. Y.
 Dubuque, Iowa.
 Rockland, Me.
 East Orange, N. J.
 Andover, Mass.
 Beverly, Mass.
 Medford, Mass.
 Portland, Me.
 Wolfeborough, N. H.
 Andover, Mass.
 Glastonbury, Conn.
 Pawtucket, R. I.
 New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Shomaston, Me.
 Methuen, Mass.
 Lancaster, N. H.
 Lawrence, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Lexington, Mass.
 Portland, Me.
 Fall River, Mass.

Harriet E. Himes,
 Mary A. Decker (Bryant Smith, M.D.),
 Lillian J. Welch,
 Elizabeth D. Nichols,
 Jennie E. Jowett,
 Frances S. Decker,
 Mary Salel,
 Alice A. Chaplin (H. H. Noyes),
 Lillian N. Stoddard,
 Deborah P. Dowse (Lowell Coolidge),
 Julia W. Wallace,
 Helen F. Bruwer,
 Jessie E. Stockwell (W. S. Manning),
 Ellen F. Chase,
 Katherine O. Smith,
 Caroline A. F. Holmes,
 Florence W. Phillips,
 Mary J. Hunter (C. H. Williams),
 F. Alfreda Johnson (Frank C. Bolton),
 Kate S. Buss (Horace H. Tyer),
 Frances A. Tyer (John H. Flint),
 Hannah M. Flint (Geo. T. Brown),
 May E. Manley,
 Anne M. Means,
 Henrietta Learoyd (W. G. Sperry),
 Mary E. Noyes (E. P. Farr),
 Winifred A. Webster,
 Margaret C. Webster (James H. Stone),
 Clara B. Babcock (W. R. Babcock),
 M. Mame Nevin (J. B. Booth),
 Alice W. Merriam (Charles Moore),
 Helen M. Atkinson,
 Bertha E. Johnson,
 Fannie Donald Smith,
 Margaret E. Gray,
 Floretta Vining,
 Fannie B. Brown,
 J. Anna Moore (C. A. J. Thurston),
 Harriet H. Thwing,
 Clara N. Brown,

Cohoes, N. Y.
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 Bath, Me.
 Amherst, N. H.
 Andover, Mass.
 Davenport, Iowa.
 Collinsville, Ill.
 Georgetown, Mass.
 Cheshire, Conn.
 Sherbon, Mass.
 Peekskill, U. T.
 Germantown, Pa.
 Madison, N. J.
 Haverhill, Mass.
 Laconia, N. H.
 Boston, Mass.
 Brookline, Mass.
 New York, N. Y.
 Balto, Md.
 Andover, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Malden, Mass.
 Pittsford Mills, Vt.
 Boston, Mass.
 Olivet, Mich.
 Pierre, S. Da.
 Plymouth, N. H.
 Detroit, Mich.
 381 Bowen Ave., Chicago.
 Sewickley, Penn.
 1211 K St. N. W. Wash'gt'n, D. C.
 Elm Grove, W. Va.
 125 Lowell St. Manchester, N. H.
 Andover, Mass.
 Andover, Mass.
 Hull, Mass.
 Amesbury, Mass.
 Laconia, N. H.
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 Manchester, N. H.



PERSONALS.

Welcome and Friendship and Fireside and Love — these and many other beautiful words define "Sunset Lodge." Girls, you must come back and see Miss McKeen's dainty house, where so many gifts and photographs of old girls are gathered and where Miss McKeen welcomes you to her bright hearth or invites you to drink tea out of her pretty china cups in the cozy little dining-room. Old girls and new alike, find "Sunset Lodge" one of the most delightful spots in Andover.

Three of our number were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Peter Smith during the Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Sarah Hutchinson, '96, was "at home" Nov. 8th. The rooms were artistically decorated with roses and chrysanthemums. Among the guests were eight Abbot girls.

At the last meeting of the Abbot Club Miss Kimball, whose remarkable gift of remembering names and faces affords so much pleasure to old Abbot girls, was unanimously elected a permanent guest of the association.

The Courant takes great pleasure in extending congratulations to Miss Merrill on her election to the presidency of the November Club, which place was left vacant on the removal of Mrs. Tucker to Hanover. N. H.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Holt for all the interest he has taken in beautifying our grounds. The continuation of "Maple Walk" by a pretty curve that encircles the grove affords us a delightful walk of one half a mile, from the door of the Seniors' parlor. All the walks in the oak grove equal a mile.

A long felt want of the school has been met this year by the construction of a chemical laboratory. The room that has been used for physics and chemistry in recent years is now suitably provided with cupboards, drawers, basins, faucets and burners for each student. These and other conveniences promise an increase in both the pleasure and the value of the work in chemistry.

Mrs. Emma Chadbourne Wood has generously donated to our museum a collection of vegetable ivory nuts, showing the different stages in the process of making "ivory buttons."

The marked improvement in the congregational singing at the chapel exercises is due to Prof. Downes' enthusiastic training, which is greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

"Mrs. Egbert C. Smyth, at home, Friday evening, Nov. 10th at 8 o'clock," so read the dainty cards received by the Senior and Senior Middle classes. An evening passed at this hospitable home is pleasantly anticipated and remembered by Abbot girls.

Among the many pleasures of the Senior year, that which the Senior parlor affords is far from the least. The class of '94 now holds possession, and, like its predecessors, takes great satisfaction in having a room of its own. If those who so kindly furnished it could peep in at some of the gatherings held there, at receptions or even at the every day life, they would be assured that their efforts to please are being appreciated.

On a recent Tuesday evening the teachers and matrons of the Academy were received in the Seniors' parlor by the class of '94. Ferns, screens, cushions, and tea-tables gave the room all the appearance of an "at home." Blazing logs in the open fire-place gave warmth and cheer, and tea and chocolate added to the enjoyment.

One of the merry places in Draper Hall on a cold winter's night is Miss Watson's room, and the pleasantest spot in the room is in front of the beautiful arched fire-place. Stories, games, fancy work and popping corn are the means by which the visitors to the room are led to forget the storms without. In after years when widely separated we shall recall the "homelike" pleasures and the sweet hospitality so frequently extended to all.

We have long felt the need of a proper classification and arrangement of the school library and of a dictionary or card catalogue, so it was with great satisfaction that we found on our return to school in September that work to this end had begun. The Alumnæ Association, having fully discussed the question at its meeting in June, engaged Miss Catherine F. Crocker, '87, to begin work. A good library outfit was procured, and the work is being done by the rules approved by the American Library Association.

Miss Crocker is well fitted for the work, having had much general library experience in the Nevins Library at Methuen whose catalogue

serves as a model for that of other libraries. The work is progressing well, the library long ago assumed a more useful and worthy air, and we already note a more general and intelligent use of the books.

Friday evening, October 20th, occurred the Senior reception, given to the Trustees and Faculty and present members of the Academy. The event, which was early in the social season of the school year, was very successful. In the Senior parlor, gay with the class colors, purple and gold, and the class flowers, purple and gold pansies, the officers and several members of the class, together with Miss Watson, received the guests. Dainty programmes, decorated with hand-painted pansies, contained the order of dances and the list of tableaux to be given during the evening.

The company repaired to the dining-room in Draper Hall where scenes awaited them which would recall the Greece and Italy of two thousand years ago. From a dark background, aided by colored lights, the following tableaux were given:—

PART I.

- I. Dance of the Muses.
- II. Frieze—Chain Dance.
- III. Orpheus, Eurydice and Hermes.
The Hours.
The Fates.
- IV. Scene from the Battle of the Amazons.
- V. Death of Virginia.

PART II.

- I. Toilet of the Bride. (From a painting found at Herculaneum.)
- II. Tribute to the Minotaur.
- III. Bacchus and Bacchantes.
- IV. Sacrifice of Iphigenia.
- V. Night and the Fates.

PANATHENAEAN PROCESSION.

HOME SCENE FROM THE GREEKS.

These scenes from the Greeks and Romans were the result of the careful direction and skillful training of Miss Durfee, the teacher of Physical Culture and Elocution. The rest of the evening was pleasantly spent in dancing, with the exception of a short intermission, during which refreshments were served.

The evening of the opening of school, Thursday, September 14th Miss Watson received the Faculty and boarding pupils in the parlor

at Draper Hall. The informal social gathering did much to make new scholars feel at home and gave old scholars opportunity to make new friends.

Delightful reminiscences of state and festival occasions in dear old Smith Hall were revived in the charming reception given on the afternoon of October 18th by Miss Merrill, Miss Kelsey and Miss Hamlin. The Hall never loses its home-like aspect, a charm which is heightened by the taste and beauty of recent improvements. Guests were welcomed in the drawing-room, now so attractive in its harmonious coloring and graceful furnishing. The hostesses were assisted by Miss Means, and received a goodly number of Abbot and Andover friends.

Passing into the dining-room, one almost felt upon holy ground, so fast did memories of by-gone receptions and great anniversary days throng upon the quickened brain. Here, all was warmth and color, and bore witness to the fairy touch of Miss Mary Kelsey. The big table in the centre was gorgeous with a towering *épergne* of flaming nasturtiums, and delicious refreshments lay in tempting array. Miss Lina Kimball was a bounteous dispenser of coffee, and several young ladies presided at tea-tables or served the guests. It was a genuinely social time and as deeply enjoyed by the guests from Draper Hall as by those from the town. May this dear historic hall be minded soon again to throw open its hospitable doors.

Mrs. Henrietta Leroyd Sperry is very happy in her western home and finds the Olivet College, of which her husband is the President, a satisfying field for her energy and enthusiasm. Happy Olivet, to claim two, such as President and Mrs. Sperry!

We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Harlowe and Miss Means at the Senior reception, whose visits are always greatly anticipated and enjoyed.

Abbot is justly proud of her daughters who have taken up the Lord's work in its various departments, and the Alma Mater rejoices that so many who have been trained here are thought worthy to be called "to go about doing good." Miss Jane L. Greeley '83, is greatly enjoying her study of medicine in New York City. She makes her home at her brother's residence, No. 39 Leland Avenue, New Rochell, N. Y. The medical profession is the richer for the noble heart and clear mind which has joined its ranks. Those who knew Miss Greeley the "teacher" during the devoted years of her connection with Abbot, will already see a picture of Miss Greeley the "Doctor." She who was so much in

sickness and in health to the little world of Abbot, will find broader scope for her powers of ministration "In His Name." We, already see a picture of the future, when many sick rooms shall be brighter, and long days of suffering made shorter because Dr. Greeley has come, has smiled, has helped. God bless her on her way!

Mr. Carl D. Buck, who married Miss Clarinda Swazey, '84, has accepted a professorship in Chicago University, his chair being "Comparative Philology."

To the little town of Bucksport, Maine, Abbot Academy owes a goodly number of its pupils. The first to come were Miss Lottie Woodman and Mrs. (Belle Barnard) Moses in '65; then later, Miss Florence Woodman. In '78 were Misses Lida Swazey, Charlotte Barnard, Minnie Emerson, Julia Barnard and Alice Gardner. In '81 was Miss May Woodman, and '84 brought with it Mrs. (Augusta Swazey) Gardner, Miss Fannie T. Swazey, Mrs. (Clarinda Swazey) Buck and Mrs. (Evelyn Page) Webb. Last but by no means least on the list comes Miss Harriet Forsyth, who now is a very successful teacher in the Grammar School in Bucksport.

Mrs. Helen Page Downes, '79, addressed the Lawrence Woman's Club at its October meeting.

The will of the late Miss Mary S. Abbott of Andover, who died at Amesbury, September 23d, 1893, bequeathed fifty dollars to Abbot Academy. "She was a member of the South Church and active in all church matters. Her fidelity to a Christian life was strong and a excellent example for those with whom she came in contact."

Mrs. Barstow, '63, formerly Miss Williams, has remembered Abbot Academy, almost yearly, since she left, in the gift of a dollar for the missionary fund. This fall her daughter came from California and visited her mother's Alma Mater and brought with her the offering.

Lillie H. Stone, '92, is teaching the kindergarten in Friend's Seminary at Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Stone's father was a former principal of Abbot.

Mrs. Helen M. Dennis Cole, '82, will board this winter with Miss Abbie McCutchen, '83, corner Main and Green Streets, Charlestown.

Ethel I. Whipple, '92, is continuing her studies at Elmira College.

Miss Sabra Carter, '41, was the first person to pay her fee as member of the "Abbot Academy Alumnae Association" at the time of its organization.

Rev. F. R. Shipman of Hartford, Conn., preached in the South Congregational Church on the Sundays of October 22d and November 5th. At the parish meeting on November 21st, the people decided to call him, and as he has accepted he will be installed December 27th, 1893.

Mr. Notman of Boston has been chosen photographer of the Senior class.

Mr. McFarland, ('class of '97!'), made a delightful but flying trip to Andover recently. A letter from Mrs. McFarland, Daisy Douglass, '77, published in this issue, gives a glimpse into their busy life at Washington, D. C. Their address is 1816 F Street.

We hear that Addie Puffer, '88, has been travelling in Russia, Greece and Palestine.

It has been delightful to welcome nearly fifty Abbot girls back to the school home during the fall term. The "Latch-String" is "always out," and the doors fly open at a touch from any "dear old girl" and every loyal friend of "old Abbot."

During this term the Abbot Academy "Guest Book" chronicled the following list of old Abbot girls:—

Miss Nellie O. Walker, '88; Miss Ella Hopkins, '92; Miss Edith Magee, '96; Miss Katherine O. Smith, '93; Miss Annie Nettleton, '93; Miss Mary Thompson, '93; Miss May Alden, '93; Miss Caddie Abbot, '93; Miss Bessie Nichols, '93; Miss Edie Dewey, '90; Miss Elizabeth Hodge Barber, '88; Miss Mabel Vinton, '95; Miss Charlotte L. Odell, '92; Miss Clara A. Sanborn, '92; Miss Josephine D. Crocker, '92; Miss Amy Radclyffe, '95; Miss Charlotte Bryant, '93; Miss Olive Slayton, '95; Miss Gertrude Prindle, '95; Miss Fannie Lewis, '95; Mrs. Nena Bass Messer, '63; Miss Barstow, (daughter of Mrs. Williams, '63); Mrs. Effie Dresser Wilde; Mrs. Sadie Puffer Douglass, '79; Miss Carrie Holmes, '71; Miss Ellen Chase, '73; Mrs. Edith Capron Moors, '78; Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling, '86; Mrs. Helen Dennis Cole, '83; Miss Abbie McCutcheon, '83; Miss Alice Hinckley, '91; Miss Anna L. Prichard; Miss Emily A. Means, '69; Mrs. Fanny Kimball Harlow; Mrs. Emma Chadbourne Wood, '79; Mrs. F. E. Watson, (Lennie W. Sargent), '69; Mrs. Longer; Miss Florence Hunsicker, '88; Miss Kate R. Gage; Mrs. Mary W. Joy; Miss A. Puffer, '88; Miss Mary S. Byers, '84; Miss Kathleen Sanborn; Mrs. Sarah Hunking Cheney, '66; Mrs. Carrie Hall Bird, '77.

Mrs. Jessie Cole Pease, '76, is living at West Troy, N. Y., where her husband, Rev. Mr. Pease, has recently been called.

Mabel D. Strong, '89, is taking a degree at Mount Holyoke College.

We clipped the following in regard to one of Abbot's daughters :

"POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM."— This is one of Mrs. Kate D. Wiggin's characteristic stories, and to say that is to give it high praise. The girl who does not grow enthusiastic over Polly Oliver lacks something in her mental make-up. Polly, the heroine, is a delightful character, and she will be found not altogether a stranger by the readers of "A Summer in a Canon." The readers of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" will find here, also, their old friend Mrs. Bird. The problem which presented itself to Mrs. Wiggin's heroine was how she could make a living. To solve it was a necessity, and the story of the solution is bright, fresh and strong. Humor and pathos mingle in these pages, and we have this popular author at her very best. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

It is one of the brightest stories ever written. The heroine is a young girl who in spite of many misfortunes, can always see the happy side of life.

"A Cathedral Courtship" is thus spoken of, "Delightful!"

"This is the one adequate word which Baron de Book-Worms, writing in Punch last June, found fitting to describe 'A Cathedral Courtship.' And the other members of the British press virtually rise and deliver their unanimous verdict 'So say we all.' The Atheneum is impressed by its 'humor, vivacity, and freshness.' The Saturday Review finds it 'a charming book' with 'delightful pictures of life in England and London society.' The Daily News says: 'The author possesses, to a rare degree, that indefinable quality of touch which gives distinction and charm to style.' The Rock pronounces it 'work of a high order. . . . The style is as fascinating as it is genuine.' There are returns from a host of other English centres, all unanimous for Mrs. Wiggin's 'delicious humor, close observation, and charming style.'"

MARRIAGES.

VILAS-CURTIS.—In Ogdensburg, N.Y., March 23, Emma Phebe Curtis, '86, to Mr. George Byron Vilas.

LABAREE-SCHAUFFLER.—In Cleveland, O., Sept. 13, Mary Alice Schaufler, '87, to Rev. Benjamin Woods Labaree. Rev. and Mrs. Labaree are about to start for their mission field in Oroomiah, Persia.

NASON-PERKINS.—Oct. 31, Rose Standish Perkins, '81, to Dr. Nason. Mr. and Mrs. Nason will reside in New York for the present,

STEVENS-SOUTHWORTH.—In Springfield, Mass., Oct. 12. Mary Woodbury Southworth, '79, to Mr. Ansley Chesley Stevens.

EARNEST-HARRISON.—In New York. Sept. 23, Anna Belle Harrison '87, to Mr. Stanley M. Earnest.

HALEY-WILCOX.—In Norwich, Conn., Sept. 28. Elizabeth Kenyon Wilcox, '89, to Mr. Frances Raymond Haley.

MANX-NÖLSJEN.—"Sunnyside," Pottsville, Tenn., Oct. 11. Josephine Nölsjen, '85, to Mr. William Hutchinson Mann.

ECKSTORM-HARDY.—In Portland, Ore., Oct. 24. Fannie Pearson Hardy, '84, to Jacob Andreasen Eckstorm. Rev. and Mrs. Eckstorm are residing in Oregon City, Ore.

SMITH-DECKER.—In Davenport, Ia., July 5. Mary Augusta Decker, '86, to Bryant Smith, M.D. Dr. and Mrs. Smith are residing in Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. A. H. Botsford, nephew of Miss Strickland, a former French teacher of Abbot Academy, was recently married. †Alice Joy, '84, was the maid of honor.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Edwards A. Park, wife of the president of the Trustees of Abbot Academy, and mother of Miss Agnes Park, secretary and treasurer of the Abbot Alumnae Association, died at her residence, Oct. 7, '93.

At the request of the family Miss McKen has written a beautiful and fitting tribute to this lovely life, which has passed from earth to heaven. Mrs. Park's influence extended far, uplifting and ennobling many lives. Abbot girls, who from year to year enjoyed the rare privilege of visiting in her home, sitting beside her chair, reading to her, talking to her, looking at her, will never forget the reflection of "the beauty of the Lord" which was always upon her pure face. We quote from a letter to Miss McKen:—

HILLCREST, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"MY DEAR MISS MCKEN:—

Ever since I knew that I could no longer think of dear Mrs. Park as in the Andover home, the thought of you and of the great loneliness that would be yours has come to me very often. Two weeks ago I began a little note, just to tell you this, but other things prevented its being written.

And now the memorial from Miss Agnes has come. I had not read a page before I guessed, nor three before I knew, whose love and appreciation were behind the lines, even before I found the dear, familiar

initials at the close. They make the record doubly precious. How many will thank you for putting into words the sunshine and the flowers, the pictures and the children, that always seemed a reflected part of Mrs. Park's own wonderful loveliness. My own association with that beautiful life and beautiful home are a part of my life for which I am very thankful, and I owe it all to Abbot and to you."

~~Rev. J. N. Hall~~, father of Mrs. Carrie Hall Bird, '77, died at his daughter's residence, South Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Bird accompanied their mother to Groton, N. H., where the funeral services were held.

The mother of Miss Alice M. Moseley, '69, and of Miss Charlotte A. Mosley, '76, has recently died.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Lawrence, class of '29, in the death of her devoted son, Rev. Dr. E. A. Lawrence, of Baltimore, Md. "Perhaps the most striking incident in his life was his year's residence in a tenement house on Parkin Street, south-west Baltimore."

Mrs. Josephine Brewer Gilbert, '50, died at Glenoe, Minn., July 31, 1893. "Mrs. Gilbert clung with remarkable fidelity to old friends even when they became widely separated from her. She always maintained a lively interest in the schools at which she studied and especially Abbot Academy at Andover."

Mr. George Leslie of Wells River, Vt., father of Margaret Leslie, '82, recently died.

Miss Sabra Carter, '41, died in Wilmington, October 13th, 1893.

Mrs. Luciana Jamson, wife of Prof. J. W. Chickering of the National Deaf Mute College, and mother of Miss Luciana Chickering, '90, died at her home, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., November 7th, 1893.

Among the recent deaths is that of Miss Annie Pearl Wright, '88, at her home in Rockland, Maine. "She was fully conscious and made every provision for her departure, with a calm faith in the religion which had for so many years been wrought in her daily life. She was a member of the congregational church, known and loved by everybody for her sweet and womanly character, and her death causes sincere mourning in many families beside her own."

Mrs. Harriet Woods Baker, '29, daughter of Rev. Leonard Woods, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 26th, 1893. The burial was in the cemetery of the Andover Theological Seminary. The burial service at the grave was conducted by her five sons.

Class Organizations.

'94

"Ut opus, sic munus."

<i>President.</i>	AIDA DUNN.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	MABELLE ETHELYN BOSHER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINIFRED BELLE BARBER.
Class Colors,	Purple and Gold.
Flowers,	Pansies.

'95

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

<i>President,</i>	HELEN ELIZABETH MUZZEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	KIRTY STUART EDDY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	GERTRUDE HESTER HALDEMAN.
Class Colors,	Crimson and White.
Flowers,	Carnation pinks.

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1892-'93.

PRESIDENT:

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

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MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.
MRS. ESTHER SMITH BYERS, of New York.
MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, of Andover.
MRS. SALLIE RIPLEY CUTLER, of Bangor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION:

MISS LAURA WATSON, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
MISS AGNES PARK.

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LAURA S. WATSON, A.M., PRINCIPAL,
Metaphysics.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.

ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE,
History.

EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Rhetoric.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.

NATALIE SHIEFFERDECKER,
German.

ALICE JULIA HAMLIN,
Science.

KATHERINE I. HUTCHISON, A.M.,
Greek.

CAROLINE R. FLETCHER, B. A.,
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MRS. M. E. MINOTT, } Matrons at Draper Hall.

MISS MARY E. KELSEY, Matron at Smith Hall.

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

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The Winter Term

*Of the Sixty-fifth Year will begin on Thursday,
January 4, 1894.*

The Spring Term

Will begin on Thursday, April 2, 1894.

For information and admission apply to MISS LAURA S. WATSON,
Andover, Mass.



What completes the picture of Una's innocence and purity?
Senior Middler—"A milk-white calf." (manifest excitement.)

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Dermatologist and Electric Needle Specialist,

467 Essex St., Bicknell Block, Lawrence.

The Bang.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Merchant of Venice.

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MACKINTOSH

we invite you to visit our store. We carry the latest styles and grades in Storm Clothing. Ours being the only store east of Boston that makes a specialty of fine clothing. All our goods are warranted. Please examine our \$3.50 Mackintosh.

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to take on your vacation. Our store is the place to buy it. As we manufacture them at our factory in Jamaica Plain, we are able to fit you with a fine double texture extra long cape Mackintosh, for from \$5 to \$20 in all patterns and styles. Give us a call and we will convince you that we can save you money.

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"How pretty her blushing was, and
how she blush'd again."—*Tennyson*.

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attention, and our aim is to serve you in such a manner
as will command your entire confidence
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A business that has thrived and flourished for more than forty
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ple to such an extent that we are now compelled to erect another
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the Lowest; our Goods are of the finest Quality; our Methods
Honest and Reliable.

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309 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS. 309

Who made room for the Knight and Una?

(Energetic American.) "A gentle Hustler, Vanitie by name."

Faerie Queene. Bk. I, IV, Stanza 13.

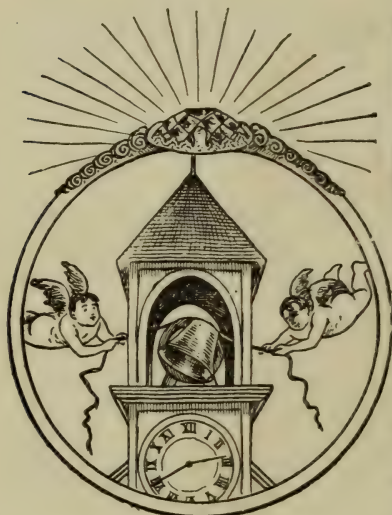


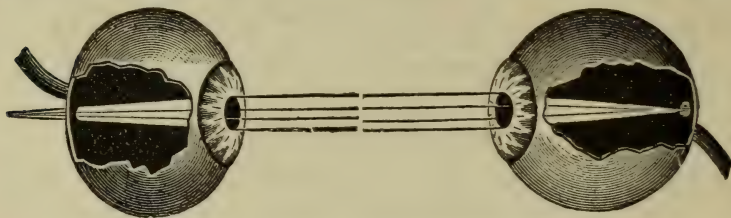
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Tuesday Night.

"To brisk notes in cadence beating
glance their many twinkling feet."

—Gray.



Elmer Chickering,

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To a Senior.

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher,
and friend."—*Pope*.

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High Class
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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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ALL kinds of Fancy Needlework; all of the latest
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The Andover Bookstore,

Books and Stationery.

The Andover Townsman,

News and Advertising.

THE BULLETIN BOARD.

“LOST.—A HEART.”

'Tis wonder that it does not moan
Deep furrows on its face have grown
For maidens daily to it go
To write their tales of joy and woe.

The subject you'll most often find
Is Hearts, exposed to fate unkind.
Now list! The secret I'll unfold
The hearts are —silver or of gold!

'94.

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Livery, Boarding & Baiting Stable.

Horses, Carriages, Beach Wagons and Buggies to let
at reasonable rates. Hacks furnished for
Weddings, Calls, etc.

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Season's Pro-
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GOWNS,
At \$5 and \$6
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All the Latest
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"My hair is gray, but not with years."

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 Buys a cake,

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Now maidens hurrying, running, and scurrying,
Down stairs come.
Now money's wanting, maidens are prattling,
What a hum.

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Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Slippers.

Hygienic Felt Innersole for Ladies and Gentlemen.

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3-50

Stock 's disappearing, great 's the outclearing,
Of this soap ;
This beautifying, all must be trying,
Ah ! Sweet hope.

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Photographs, Water Colors

And Etchings, Artists' Materials, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery,
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Take Westford St. Car.

Week Later.

Oh ! My freckles, great big speckles,
Still they show ;
It is a snide now ; I spread it wide now,
All SHALL know.

SMITH & MANNING.

Dry Goods and Groceries

Essex Street, Andover.

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FURNITURE!

Park Street, Andover.

Month Later.

Why, how alarming ! I have grown charming,
But how true.
Ever I'll use it, never abuse it,
This I'll do.



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ANDOVER.



“What horse can see as well behind
As it can see before?”
“The night-mare. Yes, I know it.
I’ve seen the beast of yore.”

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this paper.

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338 WASHINGTON STREET, -- -- -- BOSTON, MASS.

- I. Hark to the song the wheelman sings,
Its tender words the breeze low brings,
Its echo on the air still rings.
-

ROBINSON'S

Chocolates, * Bon=Bons.

FRESH CANDIES, DELICIOUS ICE CREAM SODA,
WITH CRUSHED FRUIT.

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CAN BE FOUND THE LARGEST

And best assortment of Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Plain and
Fancy Biscuits, Assorted Chocolates, and Bon-Bons,
Figs, Dates, Nuts, etc. And all the desirable
Canned Meats and Fruits in the
Market.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

II. O lady from your window high,
Perchance you see me passing by,
Is that the secret of your sigh?

Boston Store,

LEADERS IN

FASHIONABLE • MILLINERY.

Our stock is the largest and most varied to be found in this city.
Latest Paris and London Styles as soon as
introduced. Our

GLOVE DEPARTMENT

Is second to none. We carry all the most celebrated makes of
Kid Gloves to be found in the market at popular low
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HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Buying direct from the manufacturers in large quantities, enables
us to offer better values than can be found elsewhere.
We wish to call special attention to our

LACE AND HANDKERCHIEF DEPTS.

Which are brim full of attractive bargains at all seasons. Our
Art Department will be found the most
complete outside of Boston.

WM. OSWALD & CO.,

225 to 235 Essex Street, ∴ Lawrence, Mass.

III. Sweet lady fling your casement wide,
No longer seek your face to hide,
O bid the 'Cycler nearer ride.



Gleason Building,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Lawrence, Mass.



Dr. Geo. F. Emerson,

DENTIST:

PIERCE BUILDING, COPLEY SQUARE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Sarah A. Jenness, M. D.

431 SHAWMUT AVE.,

(NEAR WEST NEWTON ST.,)

BOSTON, MASS.

Office Hours: Until 10 A.M., 1 to 3 P.M.

iv. Tho' far my wheel may speed away,
I dream of thee by night, by day,
Hark! lady, to the wheelman's lay.

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—FOR—

Finest Portrait Work.

All the Latest Improved Instruments. Fine large work
a specialty. Special rates to students for class
work. Amateur work printed and
finished at short notice.

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—FOR—

Opera Glasses, Stationery

Silver Pins, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Banjo Strings, Guitar
Strings, Violin Strings, Fancy Goods, and all
Kinds of Musical Merchandise.

337 Essex Street, Lawrence, Masss.

v. But the good and noble maid replied :
"It is against the rules, sir."

IVORYGRAPHS.

IVORYGRAPHS.

Hastings
THE
PHOTOGRAPHER.≡

146 Tremont Street,
Boston.

— OVER HUYLER'S. —

The New Ivorygraphs, exquisite in detail and finish, the latest in
Photography and creating a furore.

SPECIAL RATES

To Students of Abbot Academy of \$3.00 per dozen for Cabinet
Size Photos. Large sizes at reasonable rates.

IVORYGRAPHS.

IVORYGRAPHS.

vi. And he sped on, a
"Sadder and a wiser man."

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the best inducements to purchasers to be found
in Essex County.

MAMMOTH FURNITURE HOUSE OF

BUCKLEY, McCORMICK & SULLIVAN,

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Andover and Boston Express.

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Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled Fish.

OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS, AND CANNED GOODS.

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MORAL: Do as this heroine did and a beautiful poem
will be written about you for the next COURANT.

ALLEN HINTON, Caterer.

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Sherbet at the same price. Special rates to parties
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Fancy Creams.—Frozen Pudding, 80c. qt.; Tutti-Frutti,
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Ices, per doz., \$1.75; Individual Creams, \$1.75; Lunches furnished
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Cor. Main Street and Punchard Avenue.
Andover, Mass.

Elm House Stables.

Carriages furnished for all occasions. A first-class Livery, Sale
and Boarding Stable. New Brake for
pleasure parties.

WM. H. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

ELM SQUARE, .: .: .: ANDOVER, MASS.

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there all the time was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.—FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.



ABBOT

Souvenir :- Spoons.

Coffee Size.

Plain Silver, \$1.25.

Gold Bowl \$1.50.

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Newspapers, Magazines, and also a full line of Fine Confectionery.

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Notes upon Tennyson's "Lucretius."

LUCRETIUS is one of the poems in that classical trio of Tennyson which also includes the exquisite *Ænone* and the less known *Tithonus*. It has much of Browning's depth of thought united with Tennyson's beauty of form and felicity of expression. With a poet's sympathy Tennyson has surrounded the story with the deepest pathos, and his version of *Lucretius'* life and death will doubtless remain the accepted one. So full is this poem of philosophical thought, so wide is the range of allusion, that a student without "notes" is in a wide sea of discovery.

Lucretius, the subject of the poem, was himself a Roman poet, who lived in the first century before Christ. His wife *Lucilia*, fancying his love for her had grown cold, sought and found a witch "who brewed the philtre which had power they said to lead an errant passion home again." This she gave him, but it made him insane, and he perished by his own hand.

He was the author of a philosophical poem, in heroic hexame-

ter, entitled, "De Rerum Natura." It contains an exposition of the doctrine of Empedocles, and is considered the greatest of didactic poems; in it the most abstruse speculations are clearly explained in majestic verse, in "the rise and long roll of the hexameter."

Some knowledge of Lucretius' philosophy is essential to a correct understanding of the poem. For this we must turn to the teachings of Empedocles, "the teacher whom he held divine."

Empedocles, the sage of Argrigentum, Sicily, lived in the fifth century before Christ. He was a man of great versatility and comprehensiveness, a poet, philosopher, patriot, and physician. His healing powers were regarded as almost supernatural by his followers. Of his works which are left to us, the great poem on Nature and the discourse on Medicine are the most celebrated. The treatment of his speculations may be illustrated by reference to Shelley, who is said to resemble Empedocles in the quality of his imagination.

The philosophy of Empedocles was based on the atomic system, which taught that the ultimate constituents of all things are indivisible particles which differ from one another in form and position. From the diverse combination and motion of these atoms all things, including the soul, were supposed to rise. He also believed in a fixed number of immortal souls eternally capable of metempsychosis, but incapable of annihilation. In his system he unites mysticism and science. He was the first evolutionist, believing all development to be the result of natural causes instituted by one supreme, divine cause, God.

To confirm the belief in his divinity, he is said to have thrown himself into the crater of Mount Etna, that the manner of his death might be unknown; but "fate frustrated his schemes by casting up his brazen sandal on the crater's edge." This interesting legend is used by Arnold in his dramatic poem, "Empedocles on Etna."

To return to our subject:—

"After a tempest Lucretius woke upon a morn
That mocked him with returning calm,"

for in this night of storm he has had three dreams,—

"And what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!
For thrice I wakened after dreams."

In the first dream he sees Nature dissolved in chaos, and a new order of things created. "A void was made in nature," an echo of certain Shakespearean lines describing the eagerness of the populace to see Cleopatra:—

"The air, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too and made a gap in nature."

This vision of—

"The flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe
Running along the illimitable inane,"

has something of Miltonic grandeur.

The next, —

"I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again to earth,"

refers to the dictatorship of Sulla, when blood flowed in the streets of Rome, during the cruel proscriptions that followed Sulla's victories over Marius.

"The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies" are the bacchanalian revels of Sulla, so wonderfully portrayed by Plutarch. The last vision is that of Helen of Troy, a reference too well known to need explanation.

These dreams are but the incoherent ravings of a disordered brain, and though at first they seem disconnected and fragmentary, yet upon examination we discover a train of association running through them all.

The first, the dream-storm, is suggested by the storm raging without, an instance of the sympathy of nature with human distress. This revolution in nature suggests the next vision, the chaotic state of Rome under Sulla, the crime, immorality, and oppression, which foreboded a dissolution and re-creation such as he had just witnessed in nature. The Dictator, given up to the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, the impending ruin of the State, — these suggest to the dreamer the destruction of another city, Ilion, wrought by the beauty of a faithless wife.

Were these phantoms which haunted him, the vengeance of Venus, he asks, because he would not sacrifice to her even one of her own doves?

“Forgetful how my rich procœmion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field.”

The procœmion, or introduction of his poem, he had dedicated to Venus.

He doubts her deity, for “Gods should be centered in eternal calm,” far aloof from the envy, hate and pride, to which mortals are prone. But if she can be touched with pity for human woe, he implores her to intercede with Mars, and —

“Keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.”

This appeal is not made to the Venus who for the gratification of petty vanity sought the judgment of the Trojan shepherd, Paris, and whom he decided fairest; not to the “love-sick” Venus who wept over her wounded Adonis. But, rather, as Empedocles called upon Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, “to grace his golden verse,” so Lucretius calls upon Kypris as a type, “the spirit of nature, the generative and recuperative principle, the universal mother.” Venus is here called Kypris, from Cyprus, which was one of her chief seats of worship.

Empedocles had “heard that Gods there are and deathless,” and this, the immortality of the Gods, Lucretius had striven to prove to Memmius, prætor of Rome after Sulla, and the one to whom he had dictated his poem.

That Lucretius did not believe in the personified deities of the Greek Pantheon, is shown in his reference to the sun, which he takes as an illustration of his theory.

He denies the sun divinity or personality, but recognizes it as a great force in nature, though not an all-knowing, all-seeing god; for “Although his fire is on my face blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell whether I mean this day to end myself,” or follow the advice of Plato as found in his “Apology,” — “That men like soldiers may not quit the post allotted by the Gods.”

But since the Gods are indifferent, "wherefore need he care greatly for them?" Far better to end all the woe of disease and death, and escape these hideous phantoms of dire iniquity that blast the quiet of his breast.

He questions: "Does the mind choose to entertain these spectres of disease and crime, or do they force their way unbidden 'far into that council hall where sit the best and stateliest of the land'?" If only he could fling off this horror again as nature smiles, "balmier and nobler from her bath of storm"!

Who "he" was "that in the garden snared Picus and Faunus" we have been unable to discover. Were the pronoun feminine it might be Circe, who, becoming enamored of Picus, changed him into a woodpecker, endowing him with immortality and prophetic powers. Faunus was the son of Picus and founder of that race of fauns or satyrs whose existence Lucretius claims to have proved impossible, for "twy-natured is no nature."

He reproaches himself for dwelling upon these subjects, for he had thought himself free from all earthly desires, "madness of ambition and avarice," with "nothing to mar the sober majesties of settled, sweet, Epicurean life." But some unseen monster has laid his hand upon his will, he can no longer do as he would; then "Why should not I, man-like, end myself?"

What Roman would be led in triumph thus — a slave to passion? "Led in triumph" — what more forcible expression of torture to a Roman! Not he, Lucretius, "who bears one name with her, whose death-blow struck the deathless doom of kings." This comparison of names is the clue which discovers to us the heroine to whom he refers, — Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius Collatinus, whose rape by Sextus Tarquinius led to the overthrow of Superbus, and the establishment of the republic by Lucius Brutus, who had sworn to avenge her death.

So would Lucretius end all strife and seek in death, roughly as he might woo her, that passionless bride, Tranquillity. "Thus, — thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air," — with that he drove the knife into his side."

HENRIE A. CALHOUN, '94.

The Study of Anglo-Saxon.

STUDY Anglo Saxon? Yes, why not? You devote years to the study of Latin because "it is so necessary to an intelligent comprehension of English words." Did you ever think of that other element of our famous old mother tongue, the Teutonic, so substantial a factor in the structure of the language?

After years of patient waiting, it is finally recognized, and under the name of Early English has become the fashion in literary circles. Publishers can scarcely supply the demand for grammars and readers; books — shabby looking volumes in execrable print — are gladly imported from Germany, for our Teutonic cousins have certainly the start of us in this matter.

Many Harvard scholars are devoting themselves to the editing of works whose names — Cædmon, Cynewulf, Ormulum, Layamon — were the "bête noire" of our first days in English Literature. Now, Beowulf bids fair to have as extensive a bibliography as Dante's *Commedia* and King Alfred to be as much the patron saint of the nineteenth century as the ninth.

Can we form an idea in a brief article of what this revival means? Can we convey some impression of the interest attached to it? Here is a simple passage from the Bible. What can it teach us of the language spoken by those great blue-eyed German ancestors of ours, with their yellow hair, fondness for drink, and deep love for God and their homes? It is a guttural language, first cousin to the German, as we can plainly see when we read the strong, resounding words. Little beauty is there to be sure, but we are left with the impression of boundless strength and simplicity.

"Ic eom Gode gehālgod from minum cildhade; and ic naes nāefre be.scoren; and gif ic beo be.scoren þonne beo ic unmih-tig oðrum mannum gelic," which being translated reads — "I am consecrated (hallowed) to God from my childhood; and I was never shaven (shorn), and if I be shaven, then am I powerless (unmighty) like other men.

No wonder you are amazed and involuntarily exclaim at the unlikeness, while a bit of Shakespeare's rhythm rings in your ears :

“ Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lie ;

Or again some of the matchless harmony of Tennyson —

“ They haunt the silence of the breast
Imaginations calm and fair ;
The memory like a cloudless air .
The conscience as a sea at rest.”

Impossible as the kinship seems, almost every word in the Anglo-Saxon passage is clearly present in modern English if we will look behind the strange spelling and the unfamiliar construction. A little investigation proves that only one character is unknown to us, the *ð*, by which, with its companion *þ*, are represented the hard and soft sounds of *th*.

This difficulty removed we start again, finding *Gode*, *mannum* and *cildhade*, not far different from *God*, *man*, and *childhood*. *Eom* is clearly *am*, and *beo*, the Proteus-like verb *to be* ; *fram* and *gif* are no very difficult particles to dispose of, while perhaps our German helps to an understanding of *ic*, *gehalgod*, and *unmihtig*.

With the determination to discover if the resemblance is real or fancied, if we *do* owe to Anglo-Saxon all that is claimed, we pick up our hand-book of the grammar, and, opening it, are met with the following statement : — “ Anglo-Saxon is a synthetic language ; it has two principal declensions of the noun with several subordinate declensions, two declensions of the adjective according as its substantive is definite or indefinite, a distinct form for four cases in the substantive, two leading conjugations of the verb with subordinate conjugations under each, and as a necessary accompaniment of this fullness of inflexion, it possesses a complicated syntax,” — which last remark we cannot doubt.

This appears a formidable beginning ; but our desire to learn is strong within us and we push on through bewildering pages of declensions and conjugations where strong and weak masculines and neuters, with an endless variety of pronouns, and countless changes in the vowels and consonants of the long conjugations, make a seemingly never ending succession. But after a few

weary weeks in darkness, light dawns upon us, and in the delight of our new knowledge and the ease with which we read the recently unintelligible page we realize that the inflexional nature of synthetic Anglo-Saxon is clearly responsible for the terminations unfamiliar in analytic modern English.

The pronoun *ic*, not only in itself but as representative of our indebtedness to all the Anglo-Saxon pronouns, is interesting. These have retained more of the original inflexion than the noun, verb, or adjective, the declension remaining the same except the odd substitution, during the confusion of the Middle English period, of the dative for the accusative. Consequently we say *him* and not *hine*, as the Anglo-Saxon requires.

The difference between our regular and irregular verbs is but the survival of the Anglo-Saxon strong and weak conjugations; the comparison of the irregular adjectives is almost identical; many idiosyncrasies of modern spelling are traceable to peculiarities in early dialects.

The knowledge of this indebtedness becomes plainer as we proceed. Indeed, one writer truly said that while we could express our ideas without one word of Latin derivation, it would be impossible to dispense with those of Anglo-Saxon origin. The sentence most loaded with classical words would become a shapeless mass without its frame-work of Anglo-Saxon. After such discoveries we now look with surprise at some who question the good sense of spending time upon Anglo-Saxon.

Fascinated we continue the history of the language, noting the process of change through Middle English to the assured beauty and power of Chaucer's speech. By that violent convulsion, the Norman Conquest, we see the language shaken as by an earthquake; shaken to its heart's core so that all that remained of it *was* its very heart, the best and strongest part of it, the words of pith and power, dear home names of father and mother, sister and brother, common natural objects, *sun* and *moon*, *dew*, and *star*, — all, in fact, that is most common and most necessary.

A new light is now thrown upon Chaucer's English, at just the stage when the history of the language is most interesting — the meeting point of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French. Later, a

new interest is attached to Shakespeare when we discover how purely English is such a passage as the following from *Macbeth* :

“ Is this a dagger which I see before me
The handle toward my hand? Come! let me clutch thee;
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!”

Nothing has been said of the Anglo-Saxon literature. It is here that we clearly discern the immense gains of English during the growth of ten centuries. As a literary tongue the range of the Angle-Saxon was not great though we must not forget that in the time of *Ælfred*, it was able to render the narratives of *Bede* and *Orosius*, and the philosophical speculations of *Boethius*; that it recounted with native vigor the discoveries of the voyagers, *Wulfstan* and *Ohthere*, and the never ending warfare with the Danes.

But, though its limitations are so plainly apparent, — its crudity, its harshness, its diffuseness, its total lack of grace and flexibility, — it is nevertheless one with modern English in the unmistakable characteristics of strength and sincerity. Whether in the interminable symbolism of the homilies, the bald repetitions of the *Chronicle*, the heroic strains of the valiant *Judith*, or the religious fervor of *Cynewulf*, we are conscious of the English atmosphere, the atmosphere of Shakespeare and Milton.

Says Professor Meiklejohn, “The oldest English, which is usually called Anglo-Saxon, is as different from our modern English as if they were two distinct languages; and yet they are not two languages but really and fundamentally one and the same. Modern English differs from the oldest English as a giant oak does from a small oak sapling, or a broad, stalwart man of forty does from a feeble infant of a few months old.”

But do not the lines of Shakespeare, the greatest master of English, give more truly the key-note of the transformation? —

“ Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.”

J. D., '94.

Original Translations.

AGAMEMNON

THUS he spake :

And Agamemnon, king of men, obeyed.
Straightway he bade the clear-voiced heralds call
To war the long-haired Argives. Quick they came.
And they with Atreus' son, Zeus-cherished kings,
Moved to and fro, while ordering their ranks.
And with them rushed Athena, gleaming-eyed,
The highly honored ægis in her hand,
From which an hundred all-gold tassels waved,
Well-plaited all, each worth an hecatomb.
Bright with its flashing gold, through th' Achæan troops
She hastened urging them to dreadful war,
And in the heart of each was courage roused
Unceasingly to fight in conflicts dire.
Then war was sweeter far than to return
In hollow ships to their dear fatherland.
As fire destructive burns on mountain tops
Vast forests, and from far the gleam appears,
Thus from their glorious bronze as they set forth
The gleam, far-shining, flashed through air to heaven.
As the many flocks of winged birds, — of geese,
Or cranes, or long-necked swans, — in an Asian mead,
About Kayster's streams on joyous wing
Fly here and there, with din alighting till
The mead resounds ; thus the many troops of youths
From ship and tent into Scamander's plain
Poured forth. Then fearful groaned the earth beneath
The feet of man and horse. A countless throng, —
There in Scamander's flowery vale they stood,
As many as the leaves and flowers in spring.
How many the swarms of thronging flies which round
A sheep-cote hover in the time of spring

When new milk moistens the pails : so many Greeks
 Stood eager, there, on Troy's destruction bent.
 As goat-herds separate their wide-spread herds
 Which mingle in the pasture, so the chiefs
 Arranged their troops for conflict. In their midst
 The mighty monarch Agamemnon moved.

Homer's Iliad, Book II., 441-477.

GERTRUDE H. HALDEMAN, '95.

A BORE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

I HAPPENED to be going along the Via Sacra, just as is my custom, thinking over some trifle or other, wholly absorbed in it. A man known to me only by name hastened towards me, and seized my hand. "How are you, my dearest fellow?"

"Pretty well, as times go," I said, "and I hope all goes well with you."

When he followed, "There is nothing you want, is there?" I began.

But he said, "You ought to know me: we are both learned men."

Then I said, "That will make you stand higher in my opinion."

Seeking desperately to get away, now I go faster, now I stand still, whisper some trifle to my slave, while the sweat trickles down to my feet.

"O Bolanus, fortunate were you in your temper!" I said to myself, when he chattered some nonsense, praised the streets and the city.

As I did not answer him, "You want to get away dreadfully," he said: "I have noticed it for a long time, but you'll not do it; I'll hold you fast; I will follow; in which direction are you going from here?"

"It is not necessary that you wander about with me; I want to see a man whom you do not know: he lives a long way off, across the Tiber, near the gardens of Cæsar."

"I have nothing to do, and I am not lazy; I will even follow you there."

I laid back my ears, just as a little ass with an ugly temper, when he approaches a burden too heavy for his back.

He began: "If I know myself well, you'll not make Viscus a friend worth more, nor Varius; for who can write more verses or faster than I? Who can dance more gracefully? I can sing what Hermogenes might envy."

Here was a chance to interrupt him:

"Have you a mother, or relatives, to whom your safety is a necessity?"

"I have no one. I have buried all."

"O happy they! Now I am left. Do your work: for the sad fate threatens me, which the Sabine witch prophesied for me as a boy, while shaking her divining-urn:

'Him neither poison dire shall remove, nor the sword of a foeman,
Neither shall pleurisy, cough or the slow-working gout consume him;
Him at some time shall a babbler destroy; therefore, if he have wisdom,
Garrulous men let him shun, when he comes to years of discretion.'

We had come to the temple of Vesta; a fourth part of the day was already gone; and he had to appear in a case for which he had given bail; and if he should not do it, he would lose his suit.

"If you love me," he said, "accompany me to court for a little while."

"May I die if I am strong enough to stand, or know the laws of citizenship; and you know where I am hastening."

"I don't know what to do," he said, "whether to leave you or the case."

"Me, if you please."

"I won't do it," he said, and began to precede me. I followed, as it is hard to contend with a victor.

* * * * *

By chance his opponent came to meet him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Where are you going, you villain?" and to me, "May I call you to witness?"

In good earnest, I touched my ear. He dragged him into the court-room, amid clamor on both sides, and a rushing together from all quarters.

Thus Apollo saved me.

Horace's Satires, Book I., 9.

GERTRUDE H. HALDEMAN, '95.

Look, how Soracte covered with snow stands white !
And with their burdens forests are bending low,
O'erwhelmed by storms. Now river-courses
Motionless, frozen by cold stand silent.
Thaw thou the icy cold, Thaliarchus. Heap
Thy blazing logs with generous hand on hearth ;
And wine of four years' vintage mellow
Draw from its two-handled Sabine wine-jar.
Commit all other cares to the gods above,
Whose bidding every violent wind obeys,
When warring fierce on raging waters ;
Nor are old cypresses tossed and driven,
Nor ash-trees growing wild on the mountain tops.
Seek not to learn the morrow, and count as gain
What length of days the goddess Chance gives.
Scorn not sweet loves or the merry dance,
While yet a boy thou'rt far from old age morose.
The campus seek again, and the open squares
At nightfall, when the hour appointed
Brings back the whisperings low of lovers.
Now too the welcome laugh from the corner near,
Betraying hiding girls, oft again resounds,
And snatched from arm of maiden fair are
Pledges, which teasingly she refuses.

Horace's Odes, Book I., 9.

GERTRUDE H. HALDEMAN, '95.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

FREE TRANSLATION OF RONSARD'S ANACREONTIC ODE, L'AMOUR ET
L'ABEILLE.

LITTLE Cupid, gathering flowers
In one of nature's leafy bowers,
Approached too near a wild bee's nest,
And found one wanderer at rest
In the depths of a flower.

The drowsy bee, roused from his sleep,
Stung the hand stretched out to meet
The velvet petals of the rose.
Fair Cupid seized his shafts and bows,
And weeping, sought his mother.

"Ah! mother, see my awful wound,
Made by a thing that buzzes round,
And has two little gauzy wings,
And hidden dart that sharply stings.
Ah, comfort now your dear one."

Then Venus took him to her heart,
And wiped the tears and kissed the smart.
"Who hurt you so, my darling child?
Was it my laughing Graces wild,
With needles sharp and shining?"

Again he told her of the sting
Made by the wingéd thing of Spring.
Then Venus knew 't was but a bee
Which in his pain had made him flee
To her for solace tender.

"If one so small can cause such pain,
Speak I, oh Cupid, now in vain
To thee, who likewise with thy dart
Strik'st deep in many a loving heart
Distress beyond all succor."

MARY E. KENT.

V-O-N.

A German Tale of What's in a Name.

BY M. MEISSNER.

VERONIKA, Olympia and Nathusia, three merry wood-nymphs, were once bent upon adventure. Under an old oak they saw a handsome young man, sound asleep. Immediately they decided to play a joke upon him, for he must certainly bear off a trophy of his visit to an enchanted wood. Veronika, who had a colored pencil in her pocket, drew it out quickly and wrote a great red V upon each article of his clothing. Olympia placed after it a yellow O; and Nathusia added a blue N. When they had finished they looked at their work, and nearly died of laughter at their success. Just then the sleeper moved, and quick as lightning the wood-nymphs vanished.

Adelmar, as the youth was called, rubbed his eyes in a surprised way. It seemed to him as if some one was near, but he saw no living creature,—only a soft laugh sounded behind the trees. Caring little for this, he cheerfully seized his knapsack and walked on.

When he came into the next city the people looked at him in a surprised way, and some even spelled out loud, V-O-N. At the inn the host bowed to the ground before him, and said, "It is a very great honor to me to see you here, Lord V-O-N. Everything is at your service." Adelmar was greatly astonished at this reception, and also at the wonderful title. But when they gave him the best room, and entertained him royally, he gladly accepted it.

In the evening a great crowd gathered before the inn to see him. When by chance he appeared at the window, the people took off their hats and bowed humbly before him. Throughout the entire city the people spoke only of him. "A distinguished stranger has arrived to-day," said one. "Who is he?" asked

* VON is a German title of nobility, as "Fürst von Bismarck."

another. "Lord V-O-N they call him ; he is a very great lord." After that no one doubted it any longer.

On another day the young man went out to look at the city. All the merchants begged him to select something from their stock. He assured them honestly that he had no money, but that made no difference ; everything that pleased him was sent to his house.

Just at this time the king happened to go through the streets, and wished to know what the crowd meant. Some one told him the story of the distinguished lord. Then the king entreated Adelmar to come at once to his castle. "My beloved Lord V-O-N," said the affable ruler, "I am very happy to learn that you have finally arrived, for I have waited for you a long time. Now you must remain here ; the air of the court will certainly agree with you." He gave his new friend a beautiful castle and also presented him with money to buy horses, carriages, dogs and armor. Adelmar had at first wondered very much at this new title, until he discovered that everything he had worn upon his journey was marked in like manner. Some maintained that she even had a V-O-N on the lobe of his ear, but that was not true.

As he now saw that the three letters had brought him so much good fortune, he had them placed upon all the things that he had bought ; not only upon his linen, but upon his arms, upon his silver, — they even glistened above the castle gate.

After some time the king said to him : "My beloved Lord V-O-N, it is about time for you to seek a wife ; look among the daughters of the land. I unfortunately have no daughters, only sons." Then Adelmar answered : "Your majesty, I myself would be pleased to have a wife, but since I am such a distinguished man, I wish to find a bride equally high born." Naturally the king understood this and promised to help him find one.

Now it happened that soon after a beautiful young girl lost her way in the same enchanted wood in which Lord V-O-N had met with his good fortune. She sat down beneath the very same tree and fell asleep. Then the three wood-nymphs again passed by, and were again determined upon mischief. "This good girl shall also bear away a trophy as the young man did before her,"

thought Veronika. "But we will do her no harm; she looks very beautiful and lovely," said Nathusia. "Who knows? perhaps she and the young man will meet, and then there would be a handsome couple!" cried Olympia. "We will mark her with the same letters. It can in nowise harm her, for she will be neither wiser nor sillier, neither lovelier nor plainer, neither richer nor poorer, than she was before." And again the three played their mischievous game.

When Adelgunde awoke, she carried on all her things a red V, a yellow O, and and a blue N, but she did not know it, and went quickly on to the city. There the people, if possible, looked at her with even more amazement than at the young man, and said, "Look, here comes a Lady V-O-N. How distinguished she must be!" When Lord V-O-N heard of this, he immediately ordered his four horses harnessed and drove to meet her. "Fair maiden," said he to the astonished girl, "I am Lord V-O-N, and have long sought a bride, but no lady was good enough for me. But now I see that you are of equal rank, and I entreat you from my heart to become my wife." Adelgunde, who pleased the kind Adelmarr, assented without hesitation, and the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. Lord V-O-N lived very happily with his wife and founded a powerful family.

In the course of time the good king rewarded some of his beloved and loyal subjects with a V-O-N. The numberless descendants of the original Lord and Lady V-O-N have now indeed, within the many hundred years which have since passed, taken other names; but in grateful remembrance of their ancestors, they all place before their names the time-honored V-O-N.

MABELLE CLARK, '95.

Gothic Architecture.

“POINTED” architecture well expressed the Teutonic mode of thought; it flourished most where the Teutonic element prevailed, and there received its noblest development.

With the awakening civilization which succeeded the crime, oppression and superstition of the “Dark Ages,” men’s thoughts were turned to God; churches were built, and church architecture expressed the religious thought of the period. The church which arose triumphant, pointing heavenward, after this condition of mental and moral degradation was yet a type of sorrow,—cruciform.

The gothic or pointed style is characterized by steepness of roof, bracing buttresses, pointed windows and spires. The lines of the vaults within, and of the tall spires without, gradually converging into a point, seem to express the yearning of the spiritual nature; a reaching after the infinite,—for something above and beyond. Colossal pillars support the vaulted arch. Flutings which rise in unbroken lines from the base, giving the soaring effect of the upward growth of plants, form the mouldings of the roof-ribs, and melt away in the shadows of the dim vaults, blackened by the smoke of incense. The same effect is given by the bewildering forest of tapering pinnacles and flying buttresses, which rise far above the roof. The structural necessity of this elaborate ornamentation is entirely hidden beneath the exquisite tracery and delicate carving. Gothic architecture may well be called “frozen music.”

The idea of Gothic vaulting was derived from the natural arches formed by the spreading and intertwining boughs of forest trees; for it has much of the spirit and growth of forest life. Thus we find that Gothic art was a poetic inspiration, the rare beauty of which was an outgrowth of the love and appreciation of the forms of nature, and above all, an effort to express the highest aspirations of the human soul.

Thus arose the Gothic cathedral, the symbol of an ethical

ideal. "Every part of the church seems to press forward, and to strive for greater freedom and outward manifestation."

This noble architecture, this elevating expression of the thoughts of men, flourished only three centuries, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth, "gradually dying away like strains of exquisite music." But its duration and the particular stages of its development differ widely in different countries; its details varied according to national temperament and change in architectural taste.

The English Gothic is staid and scientific in expression, indulging less in fancy; more solemn and more simple. "There is something in the old roof tracery that recalls the ocean; a sort of wild break or gentle toss dying melodiously away into joyful stone-foam."

Everywhere there is sufficient solidity for security and a consequent feeling of repose most conducive to true architectural effect. There is also great harmony in the construction of the English Gothic; everything is adapted to the purpose for which it was designed, having no useless ornamentation.

Germany puts more of the romantic, weird, and speculative into her forms. Her Gothic is richer and more metaphysical than that of England. The grotesque and spiritual are united. Painting and sculpture in endless variety play an important role. As a whole, it seems nearly allied to the Spanish, which is particularly imposing and magnificent. The typical cathedral of Germany is that of Cologne, one of the noblest temples ever erected by man in honor of his Creator. In this one pre-eminent example are united all the beauties of the style. It is to the French mind that the Gothic owes its most graceful, delicate and fanciful expression, "breaking up its strength into a flamboyancy and sparkle that rivals the play of flame itself. Their cathedrals are vision-like and airy." All that was best and finest in French genius found scope in them.

The specific excellence of Gothic art was founded on its recognition of the illimitable as the supreme architectural idea. Previous styles were limited, both in scope and expression, but, in this, boundless freedom of choice and varied combinations of general forms and minute details are found.

Ruskin says, "In one point of view Gothic is not only the best but the only rational architecture, as being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble. Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground plan, it can shrink to a turret, or expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy."

Another important feature of the Gothic is its constructive individuality; no two buildings are alike. All Gothic cathedrals have a spiritual resemblance, but with the greatest diversity of features.

The builder of the Gothic was at once artist and man of science, and one knows not which to admire most, the imagination in the design, or the invention and intelligence in the accomplishment of the work. Gothic architecture is distinguished not only by its internal elements, which embody the mental and moral tendency of its builders, but also by its external forms, full of symbolic beauty.

HENRIE CALHOUN, '94.

Glimpse of the Future.

THE door is closed on hours past,
But Memory holds the key,
And thrilling echoes murmur
Like ling'ring melody.

Over the dearly cherished past
The twilight shadows fall,
But clear from misty future
Peals out a bugle-call.

"Courage and hope," it seems to say
To every falt'ring heart;
"Thy life from God is given, —
Take it, and do thy part."

ETHELYN L. MARSHALL, '94.

A Child Crusader.

IT was a sad morning in sunny France ; yes, to many the saddest she had ever known. And yet, the earth, the trees and flowers, had never looked more beautiful than in the first gleams of that August sunlight.

As little Jacques in his native village gazed with intense rapture at the brilliance of that day's awakening, a great wave of happiness swept over him. But the heart of his sweet, patient mother only filled with unspeakable agony.

Never in his ten childish years had Jacques left the home which was the only one he had ever known. Still the tidings of that memorable "Children's Crusade" had brought to the mind of the imaginative little fellow pictures far more entrancing than any olden tale of knight or baron.

The grave of Jesus in the hands of heathen ! He, too, must help deliver it.

As the mother had sometimes watched the far away look in the big gray eyes, and the pleading glance directed towards her, she trembled, half in hope yet half in fear, but her resolution never for an instant faltered. "I promised Father, dear, that you should go," and Jacques for an answer merely threw his arms about her, as if he understood.

This then was the day on which he was to leave her ; one of the loveliest but almost the saddest of her life. And never was the most valiant hero prouder than this happy boy with the red cross gleaming upon his shoulder. Yet at the last there came to him a feeling of great and sudden sorrow, although he little dreamed how few would see their homes again, or how that vast column was to melt away, that very autumn, like the snows of winter. He could not see the stranger graves, or the misery and slavery of his little playmates, yet again and again the great eyes filled with tears.

Jacques, it is true, was but one in that great pilgrim army, though perhaps among all the eager faces there was no other half

so lovely. For there lay somewhere, which one felt instinctively, a spiritual look, as if he talked with angels.

Once on the way, there crowded into Jacques' mind vision after vision of pleasant wandering to triumphant rest, and he began to feel the old ardor thrilling him with a new life. It was a terrible walk, from day to day, under the beating rays of the summer sun. Yet ever and again, as a feeling of weariness crept over the little wanderers, Jacques would be there to cheer them, telling how he fancied he could hear the tiny sparrows bidding them "Go ever forward and not back."

One thought was uppermost in the boy's mind: the wonder, that their child leader, luxuriously at ease, in his splendid chariot, covered with rare carpets of brilliant colors, and beneath a canopy of rich-hued draperies, could look with so unconcerned a glance upon the many dying daily by the wayside. Though morning after morning arose with the pathetic cry, "Is that Jerusalem?" the answer, "This is not Jerusalem," served but to arouse in the weakened and disheartened a renewed effort "to rescue and restore to its honor the Sepulchre of Christ."

Jacques, too, looked often with wondering admiration at the youths who, being of noble birth, and armed with spears and lances, sat so proudly upon their chargers, to guard the brilliant equipage of the boy prophet, Stephen. One of them, especially attracted him. By the very way he kept his saddle, by the haughty turn of the handsome head, was discerned as plainly as though stamped upon him, the coldness of a fierce and stubborn pride. Yet one glance into the brown eyes, so at variance with the dissatisfied expression of the face, and Jacques felt that he could never tire of gazing upon him.

It happened one day that this same Prince Jules, in a fit of passion at the obstinacy of his horse, lashed the animal into a frenzy. In the excitement of the moment, while the crowd rushed hither and thither, Jacques grasping a child, saved him, but was himself thrown violently under the hoofs of the enraged animal. That was all; when with an effort the gray eyes once more unclosed, Prince Jules was bending over him, but with looks so full of penitence and sorrow, that poor little Jacques fancied it

his mother's face. None but her own had ever looked so lovingly upon him!

Could it be Jerusalem at last? Something in the child's face seemed to tell the Prince the eager thought. "No, no, my boy," he said, "not yet; we are many and many a weary day from there." But Jacques only smiled, as his glance rested for a moment upon the slowly moving column. Then the song of the children reached his ears in notes of triumphant sweetness. "Hush!" he whispered. Clearer and clearer sounded the boyish voices, —

"Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the sparkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast."

Did heavenly voices join the earthly chorus? An expression of rapturous joy lighted the face of the little pilgrim. He had reached his journey's end, — at last it was Jerusalem.

CAROLYN MATHEWS, '96.



Sailor Hats for 1894.

"The sailor hat, or what may be more properly termed the fin de siecle straw hat, has made its appearance unusually early this season, and while in other years there has been but one reigning shape, this spring there are three or four. There is one that has a very pronounced high crown and rather a narrow brim that looks exceedingly racy which may be seen any day on the street, at the races and out on the drive, worn by dashing looking women with jaunty tailor made suits.

This hat so closely resembles those worn by the sterner sex that if a woman is sitting in a carriage or in a box at the races one has to look twice to be sure she is not really a man."—*Boston Transcript*.

JONAS and I drove into town the other mornin' to get some things I had been needin' for a long time. I hadn't been in since last fall, though Jonas goes every fortnight. I got up half an hour earlier so as to get everythin' all done up before we started, and when Jonas drove up to the door I was all ready with my satchel in my hand.

It was one of those bright, breezy mornin's when everythin' seems glad it's alive. The apple-trees looked like brides all along the road, and I told Jonas they made me feel young again. When we got to town there was lots of folks on the street, and a good many of 'em seemed to be young men, and I told Jonas I guessed they was havin' some kind of a convention. I knew they had a good many of those things now, and so I thought maybe 'twas some kind of an order havin' a meetin, because they seemed to be dressed so near alike, only some was in blue and some in brown.

I can't see so very well, neither can Jonas; but we both thought they all wore dreadful long ulsters, but we thought 'twas part of their order, or maybe they had come from a cold country.

After I had bought some sheetin', and cloth for aprons, and done a good many other things, and Jonas had seen about a harness he was havin' mended, he said he guessed 'twas about dinner time, and asked me if I didn't want to go to a hotel and have dinner. I was surprised, for Jonas and me didn't generally go

to hotels for dinner. But I see he wanted to do somethin' for me, so I said yes, I thought 'twould be real nice. We went into a store and asked a man where to go, and he told us. We felt strange goin' into a hotel, and we couldn't see at first where we was to eat; but somebody told us to go right ahead, and sure enough, there was a room about twenty times as big as our kitchen to home, just full of tables. And every table seemed to be full of folks, so I told Jonas I guessed we should have to eat standin' up; but just then a man beckoned to us to come to a table. I see in a minute there was two of the convention young men at the table, and I was real glad, because I thought maybe I should find out what they was havin'. They was sittin' opposite each other, so Jonas and I took the end seats. They was real young lookin', and what seemed so strange to Jonas and me was, that they wore their hats while they was eatin'. Jonas thought maybe they was so interested they had forgot it, for they was talkin' real fast. And he thought they would feel so when they come to their senses that he just leaned forward and said to one of 'em: "Don't you want to take off your hat?" You never see anybody look so queer as they did; they acted as if they thought Jonas and me was both crazy, and then they began to laugh as hard as they could.

Pretty soon a woman came up and shook hands with one of 'em and called her Miss. Jonas and me looked at each other. I was so thunder-struck I couldn't say anythin' at first, but as they got up to go I said, "Do you think them are girls, Jonas?" He said, "I spose they must be by that."

Just then one of 'em came up to the table again to get a bundle she had left. I was tryin' to reach the mustard that stood in the middle of the table, and she took it up and give it to me with a smile, so I see she was a nice kind of a girl after all; but I said to Jonas: "Ain't it a pity—what do you suppose George Washington would have said if he had seen Martha come in wearin' a coat and vest and a black silk neck-tie?"

GRACE BECKLEY, '94.

In the Attic.

A dainty high old-fashioned shoe,
Lined with satin through and through ;
And on the toe for mere adorning,
A buckle shines like rays of morning.
The heel is oh so slim and high
To whom could it support supply ?
Was it some maid of great grandmama's time
Dancing with Washington, then in his prime.
Perhaps it tripped in the quaint minuet
Or sped to meet "some one" o'er lawns dew wet.
Was she some lady dark-haired or fair,
Was she little or tall, come who will dare
To wager the lady was wondrous fair,
Eyes blue as flax 'neath her soft golden hair,
Sweet rose-bud mouth and a witching smile,
Dimples that played in bewildering style.
Or who shall say she was queenly and dark
Eyes like the night and a voice like the lark
So courteous to all with majestic grace
Not choosing the highest, but lowest place.
Or perhaps she was one with face of pride,
Great beauty and riches, and name beside
All making chary of pleasant ways,
Living aloof 'till the end of her days !
She might have been neither, so don't let 's guess —
But put the shoe back in great-grandmama's press.

FRANCES STEVENS '96.

Andover and the Poets.

“ Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view’d
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years,
Praise justly due to those that I describe.”

Not until the latter part of the eighteenth century, did English poets treat the subject of nature in and for itself. After the publication of Thomson’s *Seasons*, delight in descriptions of nature grew rapidly, until some of the most beautiful of the nineteenth century poems were inspired by pleasure in rural scenes. The descriptive parts of such poems are rendered even more effective, when the reader can supply from memory some pictures of familiar places ; for the places not only give point and power to the poetry, but are themselves glorified by the poet. Andover, with its hills, its fine prospects of the surrounding country, its glory of sunset, is peculiarly suggestive of poetic description.

First an Andover spring ! A lovely picture is before us, colored with every beauty and variety of tint, from the soft green of the fields to the sombre hue of the pines ; now are to be found the violet, dandelion, and all the other common little flowers which the poets have always loved. Here and there, like delicate flagee against the dark browns and purples of the branches is a profusion of fairy pink and white apple blossoms. What words can describe the effect of this exquisite veil of pink and white ?

“ From the moist meadow to the withered hill
Led by the breeze the vivid verdure runs ;
And swells and deepens to the cherished eye.

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And far diffused around,
One boundless blush, are white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms.”

This is from the old-fashioned poet, Thomson. Wearisome as we may think him, he certainly saw with the poet’s eye.

Spring is the time to enjoy beautiful walks, and in Andover

one has abundant opportunity. Abbot grove, close at hand, with its winding paths is a charming place for a stroll, and calls to mind Longfellow's lines.

"The denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move."

From the grove "With what delighted eyes
I turn to yonder oak,"

which, standing apart, spreads wide its gnarled branches. Tennyson's little poem on the "Oak," describes it as though written for it.

"Live thy Life
Young and old
Like yon oak
Bright in Spring,
Living gold;

Summer rich
Then; and then
Autumn changed,
Soberer-hued.
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fall'n at length,
Look he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength."

The old railroad, bordered with over-arching pine trees, and carpeted with thick layers of resinous pine needles, realizes one's ideal of the picturesque. When Longfellow says:

"You know full well these banks of bloom,
The uplands wavy hine,
And how the sunshine tips with fire
The needles of the pine,"

does it not seem as if he must have had this very spot in mind? This, too, pictures somewhat the beauty of the place.



Old Railroad.



“ Before me rose an avenue
 Of tall and sombrous pines,
 Abroad their fanlike branches grew,
 And when the sunlight darted through
 Spread vapor soft and blue
 In long and sloping lines.”

From that road over the hill which leads past the old red house where Governor Phillips once lived for a short time, there are beautiful views of the changing green of field and forest, and distant blue hills, broken by the darker line of intervening groves, against which gleams the tall white spire of a village church. Cowper is not as popular now as in the early part of the century, but with such an illustration we need not fear lest we find him dull.

“ How often upon yon eminence our pace
 Has slackened to a pause and we have borne
 The ruffling wind scarce conscious that it blew,
 While admiration, feeding at the eye,
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
 Hence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
 The distant plough slow moving, and beside
 His lab'ring team, that swerved not from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy,
 While far beyond the sloping land recedes into the cloud
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the list'ning ear.”

Not far beyond, looking towards Ballard Vale, is another beautiful view ; Wordsworth says of a similar scene :

“ Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door : and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up in silence from among the trees.”

In the first book of the Task are two very pretty descriptions of brooks, both of which find counterparts in Andover. The first a little brook crossing one of the roads to West Parish, falls in a succession of tiny cascades, finally disappearing in the grass. Here is Cowper's picture of one of those :

“ Rills that slip
Through the cleft rock and chiming as they fall
Upon the pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.”

The other crosses Phillips Street just below Abbot, and winds through the fields to a little pond. Its course is bordered by bending trees, willows that dip their branches in the water, and apple trees with gnarled and twisted trunks : a few mossy logs serve as bridges, and along its banks grow cowslips and violets.

“ Descending now (but cautious lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf in which the willows dip
Their pendant bows, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme,
We mount again and feel at every step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.”

One of the most entrancing of all Andover's beautiful views, is that to be seen from the Chapel cemetery, looking towards Lawrence. Here, surrounded by graves of many eminent men, one looks off into the blue distance with Manadnoc and Wau-chusett lifting high their hazy blue peaks. Near at hand, at the foot of a gentle slope, lies Rabbit's Pond, that “as with molten glass inlays the vale,” reflecting from its calm surface the bordering trees : “There dancing sunbeams on the water play, and verdant alders form a quivering shade.” At the right stands a grove, while far off, Lawrence, for once seems beautiful. Its tall chimneys and unsightly buildings at this distance add charm to the perfect scene. While no description can possibly do justice to the calm beauty of the spot, Pope's lines from “Windsor Forest” are not inappropriate : —

“ There in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shade.
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills extend.”

Haggets Pond, gleaming “thro' the black-stemmed pines,” is a most fascinating place. A clear sheet of water, with white sandy shores, holding on its broad bosom two little wooded is-

lands, it "rises from a silent sea of pines" which opens before the observer in long and lovely vistas.

"A quiet lake
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded shore
Whisper of peace and with the low winds make
Such harmonies as help the woods awake
And listening all night long for their sweet sake."

Although not strictly in Andover, North Andover pond is too lovely to be passed by without mention. The drive about it is one of indescribable beauty, and has been compared by many to the region which Scott has made famous.

Returning once more to Andover hill, who does not know and love the arch that crowns its summit? Extending in front of the Seminary buildings, it is bordered on either side by stately elm trees, whose intertwining branches meet above, forming a beautiful green canopy. Standing at the upper end, one looks down the long green avenue with its towering dark pillars on either side to the arched Gothic window, and through it to the blue hills and green fields beyond. Let us quote from Cowper again.

"How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checkered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind."

Beautiful as are these lines, they fail to describe the place. What poetry could? The fascination of the scene, the deep blue of the distance, seen through the fairy arch of green, must be felt and seen.

The Ouse has its Cowper, the Lake district its Wordsworth, the charms of Ayrshire have been sung by Burns, those of the Trosachs by Scott. Is it not strange that Andover scarcely less beautiful, has, with the exception of a few allusions in the poetry of Whittier and Mrs. Stowe, inspired no songs distinctly local?

HELEN JACKSON '95.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

EDITORIALS.

YOU AND I.

To '94.

Through the years of upward striving
Which have passed so quickly by,
Joyfully we've toiled together
You and I.

When the path looked steep and thorny
And our spirits seemed to sigh;
Or when duties brought but pleasures,
Side by side were
You and I.

In those months so full of blessings,
How the days did quickly fly!
We were seldom sad or weary
You and I.

In the future, strange, uncertain,
Ever in our thoughts will lie
Memories of those school-day hours,
Which we cherish
You and I.

'94.

THE daily newspaper is conceded to be a teacher of morals as well as to contain the religious, political and philanthropic questions of the times. This is an age of rapid progress. A person may work for years on some secret thought, but it will only take a day or two for the world to become acquainted with the startling discovery. How is this accomplished? It is through the newspaper. It may be admitted that some women are such "busy creatures" that only a little time can be found for reading. But they must not spend their entire leisure on books,

for women must be intelligent on the questions of "Eighteen Ninety-four." Too many women take it as a matter of course that the gentlemen of the family shall spend the breakfast time between the coffee cup and the newspaper, while they remain ignorant of "the latest news." Yet moderation is necessary in newspaper reading as in other matters. It is not the amount read, but the habit of reading carefully and thoughtfully the history of to-day.

This habit is valuable to school girls. It is easy to become absorbed in the daily studies and forget the outside world, with its religious, social and political questions. Girls are better conversationalists who accustom themselves to a daily perusal of the paper. They must cull from the news, making themselves familiar with the causes of a movement like the recent "Coxey's Army"; what the law-makers of Washington are doing; and the agitations of foreign nations. When all women feel it a part of the day's occupation to read intelligently the daily paper, then will come the sensible time when the "Woman's Corner," a frequently silly and worthless page, shall be done away with because women need no such inducements to read newspapers since they demand only important news.

"Go forth under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings."

What can be conceived of in this world of so much beauty and sunshine as more beautiful than an early May day in Andover?

One is on every hand surrounded by the gifts of Nature's God. Hills, valleys, woods and meadows teem with a new life. Below our feet is the velvety grass gay with dandelions. Around us are the trees, sending out with each day new leaves for a protection in the coming summer's heat. The apple trees are covered with the most beautiful pink and white blossoms imaginable. Among the branches of the trees can be seen the lately arrived birds singing their merry warbles from early morn till sunset, as though to tell all to be merry and rejoice in the spring-time,—the most beautiful season of the year. Above our heads is the clear blue sky with only a cloud now and then to mar its serenity. Think of what all this means to "Abbot Girls." We, who are not confined within prescribed walks, as the city boarding-school girl must be, but can just step out under the cool shade of "the grove" and then out on a hill dotted with blue violets, or rest us beneath the pines of the "Old Railroad Track."

June has come again. At this latter writing, May has gone and June has come. Over the low hills, in the west, is the "silvery haze that broods so gently" over Andover in the warm summer-

days. It is only another return of the summer-time—violets and anemones are passed and a wealth of roses have taken their place as in other years. But before their soft flush fades another company of students will have joined the honored ranks of Abbot Alumnae. To them *this* year has its particular individuality. For them the passing months have been overflowing with rare riches. Not only pleasure and friendship but profitable and interesting study have filled the hours.

Metaphysics, revealing the wonderful mysteries and powers of the God-given mind, have aroused earnest and strong purposes for the future. The wide range of Literature opened to us has led to keener appreciation of the world's noblest literary productions. Church history has given us knowledge of the struggles and triumphs of Christianity. The study of Art has made the lofty conceptions of the old painters, architects and sculptures to have a deeper meaning for us. Life has assumed a broader and more thoughtful phase, and the dependent, home-sick girl of the earlier school years goes forth a woman, equipped for life's work.

It is hard to part with these old associations. We feel grateful for *our* past and rejoice that the future Abbot girl has before her the privilege and beauty of the Abbot we have so loved.

Shakespeare has been unduly criticised for the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice." It has been suggested that nothing could be more absurd than the idea of a young man taking the place of a learned judge. But the objections to Portia's assumed character have been found groundless, as it was a custom of those times for law students from Padua to assist in the courts.

One of the later nineteenth century questions is, "Shall women study law?" With equal advantages woman is the intellectual equal of man. Leading colleges are now open to her, and she has every means of obtaining a broad education. But student days cannot last a life-time, and the young woman finally says farewell to all associations of her school years and returns home. A wealth of knowledge she brings with her, for school life has been a delightful plunge into the beauties of literature, philosophy, and science. But for the most part, this knowledge is general, and could well be supplemented by special courses of study, — as for example "law." One may say that she has no need of such knowledge in home life. This is a mistake. Woman, as well as man, should be intelligent concerning the laws of our country, and the laws which govern the rights of persons and property. A law course in any of our leading universities is to be commended. Both men and

women who do not intend to practice law may take advantage of the lectures in any of our great law schools. Many bring forward the theory that, pursuing such a course of study, a woman will lose the charm of her womanhood. But they need never fear that a legal education will spoil a woman for the duties of home-life, for the best house-keepers, the wisest home rulers, the most sympathetic wives and loving mothers are those who touch the world on many sides. But suppose this study of law should lead some to join the ranks of the legal profession? Whether the "modern Portia" would be received as kindly by her legal brothers as was the Portia of old, is an open question. Since the state laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Washington, and Wisconsin do not shut the doors of legal practice to women, there is no reason why she should not be admitted to the bar, provided she is willing to bend her energies to that end. We do not advise the exchange of the home for the courtroom, but we do advocate that the study of law is of importance. The mental discipline in such a course is great, and tends to make the mind reasonable, consistent, and well balanced in its conclusions.

We are pleased to receive the following exchanges:

The Lombard Review; The College Life; Vox Studentum; The Wabash; The Punchard Ensign; The Phenix; The Mount Holyoke; Aggie Life; The Pioneer; The Adelpian; The Colby Academy Voice; The Phillipian; The Phillips Andover Mirror.

The advantages of a school magazine are great. One of its main objects is the promotion of literary interest in the institution. It should carry a message to the old pupils so widely scattered and busy with life's cares. Old students eagerly watch for one word from the dear old school, so that to them the pages of personals are of special interest. Idly the book falls to the lap, and the mind wanders back to days full of earlier ambitions, friendships and hopes, "when life's skies were all aglow." Perhaps with a sigh the reader returns to the present, but all the better and braver for the little bit of memory aroused by the old school journal.

SCHOOL NOTES.

"The JANUARY meeting of the Abbot Academy Club was held Saturday, the twelfth, at the Parker House. Mrs. Laura Wentworth

Fowler in the chair. After the business meeting and the lunch, the following interesting programme was carried out: Mrs. Lucia Trevitt Auryansen, '86, of Newtonville read a paper entitled "A Modern Shylock." Mrs. Alice Merriam Moore, '74, of Washington, D. C., who has written extensively for the press, sent a charming paper which was read by Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell of Worcester, also of '74. Music was furnished by Miss Charlotte Odell, '92, and Miss Jennie Lanphear, '86, both of Beverly, and Miss Adeline Perry, '90, of Boston."—*Cutting*.

The FEBRUARY meeting of the New England Abbot Academy Club at the Parker House, was one of the most enjoyable of the season. "The members of the 'Abbot Academy Alumnae Association' were invited to meet with the club, and they came in large numbers from the East and West, until the large reception hall was filled to overflowing. After the usual business meeting the merry party sat at lunch tables, prettily decorated with ferns and carnations. The principal attraction of the afternoon exercises was the readings of Prof. J. W. Churchill of Andover. Seeing before him so many of his former pupils, during his years as professor of elocution at Abbot Academy, he prefaced his readings with reminiscences of Abbot Academy days, which were heartily enjoyed. He then read in his inimitable way "Dr. Marigold's Prescription," "Sister Helen," and "No. 5 Collick Street." The programme closed with two songs by Miss Alena Emerson, a recent graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music."—*Cutting*.

In her speech of welcome to the Trustees and "Alumnae Association," Mrs. Fowler, after expressing regret that the president of the "Alumnae Association," Miss E. A. Means, was unable to be present, said that the Abbot Club and the "Alumnae Association" each have a mission — both exist in the interest of Abbot. She expressed the wish that those present might be members of both clubs.

The Abbot Club has made the bond still stronger between the older Abbot daughters, who are doing life's work, and the younger, who are still in preparation for active service. It has, also, been a happy meeting place for "old scholars," who, from month to month, have renewed the dear friendships of school-days.

The MARCH meeting of the Abbot Academy Club was held Saturday, the third, at the Parker House. At the invitation of the Club, the Senior class furnished the literary entertainment, and the following programme was carried out:

OUR ARCHITECTURAL LEGACIES.—From Earliest Times, *Miss*

Dewey; From Assyria, *Miss Cushing*; From Egypt, *Miss Strout*; From Greece, *Miss Robinson*; From Rome, *Miss Beckley*; From Basilicas, *Miss Lees*; From Catacombs, *Miss Stone*; From "Symbolism," *Miss Green*; From Mosaics, *Miss Marshall*; From Mohammedans, *Miss Hayes*; From "The Dark Ages," *Miss Barber*; From Gothic Art, *Miss Calhoun*; Evolution of the Pillar, *Miss Baldwin*; Evolution of the Arch, *Miss Bosher*; Architecture of To-day, *Miss Sanborn*; Architecture of the Future, *Miss Dunn*. Music by *Miss Dewey* and *Miss Emerson*.

The last meeting of the Abbot Club was a large and brilliant one, as the "New England Woman's Press Association" united with the Club. Many distinguished guests were present, including the governor.

A bright and joyous company assembled in the drawing-rooms of Draper Hall on the evening of February 22. The McKen rooms and Senior parlor were opened, and Miss Watson, assisted by George and Mary Washington, received the many honored guests, among whom we may mention Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Lord and Lady Percy, Patrick Henry, Colonel Marion, John Smith, Miles Standish, John and Priscilla Alden, and many Puritan maidens. Our most aged guest was the grandmother of General Washington, who entertained the young people with many interesting anecdotes concerning her grandson's boyhood.

At half-past eight the party, with powdered wigs and rich costumes, presented a magnificent appearance as it wound through the halls to the dining-room, where some tableaux were enjoyed. The Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773, was first revealed, followed by a contrasting modern "afternoon tea." John Alden and Priscilla posed by the spinning-wheel; John Smith was rescued by Pocahontas; and George Washington kissed the little girl who mended his glove, while Mrs. Downs read her spirited verses on the visit of Gen. Washington to Andover, which we by permission print.

"Thronged were the streets of Andover town,
On that morning of long ago,
And swift was the galloping up and down,
And the hurrying to and fro.
The judge was there in his stately wig,
The parson in rustling gown;
And the parish doctor, in bran new rig,
'Huzzaed' for the brave old town,

Huzza! Huzza! There's the tattered flag
We carried at Bunker Hill.
How the old eyes shine, and the old heads wag,
As over the distant hill,
With drum and fife, and in brave array,
The scholars of Phillips School
Escorted the veterans, old and gray,
Who had shaken the British rule.

At last in the eastward, a dusty cloud,
A sound as of horses' feet;
They never moved and they spoke not loud,
But they heard their own hearts beat;
Then a forward rush, and a mighty cheer,
And a boom of the Yorktown gun,
As across the plain to their old eyes clear
Rode their General — Washington.

He was tall of figure, and grand of face,
With an eye that was deep and blue,
And mien which told that he came from race
Who to freedom and God were true.
They rent the air with their joyful shout,
With their cries of 'Welcome! Hail!'
He had cheered them often in storm and rout,
Unchnaged when their cheeks were pale.

They pressed up close to his bridle rein;
They touched his extended hand.
He had shared their hunger, their cold, their pain,
And the strife of their anguished land.
His homeliest wishes for shelter and food
They served with the tenderest care;
The wise and the simple, the gentle and rude,
All gave to his welcome a share.

But they served him not upon bended knee,
As surfs did their lords of yore;
They gave him homage from men who were free,
And love from their heart's deep core.
That he praised our town we nowhere read,
Though he called Pentucket fair,
And he never said that in word or deed
He thought we were rich or rare.

But he left a token of favoring grace
To a maiden of Andover town,
A maid who came from an ancient race
And a name of great renown.
The honored guest in her father's inn,
He was turning to leave the door,
When he found in his riding glove of tan
A rent unseen before.
A little surprised he caught her smile,
"You knew it, I think," he said.
"That you will mend it I'm almost sure
For you have needle and thread."
He drew it then from his shapely hand
And watched, as with stitches neat
She fastened together the loosened seam,
Her fingers slender and fleet.
Her task well finished, a minute she paused,
Then handed it, courtesying low.
But, bowing and smiling, he left a kiss
On her mantling cheek and brow,
Then with flag and drum, he was swept away
To the mansion on the hill,
And they laughed at the maiden for many a day,
Because she was grave and still.
'Tis a pleasant tale and a century now
Since the courtly kiss was given;
The maid and the chief in their graves sleep low,
Their souls we trust are in Heaven.
Nothing I know of the maiden's life
If she had husband or son.
What matters its joy, its peace, its strife,
She was kissed by Washington!"

Following the reading of this charming poem eight Colonial maidens danced the stately minuet. Some of the guests who attracted the most attention were a company of American Indians, who had not come so much in contact with civilization as to lose the charm of the children of the forest.

Served with refreshments was ice-cream—the gift of Mr. Tyer, a Trustee, and the delicious oranges were from Mr. Draper's Florida orange grove. The gift of these oranges is only one of the many ways in which Mr. and Mrs. Draper remember Abbot girls.

ABBOT ACADEMY BENEFIT.

The scenes from Kenilworth, and the studies from Greek and Roman sculpture given at Abbot Academy Hall, last Friday evening, made up a very unique as well as delightful entertainment.

Originating in the wish of the Senior Class to substantially increase the funds of the Academy, it was rendered possible on the scale proposed; only through the cordial assistance of the Faculty, and of several interested outside friends. The program given below, as dainty in execution as artistic in conception, was arranged by Miss Ingalls of the Literature Department and Miss Durfee, teacher of Elocution. Both these ladies, with their well-known enthusiasm and interest in whatever is good and beautiful in literature and art, gave unsparingly of their time and strength, and the result must have been as gratifying to them as to the audience who showed their satisfaction by hearty and continued applause.

MUSIC.

PIANO. Romanze — Piu mosso, con dolore.

Scherzo, Fantasie in Sonata form,

Suran

MISSSES EMERSON AND CARLETON.

Ballad, Cumnor Hall,

MISS MARSHALL.

SCENES FROM KENILWORTH.

SCENE I. Cumnor Place. Meeting between the Countess and Earl of Leicester.

SCENE II. Cumnor Place. Varney's attempt upon the life of Amy, Countess of Leicester.

SCENE III. Garden at Kenilworth Castle. Meeting between Queen Elizabeth and Countess of Leicester.

SCENE IV. Great Hall of the Castle. The Queen's anger at Leicester's marriage.

CAST.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, Miss Dunn

COUNTRESS OF LEICESTER, . . . Miss Baldwin

EARL OF LEICESTER, . . . Miss Dewey

MAIDS OF HONOR, . . Miss Barber, Miss Greene

LADIES OF THE COURT,

Misses Beckley, Marshall, Lees, Stone, Strout

JANET, MAID OF THE COUNTRESS, . . Miss Stone.

LORDS AND GENTLEMEN.

BURLEIGH,	Miss Bosher
SHREWESBURY,	Miss Cushing
HUNSDON,	Miss Hayes
VARNEY,	Miss Sanborn
TRESSILIAN,	Miss Robinson
ANTHONY FOSTER,	Miss Strout
PAGE,	Miss Calhoun.

STUDIES FROM GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

Part I.

- I. Dance of the Muses.
- II. Frieze—Chain Dance.
- III. { Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes.
The Hours.
The Fates.
- IV. Scene from the Battle of the Amazons.
- V. Death of Virginia.

Part II.

- I. Toilet of the Bride. From a painting at Herculaneum.
- II. Tribute to the Minotaur.
- III. Bacchus and Bacchantes.
- IV. Sacrifice of Iphigenia.
- V. Night and the Fates.

Panathenæan Procession.

Home Scene from the Greeks.

At the hour named the curtain parted on each side and showed Miss Marshall beautifully dressed in the white silk and golden garniture which befitted one of Queen Elizabeth's court ladies.

Bowing gracefully she recited simply and sweetly, the quaint old ballad of Cumnor Hall. It is of great interest to all who prize Kenilworth, and love Sir Walter Scott, for he tells us himself that it was the germ of the great novel. It was likewise a very happy idea to have it recited at the beginning of the entertainment, for it gave the key-note to the whole situation.

Then the curtains were drawn wider, and we saw Amy Robsart in the hands of her tiring woman, Janet Foster, preparing for a visit from her lord and husband, the great Earl of Leicester. As Scott describes her, in the magnificent rooms decorated for her by her doting although heartless lover, "You might have searched sea and land with-

out finding anything half so expressive, or half so lovely." Her wreath of brilliants, her milk-white pearls, and her superb green satin gown, taken in connection with her unusual beauty, made her an almost perfect contrast to her precise, sadly-attired but attractive and affectionate maid, Janet Foster. Then when Leicester in all the splendor of a belted Earl illumines the dusky apartment, how fascinating the love with which she greets him and how charming the scene in which she makes him go over the names and titles which arise from the jewelled orders sparkling on his breast.

It is a charming picture when one reads it, how much more charming when one sees, and we cannot help wondering if Tennyson did not have it in mind when in Becket he makes fair Rosamond nestle closer to Henry II, and count over his splendors in the same fashion.

Next, the poison scene, where Anthony Foster signally fails and the rascally Varney signally succeeds in making the wretched Amy drink what all but Janet suppose to be a deadly draught. She, wise maiden that she is, has already administered an antidote, and urges flight on the luckless Amy. Both Varney and Anthony Foster were capitally made up and did their parts well and effectively.

The famous garden scene where Queen Elizabeth discovers the shrinking Amy habited as a nymph, and hiding behind shrubs and statuary was, without doubt, the most beautifully set of any in the play: so numerous were the tall plants and flowers, so artistically managed the lights and carefully calculated space, that real and unreal lost their meaning, and for a little, passion and grief had their own way.

This scene, in addition to the spectacular effect, was beautifully introduced by animated and stirring music telling of mirth and revelry outside, but which gradually changed to a love song, as Queen Elizabeth, a fine, strong figure in her magnificent royal robes, entered with Leicester. Queen and subject; dress and gesture proclaim them: but maid and lover as well, although it was evident from the beginning that while her proud heart would fain yield to his suit, her sagacious Tudor head knows full well that neither love nor marriage accords with her settled plan.

The handsome, impassioned Leicester pleads his cause bravely, but she dismisses him, and walks backwards and forwards thinking over the situation, if not with regret, yet with a tender pathos that makes her not only grand as a queen, but interesting as a woman. Just here she discovers Amy, and the interview between them when one is half distraught and the other with all the hot blood of her race on fire was spiritedly acted. The minor characters here, Shrewesbury, with his

shrewd, cool consciousness of the Tudor caprices and the Tudor repentance, rough cousin of Hunsdon who always said his say to his kinswoman, Queen of England though she was, and the curious Court ladies whom the Queen, with characteristic littleness, delighted to baffle, were all picturesque and beautiful.

In the great hall of Kenilworth Castle, with the Queen in her splendid chair of state, with Leicester a disgraced, suppliant before her, with Tressilian eloquently telling the sad and shameful story on his bended knee, and with music of a tragical, dramatic character filling our ears, the drama culminated.

Elizabeth's rage, violent, ungovernable as ever was that of her father, yielded to Lord Burleigh's noble yet tender, almost paternal, "Madam, remember that you are a Queen — Queen of England — mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion." The reverence for Elizabeth as a queen, the respect for her as the possessor of a mighty intellect, and sympathy for her as a woman outraged in her inmost sensibilities, came out finely in these and the subsequent words, all too few for our admiring ears, which composed the part of Lord Burleigh.

With another burst of tragic music, the curtain falls upon a tableaux where all the characters, noticeable among whom were the lovely maids of honor and the piquant little page grouped about the majestic figure of their sovereign. Upon the urgent demand of the audience this tableaux was shown again, and appeared even more beautiful the second time than the first.

After an intermission, which the audience passed in well deserved praise of actors and accessories, the exquisite figures and scenes from antique art filled the stage. Rhythmical in their movements, graceful in their attitudes, and grand in their simplicity, they affect the beholder as no other spectacle ever does, or ever can.

Between the second and third scenes of the Kenilworth drama, Miss Emerson and Miss Carleton played two movements from a Fantasia in Sonata form by Saran. That its delicate beauty, and the crisp, intelligent manner in which it was executed was appreciated, was proved by the manner in which the audience listened and applauded.

As was hinted in the beginning, in this their most successful undertaking, the class of '94 were generously aided, not only by the Faculty but by many outside friends. First, thanks are due the school and public for the liberal patronage which enabled the class to hire their beautiful costumes and some of the stage settings. Second, the kindness and liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Ripley and Mr. and Mrs. Tyer in lending

so great a number of costly and lovely plants, and in permitting the valuable and skillful services of their gardeners, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Langlands, are gratefully recognized. Neither should thanks be omitted to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Langlands themselves, for the interest, the consideration, and the effectiveness of their assistance. Through Mr. Peter D. Smith, the Lodge of Free Masons in Andover gave the use of the handsome chair which made so fine a royal throne for the stately Elizabeth. The Masons also lent their swords to figure in the pageant.

The manager of the Andover Press, not only by his taste and personal supervision rendered the program tasteful and artistic, but by his large and generous discount made it possible to have such a program at all, and Mr. Carrow of Lawrence lent the luxurious fur robes and rugs which added so much to the richness of throne and floor. To both these gentlemen and to all others who in word and act encouraged and helped, the Class of Abbot Academy, 1894, extend their cordial and hearty acknowledgements and assurance that their kindness and sympathy will never be forgotten.

A. S. D. IN TOWNSMAN.

Through the kind invitation of Phillips Academy, the Abbot girls had the pleasure of witnessing the Athletic Tournament and the Yale Freshmen-Andover base-ball game. Congratulations to the winners in the Tournament and also to the base-ball team for its efficient work on the "diamond."

Through the kindness of Prof. Bancroft, many of the Abbot girls listened to an interesting stereopticon lecture by Prof. Moore on "The Acropolis," at Phillips Academy, and later to the lecture by Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, on "Athletics."

The inviting resting place "on the way up stairs," at Draper Hall, is now made more attractive than ever by the present from the Class of '94, of dainty silk curtains for the window, and elegant leather cushions for the long hard-wood window seat. The cushions were made at Paine's, in Boston, and the leather was selected with reference to its harmony in coloring with the rich red of the mahogany clock and table which furnish the landing. All constantly enjoy the beautiful palm which, through Mr. Ripley's kindness, made summer for us, on this stairway, long before the snow was gone.

Patrick, having faithfully served Abbot for twenty years, has severed his connection with the school, and we wish him great success in his new duties.

The school feels very rich in the late gift of Prof. Park to the Jackson Memorial Library of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times," in three volumes, by the Earl of Shaftsbury. The volumes formerly belonged to the library of Hon. John Bailey, a member of the United States Congress, and the intimate friend, as well as assistant secretary of John Quincy Adams.

Miss Watson has recently been elected President of the Boston Mt. Holyoke Alumnae Association. During the few years of its existence this branch of the Mt. Holyoke Alumnae Association has, through contributions and solicited donations, presented more than twelve thousand dollars to its Alma Mater.

The annual Abbot Academy Recitals, under the direction of Prof. S. M. Downs, were greatly enjoyed by all. The first of the series was a "Lecture Recital" by Mr. Louis C. Elson, in the November Club House, Thursday, March 8th. The following programme was charmingly rendered :

SEVEN CENTURIES OF ENGLISH SONG

PROGRAMME.

EARLY ENGLISH :

The Maid of Islington, *Traditional.*

The Jew's Daughter — Composed A.D. 1255.

The 44th Psalm — From an old English Missal of the 12th century.

"Summer is icumen in" — From a manuscript, "Six Men's Song," in the British Museum (copied.)

ELIZABETHAN EPOCH :

"Since First I Saw Your Face," *Ford.*
The original late arrangement.

Sellinger's Round —

Virginal piece, with original harmonies by Byrd.

My Little Pretty One, *Traditional.*

REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH :

"When the King Enjoys His Own Again," — Cavalier's Song.

"Come, Honest Sexton, Take Thy Spade."

"In the Black Dismal Dungeon of Dispair."

Puritan music from the "Harmonica Sacra." — a rare edition of music.

CHARLES II AND THE RESTORATION :

Past Three O'Clock — Old London Street Song.

"When Strephon Found His Passion Vain," . . . *Purcell.*

From a rare work published by Playford, 1683.

LATER ENGLISH FOLK SONGS:

Sally in Our Alley, *Carey.*

And many others.

The second recital by Mr. F. B. Busoni was a rare treat to all music lovers. The programme was as follows:—

BACH BUSONI, *Chaconne.*SCHUBERT, *Fantasie op 15.*CHOPIN, *Nocturne.*CHOPIN, *Impromptu.*CHOPIN, *Barcarolle.*SCHUMANN, *Variations op 1.*WEBER, *Rondo op 24.*LISZT, *Rigoletto.*LISZT, *Polonaise E. major.*

The third and last of the series was a vocal recital by Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich:

PROGRAMME.

Nacht Stück (Night Song)	} <i>Schubert.</i>
Faith in Spring (Fruehlingsglaube)		
Die Forelle (The Trout)		
Der Erl Koenig (Erl King) by request.		

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

O wert thou in the cold blast.	} <i>Rob Franz.</i>
Mother, O sing me to rest.		
Schlummerlied, (Slumber song.)		
Das Bienchen (The little Bee.)		

MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

TWO DUETS:	} <i>Goring Thomas.</i>
(a) Night Hymn at Sea.		
(b) Amour villageoise.		

MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

Where'er you walk (by request) <i>Haendel.</i>
Allah, <i>Chadwick.</i>
I'm wearing awa' <i>Foot.</i>
Spring Song, <i>Mackenzie.</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

The Dandelion. I. II. *Chadwick.*
 My mother bids me bind my hair, *Haydn.*
 Loreley, *Liszt.*

MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

TWO DUETS FROM THE MAGIC FLUTE. *Mozart.*

(a) Love Duet.

(b) Papageno, Papagena.

MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

A musical was given by the pupils of Prof. S. M. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society of Abbot Academy, June 8th. The fine program was rendered, if possible, more clearly, brilliantly, and sympathetically than were the programs of previous musicals, delightful as their memory still remains.

PART FIRST.

CHORUS: Approach of Spring. *N. W. Gade.*

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

(*Four-hand accompaniment Misses Emerson and Carlton*)

PIANO: (a) Romanza F. Sharp major.

(b) Novellette F. major. *Schumann.*

MISS CARLETON.

PART SONG: "I would that my love." *Mendelssohn.*

MISSSES DEWEY, SOMERS, RUSSELL, BLAISDELL, FOSTER,

PURINGTON, EATON, MABELLE P. CLARK.

PIANO: Village Festival. *Godard.*

MISSSES EATON AND GEORGE, MABELLE

P. CLARK AND KENT.

PART SONG: The Song of the Triton. *Molloy.*

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

PART SECOND,

PIANO: Scherzo, (for two pianos,) *Xavier Scharwenka.*

MISSSES CARLETON AND EMERSON.

SONG: Roses, *C. C. Gow.*

MISS DEWEY.

PIANO: Polonaise, op. 22, *Chopin.*

(Orchestral part on second piano.)

MISS EMERSON.

PIANO: Finale from Etudes symphoniques, *Schumann.*

MISSSES EMERSON AND CARLETON, RUSSELL

AND SMART.

CHORUS: Gipsy Life, *Schumann.*

SOLOS: MISSSES BLAISDELL, DEWEY AND

PURINGTON.

The Annual Abbot Academy Reading will take place June 18. The following programme will be rendered :

Virginia of Virginia, *Amelie Rives.*

EMMA EDITH SCHOONMAKER, Plainfield, N. J.

The Story of Patsy, *Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

MARION STRONG SOMERS, Boston, Mass.

The First Quarrel, *Tennyson.*

MARY GLENN CROSLEY, Dayton, Ohio.

The Revolt of Mother, *Mary E. Wilkins.*

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH HOLT, Andover, Mass.

Misunderstood, *Florence Montgomery.*

KATHERINE HAMILTON LAHM, Canton, Ohio.

The Baby at Rudder Grange, *Frank R. Stockton.*

MARJORY CLARK, La Porte, Ind.

The Story of a Short Life, *Ewing.*

GRACE NORTON, Northfield, Minn.

HORACE GREELY'S RIDE, *A. Ward.*

GRACE MARGARET WHITTEMORE, Andover, Mass.

Through the kindness of the Latin department of Harvard University, six of our number had the pleasure of attending the dress rehearsal of the Latin play given in Sander's Theatre, Cambridge, April 19th, 20th and 21st. Some time beforehand, the advanced Latin students, Misses Calhoun, Dewey and Stone, '94, Miss Haldeman of the classical course, '95, and Misses Fletcher and Hutchison, instructors in the classics, received tickets which read :

"DIE XVIII APRILIS

AGETUR

TERENTI PHORMIO,

HORA POST MERIDIEM VIII.

Spectatum Admittatur Quisquis Hanc Terseram Exhibuerit."

"Phormios" were at once procured, interest in Latin received a fresh revival, the language was no longer considered an end unto itself, and Latin comedy as represented by Terence became a popular theme of conversation.

The readers of the Courant have already become acquainted with the way in which the Latin department of Harvard, true to the ancient cus-

tom, celebrated the victory of Concord by bringing the ripe fruits of their labors in their own field of study as their tribute

"Intrepidis olim qui stabant, agmen agreste,
Gramineo campo, ponticulore rudi."

The history and story of the *Phormio*, presented first 2055 years ago at Rome, and its representation at Cambridge: the great difficulties to be overcome in reproducing a comedy in a dead language and making it living to the audience—in a verse, too, whose structure is on an entirely different basis from that of our own—the account of their struggles and trials at rehearsals: the structure of the stage, of the costumes, and even the wigs; the marvelous success of the whole undertaking, and the unanimous approval of the dozens of college presidents, professors, and other notable scholars who graced the occasion, have all been brought before the public. With the majority, perhaps, of academy students, the Abbot girl's knowledge of the sound of Latin verse, I dare say, was heretofore associated mostly with the long rules of prosody, and the expressionless efforts of beginners in the class room. So what cannot be described was the impression she received when the curtain fell, and on a Greek stage, and in a Grecian dress, the laurel-wreathed Cantor, in a melodious voice and apparently without an appreciation of the difficulties of Latin scansion, pronounced Prof. Greenough's prologue beginning with the words, "*Quod omnibus bonum felix faustum siet.*"

But the strangeness, and beauty, and exquisite blending of tint and tone, and movement increased when the flute players, in costumes of harmonious tints of yellow, appeared—the disappointment of the evening was that they only appeared—and with exceeding grace of movement produced, or seemed to, the mellow and sweet-toned music of Prof. Allen's, so suggestive, as one thought, of Roman melodies. That, though, which gave the great beauty to the whole was the Latin language itself, as spoken to this music, its full, rich and clear tones brought out by well-trained voices. These were the externalities. Of course the audience, composed almost entirely of students of Latin, followed the action and thought of the play itself,—though our delegation felt somewhat disgraced by one of the number following with her finger down the left instead of the right-hand page of Prof. Morgan's libretto of *Phormio*.

When the cantor had pronounced the "*Vos valet et plaudite,*" when the curtain rose, and all was over, the impression produced was that of having listened to an ancient play in an ancient land. This was to be expected, as, of course, necessary to success. But the laborious work

in strictly accurate, classical details of presenting a Greek comedy, in the Latin tongue, by American students. those who merely witnessed the presentation can only imagine.

The Devotional Half-Hour with which school exercises are opened, is devoted to the following subjects : —

Monday : Bible classes.

Tuesday : Remarks from Miss Watson on religious topics especially helpful in daily school life.

Thursday : "Praise service," under musical leadership of Prof. S. M. Downs.

Friday : Missionary reports from home and foreign fields.

During our four years' course an outline of Old and New Testament history is studied. The morning talks give new impetus to noble Christian living, and make the common duties of school-life become royal privileges for King's Daughters. The hymns sung will never be forgotten, for they are truly songs of praise. Abbot is so blessedly rich in missionary alumnae that we feel a personal interest in many of the most distant fields, and by the cheerful and courageous letters we have heard from Abbot workers and from others like them, our hearts, too, have been stirred to work "In His Name."

The long-established Saturday evening prayer-meetings are continued as usual, conducted by some member of the faculty, a clergyman from the town, or by a member of the "Christian Workers." Also we have had interesting and helpful talks from representatives of both home and foreign missions.

Captain Benjamin spoke to us on Saturday evening, January twenty-seventh, about the work of the Salvation Army in Boston. Many of us never before realized what this great philanthropic movement has done and is doing for the poor of our large cities. Perhaps we even scorned it, and regarded its leaders and followers as fanatics, but our injustice was due to ignorance. There is a certain majestic charm about some persons, and this is possessed in no small degree by Captain Benjamin. She held our undivided attention from the instant she commenced to tell an intensely interesting story of Salvation Army life, until its very end. We no longer look down upon black poke bonnets and red striped gingham aprons, but love and respect them for this noble woman's sake. We felt that night, a few of us for the first time, that our lives are narrow and selfish, for Captain Benjamin had awakened what good was in us, and, quite unconsciously, had contrasted our school-girl souls with her pure, beautiful one.

Later in the term Mr. Grey of South Dakota, set before us the needs of Yankton College. We were glad to welcome Mr. Shipman of the Old South Church, and Mr. Wilson of the Free Church.

Mr. Eddy, a former graduate of Phillips Academy, succeeded in arousing no small amount of interest in the Student Volunteer Movement. The outgrowth of this enthusiastic talk led to the sending of Miss Merrill and Miss Beckley by the school, as delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention held in Detroit. This was the second convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, the first being held in Cleveland three years ago. About thirteen hundred young men and women were present, as delegates from the schools and colleges of the United States and Canada, it being the largest student convention ever held. The convention was addressed by eminent missionaries from the foreign fields, among them J. Hudson Taylor. A deep spirit of earnestness marked the whole convention, and inspired all those who attended. That the interest in this movement is deepening is shown by the increased numbers of students who attended this year, and also by the number who are pledging themselves as missionaries. The Abbot delegates were most hospitably entertained at the home of the Misses Beal (former pupils of Abbot,) which greatly added to the pleasure of their trip.

At the opening of the spring term Miss Hamlin gave us an interesting account of the missionary work in Wellesley College, and later in the term Miss Zehring of the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A. spoke of the great work of that society. The next Sunday evening at the invitation of the "Christian Workers," Miss Zehring addressed a small company of eager listeners gathered in the reading-room, and in a most entertaining way told of the inspiring influence of the Northfield Conferences.

In appreciation of Miss Merrill's faithful service of sixteen years, the trustees have granted her a year's absence for rest and intellectual pursuits. She will spend most of this time in France in associations which must be congenial to one who has so thoroughly the language and literature of the country. All of us wish her a happy year and a happy return when her vacation is over. Miss Kelsey will be the head of the Smith Hall family during Miss Merrill's absence.

It is with sincerest regret that we hear that Miss Katharine I. Hutchison, our efficient Greek teacher, has resigned. Miss Hutchison hopes to spend the coming year in the study of Philosophy, which she has already made a specialty. Our affectionate regard and very best

wishes go with her. Miss Wallace, a Vassar graduate, will teach the Greek classes next year.

Owing to Miss Merrill's absence, Miss Elizabeth Thayer, of Lexington, will have charge of the department of French. Miss Thayer has spent the past year in France, and will remain there, pursuing her linguistic studies, until the latter part of the summer.

We are glad to hear that Miss Crocker who has been working so steadily in the Library this past year, is going to have, for a time, an entire rest from cataloguing. She expects to sail for Europe, June 27th, and we congratulate her that Alice Fleck is also to be of the party.

Miss McKeen was "At Home" to her large circle of Andover friends, Wednesday afternoon, May 16th. "Sunset Lodge," which so often throws open its hospitable doors, looked more lovely than ever midst its beautiful decorations of flowers and ferns, and its throng of guests. "How delightful Miss McKeen's home is!" was the general exclamation as guests passed through the drawing-rooms, whose every object is crowded with associations. Miss McKeen, graceful, sincere, kindly as ever, received with her niece, Mrs. Duren, and Miss Phebe's beautiful and speaking face gave her own smile of welcome. Thence, visitors passed into the little sewing-room, upon whose walls hung the laughing, dimpled faces of countless Abbot grandchildren. The dining-room again re-echoed with the merry hum of Abbot girls recalling old days of class suppers and delightful festivities, for thus Abbot Academy was generously represented, some of the teachers presiding now and then at the table, and young ladies from the senior class gracefully serving refreshments. The library was another attractive spot, while any, so inclined, could take a pleasant ramble in Abbot grove. The weather was all that it should be in May, and helped to make the occasion one singularly happy and memorable.

In the death of Mrs. Phoebe Chandler, of Andover, another of the famous "first day scholars," has been called from earth. Those who have followed the history of Abbot Academy through its two generations know that Mrs. Chandler's love for the school and loyalty to its interests never ceased. Her crowning remembrance was a legacy of five thousand dollars toward the fund for the new school building. How this gift strengthens our courage and stimulates us to effort can be understood only by those who know our needs and share our longings.

"The students of Abbot Academy never allow themselves to forget the pressing need of a new school building, and their determination to have one, even if they must build it themselves, never weakens. Stimulated to new courage by the magnificent legacy of the late Mrs. Chandler, they have aroused to new efforts and larger offerings. A students' mass meeting, held last Tuesday morning, in which many enthusiastic and persuasive speeches were made, resulted in a subscription amounting to \$660, to be paid to the treasurer of Abbot Academy before October 1st. We should find it hard to believe that a more appreciative, grateful, and generous body of students exists in any institution in the broad land."—*Townsmen, June 8th.*

Extracts from the will of John Cornell, late of Andover :

"To the Trustees of Abbot Academy in said Andover, and their successors in office, three thousand dollars, in trust, the income therefrom to be used for the education of young women of limited means residing in said Andover, who may be recommended therefor by the Board of School Committee of said Andover, said fund to be known as the John Cornell Scholarship Fund."

That quaint old face, encased in the long discarded style of head-dress, now looking out from the north wall of the assembly room of Abbot Hall, doubtless gives a very dim sense of reality or life to the Abbot girl of the present day. It had a very different look to the rarely favored girls of that generation, who were privileged to belong to the school in the early years of its existence, when its founder, Mrs. Abbot, was a living presence in Andover, occupying the old dwelling on the Hill more recently occupied by Dr. Jackson's family, and later still by Prof. Hincks. It was said her generous impulse to help others to better educational advantages arose from her own felt want. One of those old girls recalls with pleasure the delight she and her best friend once shared in accepting an invitation there to a 5 o'clock tea, none the less enjoyable because they were the only favored ones. That cosey south room with its little round table spread with (even for that date) old-style china and silver tea set are well remembered, as also the delicious flavor of the eatables, especially the contents of the cunning custard cups (which I fear we covet). No modern caterer need ever hope to give more perfect satisfaction. In the table talk nothing brilliant was attempted, but a line of thought on every-day topics left a wholesome impression with us of the importance of a faithful discharge of present duties.

"Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
It is the way the Master went."

A German play, a German picnic, or a German reception is always the signal for a good time, and one of the most charming occasions of the winter was the Deutscher Empfang of March twenty-first, given by the German department to the members of the school and a few friends. Old Abbot Hall was gay with hangings. Number 1 was the cosiest little parlor imaginable, and Fräulein Schiefferdecker and her assistants, Miss Gertrude Miller and Miss Helen Jackson the most hospitable hostesses.

The program, promising every variety of entertainment, read as follows :

MUSIK.

Violine Solos.

- (a) CAVATINA, Raff, . . . (b) GAVOTTE, Popper.
Frl. True.

MEISTERSCHAFT.

In drei Aufzügen.

MR. STEPHENSON,	Frl. Allen.
GEORGE FRANKLIN,	Frl. Clark.
WILLIAM JACKSON,	Frl. Haldeman.
MARGARET STEPHENSON,	Frl. Mathews.
ANNIE STEPHENSON,	Frl. Archer.
MRS. BLUMENTHAL, die WIRTHIN,	Frl. Eaton.
GRETCHEN KELLNERIN,	Frl. Kline.

BANJO CLUB.

- "GALOP," Stearns.

SCHATTENBILDER.

- (a) DIE KAFFEE-SCHWESTER.
(b) THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- (c) DOKTOR EISENBART.
(d) THE ABBOT GIRL.

GLEE CLUB.

- "SOFT WINDS ARE BLOWING," . . . Weber.
"SONG OF THE TRITON," Molloy.

After Miss True's spirited "violine solos," the curtains parted, and we saw the first scene of Mark Twain's "Meisterschaft." It was a charming, luxurious interior, revealing the edifying spectacle of a daintily-attired young maiden studying phrases from "Meisterschaft." She is soon joined by her lively sister who makes the startling announcement that certain friends, "Will and George," are in the same village and under the same ban as themselves,—to see no one unless "they

hear and speak German and German only." The bewitching students depart, and let us say here that the naïveté of Margaret and the lively spirit of Annie were throughout admirably sustained by Miss Mathews and Miss Archer.

The impersonations of George Franklin and William Jackson by Miss Clark and Miss Haldeman were in the highest degree satisfactory. The most amusing scene was their interview with the Misses Stephenson, when by a faithful adherence to "Meisterschaft" phrases they fulfill the letter of the law and yet find "how sweet is the communion of soul with soul!" They do that "lovely good-bye business" with such éclat that not only do they "impress the girls," but when each, in obedience to the ever present Meisterschaft, mentions "meine Frau, die wird sich wundern was aus mir geworden ist," the horrified Gretchen falls paralyzed, and the company breaks up midst great excitement.

Miss Kline, as Gretchen, was inimitable in every aspect — of surprise, despair, and final co-operation with the mischievous young people, while her excellent German made the part extremely realistic.

Miss Allen, as the Herr Papa, and Miss Eaton, as the benevolent and sadly-deceived Wirthin, were admirable, and the last scene irresistibly funny, when all, old and young embrace, joining in the tuneful lyric, "Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt." The acting throughout was remarkably clever, spirited, and natural, and the audience bewailed midst tears of laughter that ever the "Meisterschaft" must have an end.

Next came music by the Banjo Club, who during the winter had been carefully trained by Mrs. Stratton. They played to enthusiastic hearers, but repeated encores were unable to exhaust their resources.

The Schattenbilder! Have you ever seen them? Do you know the Kaffee-Schwester or Doktor Eisenbart? If not, you have yet to learn what laughter means. The fun of it all was indescribable, and Miss Stevens, Miss Cox, and Miss Florence Gildersleeve were merciless in adding to the humor. "The Ballad of the Oysterman" was graphically illustrated by Miss Russell, Miss Converse, and Miss George, while several young ladies depicted scenes in the life of an Abbot girl — that from the Sunday calender being most keenly appreciated. Under the direction of Professor Downs, the Glee Club sang two beautiful songs, rendering like slavery nymphs the "Song of the Triton."

Still there was "more to follow" in this delightful Deutschen Empfang. Refreshments were served in Draper Hall dining-room, and quaint German favors, Knall-Bonbons, they call them, were passed about. These, snapped with one's friendly neighbor, revealed folded within

paper caps of every conceivable shape and color. A pretty sight the guests made with their happy faces and gay foreign head-dresses,— it was a little peep into Deutschland.

Upon reflection, we are led to exclaim,
 “How royally the Germans entertain!”

A little after midnight on May 4th, the girls of Smith Hall were aroused by the cry of “fire! fire!” Judge of our consternation, when upon hastening to the corridors we found a somewhat confused state of affairs and with horror learned that our own building was the scene of conflagration. Before help came, however, we realized that the fire was as yet confined to the rear and that there would be at least time to dress and save those articles which we most highly valued. Soon a host of helpers was at hand, rendering assistance for which we were very grateful. The quick and efficient work of the Andover firemen soon proved our fright to be little more than a fright, and by two o’clock we found ourselves with a disorderly house, and in a nervous, tired, physical condition. At this point we looked about and compared notes, finding that of all original absurd happenings, some of which we had been guilty were most remarkable. However, as a whole the girls were calm and showed great presence of mind, though a portion of this, at least, we attribute to the generous counsels of our teachers.

The fire started in the oil room on the ground floor of the wing and mounted rapidly to the third story. Here two streams of water did their work so that the loss, though quite enough, was not overwhelming. All felt that a great danger had been narrowly escaped, and we can only be very thankful that it was no worse.

The Smith Hall family this year have followed, with a difference, a good old English custom. That is to say, instead of waiting until their stay in Smith Hall was ended before making the school a present, they gave at Christmas some beautiful silver knives to the house, a gift that we have all enjoyed together ever since.

Hir haben uns sehr gut amüsirt Wednesday, June the sixth, when thirteen Germans of us drove down to Bradford. Ya! Bradford ist nett aber we like Abbot far better. The ride was höchst angenehm, and “wir alle wollen Hüter sein” of the romantic winding Merrimac anstatt des Rheines. We astonished the natives of the small Dörfer when we waved our German flag and left them wondering what “Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, juch!” could possibly mean. We owe the vielen Spass that we had to our Lehrerin. Now — One, two, three, “Fräulein Schiefferdecker, rah! rah!”

A peep into the Studios on Tuesdays or Saturdays is a pleasure. At the top of Draper Hall, where the view is most beautiful, are located the three large art rooms. The grey tinted walls are a background for fine casts and odd and artistic subjects for "still life" painting. The work of the studio has been more varied this year than last, for many of the students are feeling the benefit of two years steady study in drawing from the antique — and in crayon, too, which insures more accurate and precise copy of the model — so that while this regular training is continued, there has been portrait work from the living model in charcoal and pencil, as well as from the photograph in crayon, painting in oils and water colors from still life (arrangements of small objects such as books, jugs, and vases, also fruit, flowers, and vegetables) and portraits from the living model. Then there have been occasional sketching expeditions on mild spring days, and bits of the varied landscape about Andover have given new opportunity for the application of knowledge and skill gained in the studio. The collection of models has been enriched by a number of casts of fruit, and a convenient stand on which to arrange the models while being drawn has also been added. — all the gift of Mr. Draper.

Mr. William Maxwell Reed of the corps of workers at the Harvard Observatory has for the past few months been making his observations in photometry in the Abbot Academy observatory. Concerning the results, he writes as follows:

"The adjustment of the telescope was finished and observations commenced on February 22, 1894. The plan of work, under the direction of Prof. E. C. Pickering, is to determine at short intervals the magnitude of about two hundred variable stars. When the variable becomes too faint for the Abbot Academy telescope (a Clark lens of 5 1-16 inches aperture), notice is at once sent to the Harvard College observatory, where the star is observed with the large equatorial until it is again bright. From these observations, the times of maxima and minima will be deduced, as well as the general character of the light-curve. On May 22d 638 observations had been made at Andover on variable stars, about 250 comparison stars had been selected, and in many cases their relative brightness had been determined by direct observation.

The greater clearness of the atmosphere at Andover compared with Cambridge enabled observations of the Gegenschein to be continued until May 11th. The position of the centre of light was in every case north of the ecliptic, while the mean position from observations made last autumn at Strafford, Vermont, and Cambridge and Blue Hill, Mass., was practically on the ecliptic. But observations made at the same

time as this later series at the Harvard observing station in Ariquepa, Peru, gave the Gegenschein in every case south of the ecliptic. Whether these differences are due to an inclination of the path of the Gegenschein to the ecliptic or to atmospheric absorption cannot be determined until more observations are accumulated.

The brilliant aurora of March 30th was observed in regard to the position of the corona at both Cambridge and Andover. A surprising difference was found. At Andover the corona was at azimuth $25^{\circ}.1$, zenith distance, $17^{\circ}.8$. At Cambridge, ten minutes later, the azimuth was $341^{\circ}.6$, zenith distance $17^{\circ}.8$. From private correspondence I understand that Dr. Veeder found the height of this aurora from observations on the arch to be 300 to 350 miles."

One happy result of this pleasant connection of Abbot Academy with Harvard University is the highly appreciated gift of a collection of astronomical photographs from Prof. Pickering of Cambridge.

The new chemical laboratory has been a place of interesting sights and sounds—and smells! A small company of Abbot girls have donned once more their long ago discarded "tiers," and have been brewing scientific messes that can be fully appreciated only by those initiated into these mysteries of chemical action. We can recall certain crises in the history of the work. The day when we fled, weeping, from the superfluous bromine, and sought relief about the alcohol bottle! We have on record, too, the explosion that kindly refrained from breaking even a glass tube, and other exciting moments too numerous to mention. With photographs and phonographs to supplement our narrative we think we could give a thoroughly entertaining account of the laboratory work. Words alone are too weak to do justice to our memories. We are now so far advanced that we never think of calling H_2O , Ag, Cu, etc., by their commonplace names! We do not wonder that students from the classes before us are envious of our opportunities. For after careful observation, the authorities have reached the conclusion that we really know more of chemical science than the old girls who had no laboratory.

"The class in Ethics in Abbot Academy is alert to *do* as well as to discern. Sixteen members, having the conviction that the Honduras Lottery is an evil and deserving of suppression, promptly signed the petition which we printed last week, and sent it to us to forward to Congress, which we will gladly do. Such wide-awake girls deserve the title of "minute women," and are enlisted, we hope, to fight through-

out the days of the stirring decades that are sure to come." — *Congregationalist*, Feb. 22, 1894.

The class in Ethics in Abbot Academy is certainly doing its share toward making the anti-lottery crusade a success. Not content with signing the petition for more stringent legislation and sending it to us for transmission to Washington, these patriotic young women, co-operating with Professor Woodbridge of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have worked hard to secure additional signatures to the memorial. The Andover list secured by them is headed by the illustrious name of Prof. Edwards A. Park. Classes in ethics elsewhere, or groups of Christian Endeavorers, may well take up such practical and important work as this.— *Congregationalist*, May 17, 1894.

The latest social event at Abbot Academy was a visit from Governor Greenhalge on the evening of Tuesday, the 22d. Not a little enthusiasm was manifested when Miss Watson announced at lunch that His Excellency had graciously accepted her invitation to dine at Draper Hall. He was accompanied by Major Boutwell, and both gentlemen made themselves extremely agreeable both at table and at the informal family reception which was held after dinner in the parlors above. Mr. Greenhalge's genial manner and kind words to the young ladies as they were presented to him have made this visit a memorable event in their school life.— *Andover Townsman*.

Miss Crocker had very kindly extended an invitation to the Smith Hall girls to spend the afternoon of Wednesday, May the twenty-third at her home in Methuen. Having looked forward to the event with pleasant anticipations for some days, we were not a little disappointed to find, when the morning dawned, that it was rather dark and disagreeable and we were fearful lest the rain should keep us at home; it did not, however, and we started about two o'clock, arriving at our destination after a very pretty drive through quiet, shady roads. We first visited Mr. Searles' grounds. Entering on foot through a massive archway, beauty met our eyes on every side; following a path we wandered amongst grand old trees and lovely flowers, finding no words with which to express our delight; we finally reached the "chime tower," in which five different kinds of architecture are represented. While standing near the little vine-covered lodge, the chimes sounded soft and sweetly and proclaimed the hour of three, showing us that time was flying and that we must hurry on. The shrill notes of a bugle signalled our departure and we could almost imagine ourselves rolling along in as fine a tally-ho as we had ever seen. Through the gracious permission of

friends, the spacious grounds of the Tenney Place were opened to us, thus enabling us to have a better appreciation of the imposing stone mansion and its lovely surroundings. We next visited the Nevin Memorial Library; it is a very fine building, and the interior is so artistically arranged, that one could hardly imagine a prettier or more comfortable place in which to read or write. Had we remained long enough to see all of its treasures, our stay at the Congregational Church, which we next visited, would have been cut short. From the church we walked to the home of our hostess, and after partaking of dainty refreshments, unwillingly said our adieus. We soon found ourselves back in Andover again, feeling very grateful to the kind friends who had made the afternoon such a pleasant one for us all.

How we do enjoy the Card Catalogue! Many new books on Science, History and Literature and Biography have recently been added to the "Jackson Library," and the card system has greatly facilitated the use of these and other books in both libraries. Now, time is not lost when we wish to consult several writers, on any one topic, for the card catalogue tells us at once what treasures the library shelves contain. Our library has been chosen with such care that it is a daily pleasure to consult its volumes. The method of "Topical Study," which is so much used in school, leads to an acquaintance with books and authors which lays the foundation for wide reading when busy "school days" are past.

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS IN ABBOT HALL.

On the afternoon devoted to the French department, Miss Lahm gave us entertaining reminiscences of her life in a French boarding-school. Other accounts were given of the system employed in France and the manner in which the government fits the pupils for various vocations in life. Original translations from French literature followed.

On one afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Jackson, '52, who gave us glimpses of the Andover of fifty years ago. We were carried back to the days of spinning-wheels, and when little candles took the place of our electric lights. Memories of many noted people who have lived in Andover were recalled, also anecdotes of early Abbot days. We were much interested in the exquisite hand embroidery and other quaint articles shown us by Miss Jackson.

Another week the Zoölogy Class called our attention to many valuable facts concerning the numerous little insects which hide themselves under the leaves and flowers during the summer days, also we learned much about those industrious bits of life—bees and spiders.

A series of astronomy lectures have been given by Mr. Reed, of the Harvard Observatory. Mr. Reed has discussed the earth, the planets, the sun, and the "fixed stars."

At one lecture Mr. Reed was very enthusiastically applauded by the school on account of his timely aid at the recent fire at Smith Hall.

Miss Durfee's pupils in elocution presented a delightful programme. Beside recitations, there were Delsarte movements showing the work the classes have done this year.

A report of the Harvard "Latin play" was given on Saturday by those who attended the play.

The school attended the annual concert of the Phillips Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs on February 9th.

A few Abbot girls were invited to an afternoon reception at Mrs. Peter Smith's on February 23. The rooms were decorated in pink, and were fragrant from the odor of beautiful flowers.

Several of our number were present at the November Club Dickens Party on the evening of February 6.

The school attended the Dartmouth Glee Club concert in January.

The annual speaking for the Means prizes was held at Phillips Academy, April 27. The programme consisting, as it always does, of original essays, showed ability and much hard work on the part of the participants. It was listened to by an appreciative audience.

PERSONALS.

Among the many and varied proofs of the interest and generosity of our trustees, perhaps there is nothing more pleasing and helpful to us than their occasional friendly visits. Such was one of our rare pleasures in February when Mrs. Harlow came to see us. Though it seemed all too short from our point of view, yet we realized that to give us from Monday noon until Tuesday noon was really very generous, and when she went away we all wished that she would come again soon.

The eight dozen finger bowls which came at Easter were the thoughtful gift of Mrs. Taylor, wife of one of our trustees.

One of the enjoyable social events of our Senior year was the delightful reception recently given by Mr. and Mrs. Tyer at their home on Central Street. The spacious grounds were brilliant with electric lights, while music from an orchestra added much to the pleasure of

the evening. Mr. Tyer is a trustee of Abbot, and his wife is Catherine S. Buss, '77.

Prof. and Mrs. Taylor gave a most enjoyable reception, in the winter term, to which the Seniors were invited. The delicate and thoughtful hospitality offered under their roof made each guest doubly welcomed.

An invitation to Prof. and Mrs. Churchill's is highly appreciated by all Abbot Seniors. The reception recently given by this Trustee and his wife was greatly enjoyed. The memory of Andover homes and Andover hospitality is a pleasure when one is far away from this town of schools and of homes.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 25th, Miss McKeen, assisted by Miss Duren and Miss Fannie Duren, received a number of the teachers and young ladies at "Sunset Lodge." Fräulein Schiefferdecker presided at the chocolate table, which was strewn with pansies, and Miss Mollie Kelsey dispensed tea from a table made equally beautiful by English daises. Miss McKeen's personal interest in each individual manifests itself in her home, and bids her guests be welcome.

There is much to enjoy, socially, during the last days of the school year. Among other pleasures will be the reception, given June 13th, by the ladies of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary, and Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft's "Senior reception" June 15th.

Too late for the last Courant has come a notice of a delightful little gathering of former Abbot girls at the World's Fair. Among the number were Misses Manning, Wright, Hendryx, Spencer, Bull, Gilmer, Friedman, and Rhodes.

The meetings of the Christian Workers have been well attended this term, but let us work for larger gatherings next year.

The Seniors greatly enjoyed the reception given by Prof. and Mrs. Harris in honor of the Phillips Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs.

Through the thoughtful and kind remembrance of Mrs. S. M. Downs, the Senior class had the pleasure of hearing, at the November Club House, one of her charming papers on "Landseer's Paintings."

A few weeks later, at the Club House, an instructive talk on Dante by Prof. Marsh of Harvard University, was attended by the Senior Literature class.

The class of '94 numbers sixteen members. Four from Massachusetts, three from Maine, two from New Hampshire, two from Vermont,

two from Connecticut, one from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from New Brunswick.

The violin, that sweet "stringed instrument," is studied by two of our number, under the instruction of Miss Jennie Ladd, who is well known in this vicinity as a violin soloist.

A letter to Miss McKeen from Mrs. Lucretia Kendall Clark, written from her home, 12 Feversham Terrace, York, England, gives pleasant glimpses of her happy home and her busy life. She says, "It seems long since I taught at Abbot, — and yet I do not feel much older. My tall boy, Roderic, ten years old, who has just attained to the dignity of a one hundred and twenty mile journey by himself, measures a goodly lapse of time." To supply some temporary need in the school where Mr. Clark is a professor, Mrs. Clark has recently been teaching German there and has enjoyed the work and the teachers and scholars very much. Her last vacation was "spent in Scotland, playing golf," which she pronounces "splendid exercise for everyone." Mrs. Clark is kindly sending "The Athenaeum," a weekly English journal, to the reading-room of Abbot Academy, where it will be a special attraction and a source of valuable information about our old home.

Harriet Hines, '89, sailed in February for Gibraltar, from whence she was to start on a tour of the Mediterranean.

We are glad to hear that Prof. C. T. Bradley, the husband of †Susan Chase, '71, who at the time of the World's Fair was in a very critical state of health, has completely recovered. They find much enjoyment in their new house in Evanston, Ill.

Those who remember the sisters, †Anna, '68, Clara, '71, and †Marion Dwight, '75, will be interested to know of the recent marriage of their father, John Dwight of New York, to Mrs. Clara L. Freeborn.

†Cora McDuffee, 90, has just completed a three-years course at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, and is hoping soon to enter upon her profession in Lutherville Seminary, Md.

Last December Rev. Dr. Fiske, the father of †Mary Fiske, '80, died at his home in Bath, Me. He had long suffered from pulmonary consumption. His patience, his serenity, his cheerfulness, his buoyant trust in God's loving care of him were a constant wonder and lesson to his friends.

The Abbot girls of '78 and '79 will remember †Clara Shipman, who after her return to the Islands married Mr. Thurston of Hawaii, and

died some years ago. During her last illness it was one of her constantly recurring dreams that she was back in Abbot, just about to graduate. Mr. Thurston, now the Hawaiian Minister at Washington, recently married Miss Harriet E. Potter of St. Joseph, Mich.

†Helen Gilchrist, '92, teaches Latin with great enthusiasm at Luther-ville Seminary, near Baltimore.

The engagement of †Alice Hinkley, '91, to Mr. Black, a lawyer of Newark, O., is announced.

We sympathize with †Annie Williams Ryder, '78, and †Constance Williams, '79, in the death of their mother.

Friends of Mary Atwell Furkbene, '78, and †Eliza Atwell, '87, will be sorry to learn of the death of their mother, last December.

Catherine de Forest, '74, the Paris correspondent upon fashions for Harper's Bazaar, is at home just now.

†Sarah P. Barker, '70, is assistant librarian in the city library at Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. Jessie Emerson Taylor, '66, is teaching French and History in the High School at Nashua, N. H.

The present address of Mrs. Clara Palmer Lyon is West Newbury, Vt.

Miss McKeen recently received a visit from Mrs. Rev. D. Augustus Easton and her daughter Emma, namesake of Emma G. Easton who died in the spring vacation of '69, her Senior year, at Abbott. The pilgrimage which they made to the buildings and the rooms made sacred by her life and death awakened tender memories of the royal comradeship between the sister and her brother, who was then a student in the Theological Seminary: both, now, are with the Great Teacher in the Better Land. Rev. D. A. Easton died on the first day of last March, the beloved pastor of the "Church of Christ, Scientist," Boston. In founding the Emma Easton G. Scholarship in memory of his sister at Abbot, at the time of her death, he builded better than he knew, for it will also be a perpetual memorial of the fraternal devotion of the founder, and of the loyalty of both brother and sister to Abbot Academy.

A letter from Martha J. Gleason, '69, written from Constantinople gives a vivid picture of Christmas joys among the Sabbath School children there. Many of them had never seen a Christmas tree, and were wild with wonder and happiness. Through her friends at home in Vermont, Miss Gleason was able to give each child some toy or bonbon, and also

some article of clothing. She says: "The next Sabbath the children came with their new aprons and dresses, with warm socks and stockings and mittens, which were much needed, for the snow and cold are severe. One little girl so much admired her bright red petticoat that she wore it over her dress." Miss Gleason sympathizes with Kate Douglas Wiggin's Helen in "Patsy," who exclaims, "O why should one ever want to be an angel who can be a "Kindergartner." Might not the "Abbot girls" who stay at home share such pleasures by sending boxes far oftener than they do to be used by "Abbot girls" who are working in missionary fields at home and abroad.

†Jennie Pearson Stanford, '76, writes, from Kobe, Japan, to Miss McKeen, of the recovery of her husband from a severe illness, during which great sympathy and kindness were received from many friends, both foreign and Japanese. She speaks specially of the great skill and unstinted devotion of Dr. Berry, to whom, under God, Mr. Stanford owes his renewed lease of life, and says, "I wish you could have been at the station the day that Dr. Berry and his family left for America, and that you could have seen the crowds gathered to say good-bye to the man who had been a personal help to a large majority of them; he is equally missed by foreigners and Japanese. Both he and his wife are exceedingly kind, unselfish people, and most truly Christian in the most practical ways. You may well feel proud of that one of your girls — Maria E. Gove, '67 — over here, and of her husband, too."

NEWS FROM THE CLASS OF '81.

Emma Lyon Rice has been "holding down" a claim for five years, and now has received her papers from the government making her the owner of a quarter section of Uncle Sam's territory. Mr. Rice, who has one more year in Omaha Theological Seminary, has charge for the summer, of the church near Crawford, Dawes Co., Neb.

Hattie Gibson Gale, in her far-off Korean home, is happy in the presence of her mother, who talks with the natives, using Hattie's two little girls as interpreters. The work in their new station of Gensan has been so blessed that their little four-roomed house is crowded with listeners, and the need of a chapel is great. Mr. Gale has just finished his Korean and English dictionary, and Hattie is to write out all the English part for the press.

Sarah Ford cannot smother her missionary instincts. She is in Ann Arbor helping to care for five Chinese students who are being educated that they may return to China as teachers.

Fannie Griggs sighs to be a missionary, and is keeping herself in training by working with the poor women of her native town.

Rose Perkins Nason is the latest addition to '81's list of matrons. Rose and her doctor are cosily settled in Worcester, Mass.

Mollie Whitcomb has had the meretony of her libiary life brcken by a three month's trip to California.

Lizzie (Florence) Swift still goes about doing good ly ministering to the sick.

Margaret Fowle Scars is the happy mother of a second little son.

Josephine Wilcox may still be found at the old stand doing the odds and ends of a daughter at home, and the admiring aunt of six nephews and nieces.

Anna Hunter Pracewell lives the lusy life of a matron in North Adams.

Sarah Puffer Douglas lives with her father's family, 914 Beacon Street, Boston, where she and her golden-haired Marjorie will be glad to welcome friends.

Carrie Ladd Pratt is at the time of this writing in the "Flowery Kingdom," having left her little boy in Oregon while she goes to Japan to meet her husband's mother, who has been making a tour of the world.

Fannie Ames Loyhed, with her husband and three children, is for the present in her old home, Northfield, Minn. She represents '81 in public life. She was an Independent candidate for School Director in Seattle last fall, and though not elected, was supported by the best element of the city.

NEWS FROM THE CLASS OF '82.

The ranks of the class of '82 are finally brcken. One of our number, Annie T. Chandler, of Asbury Park, N. J., after these twelve years of comradeship, most of them spent in wearinces of body, but in a brave-hearted, happy living for others, has been graduated into that higher school for which we trust we are all being fitted.

The annual class letters report as follows concerning the other classmates. Marion Locke is busily engaged in training the young masculine idea in the Fay School (Episcopal) at Southboro', Mass. Our class "dig," Edith E. Ingalls, is our worthy representative in the "teachers' meetings" at dear old A. A. Fannie Bell (Pettee) Brigham

is a busy matron in her newly-made home in Manchester, N. H., where Annie (Watts) Pillsbury guards the class baby, little Maria, and her younger brother, Horace Watts Pillsbury. Annie F. Frye, our respected little president, is still the "daughter at home," in Rockland, Me., doing "the next thing" in her own sweet way. Alice (Parker) Porter and Lizzie (Tyler) Gutterson are model house and home keepers in West Medford and Andover, respectively. and Alice Maxwell sends her yearly greeting from Wells, Me. Abbie J. McCutchins is keeping house for her mother and brother in Charlestown, and is the "club woman" of '82, being interested in several art, literary and other clubs. Nellie (Dennis) Cole, with her little fatherless baby, is spending the year here with her old schoolmate. Effie (Dresser) Wilde has temporarily given up her art classes on account of impaired health, but, with her mother, has spent a happy year in her pretty Malden home. Kate Geer is now Sister Gabrielle, a professed mission sister of St. Margaret. This year she has greatly enjoyed work among Boston's poor. If the next Golden Rule is not up to its standard, it may be because "quill driver." Lillian A. Wilcox, has been using her brains in order to write up the busy, important (in its own estimation, at least) class of '82 in so few words that the Abbot Courant editor would not consign her contribution to the waste basket.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome, again, to Abbot Miss Emily A. Means, the president of the Alumnæ Association.

Mrs. John M. Harlow and Miss E. A. Means attended the Musical. It makes our pleasures doubly enjoyable when old friends can enjoy them with us.

We were glad to have the privilege of hearing Miss McKeen Saturday, June 2d, who gave us a delightful talk on the beautiful story of Mary Magdalene and the alabaster box.

The Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges was observed January 25th, by a helpful address by the Rev. Mr. George Guttison, the husband of Emma Wilder, '72.

Among the guests at Smith Hall this year none have been more welcome than our nearest neighbors and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Draper. Their interest in the school is so constant and strong that we esteem it a great privilege to know them in the little circle of our school home.

The beautiful sunny tinting of the walls of the dining-room of Draper Hall is the gift of Dr. Sarah Jenness, '64, the first graduate of Abbot Academy to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine. She is now a

successful practitioner in Boston, having her office at 431 Shawmut Avenue where she holds herself in readiness to do a good turn to any Abbot girl who comes to her door.

We think it must be pretty generally known that Miss Greeley has been studying for the past year in the Woman's Medical College in New York City. If all the good things that we hear about her could be summed up and printed in the Courant, we feel sure that the hearts of her pupils and not less those of her teachers would glow with satisfaction. Fortunately, we have a friend at court, a member of the same college, so we know whereof we affirm. We know that Miss Greeley was the first choice of her class for president, though she did not choose to accept that honor. "They say" that in her classes she can always answer all the questions, and that the chemistry professor, in particular, always turns to her for what the rest can not give. We know that for excellence in work she was admitted to the dissecting room unusually early, a grim reward of merit, but one that a medical student would best appreciate. In the dissecting room some of her work has been so good as to be saved as a specimen in the college. That "Miss Greeley is winning golden opinions on every hand" is only what those who know her best could safely predict, but that makes the actual fact all the pleasanter. We are still hoping for a visit from her before the end of the term.

Pleasant reports come to us, from time to time, of Miss Mabel F. Wheaton's activity in the Castilian Club of Boston, and we noticed not long ago in the Transcript an interesting account of her paper read before that Club, on "The Five Sons of John II. of Portugal."

Miss Adeliza Brainard, '77, the successful art lecturer, sails for Europe on the 27th to pursue further art studies. In the fall she intends to continue her "Talks About Artists," illustrated by the fine collection of photographs, engravings and etchings at the Worcester Public Library.

Miss Alice Jenkins, '86, spent the winter in the West Indies.

The annual Phillips Draper Reading took place on Wednesday evening, June 6th. The competition was close and we wished that there were more prizes to be distributed.

Among Abbot writers we find the name of Edith Carpenter, '82, who has recently published an "Historical Portrait" of Lorenzo de Medici. The book shows a wide study and keen appreciation of her subject.

Miss Jane Carpenter, who prepared for Mt. Holyoke at Abbot, is now one of the editors of the Mt. Holyoke magazine.

We have been pleased to receive visits during the past few months from the following old Abbot girls:—

Adeline G. Perry, '90; Cora E. McDuffee, '90; Annie T. Nettleton, '93; Amy E. Radcliffe, '97; B. Florence Whitaker, '97; Elizabeth D. Nichols, '93; Mabel L. Kittredge, '95; Alice G. Fleck, '93; Josephine D. Crocker, '92; Grace B. Hosmer, '94; Cornelia D. Hunt, '94; Margaret Tucker, '97; Grace E. D. Manning, '89; Alice H. Joy, '89; Louise H. Lowell, '90; Mrs. Jennie Porter Adams, '89. L. Jennie Smith, '79; Mrs. Nellie Dennis Cole, '83; E. Florence Swift, '81; Grace L. Smith, '88; A. Hillie Wood, '92; Edie Dewey, '90; Charlotte L. Odell, '92; Josephine Rounsevel, '93; Josephine Billings, '94; Fannie B. Lewis, '95; Jessie E. Guernsey, '90; Clara P. Ray, '93; Elsie Francis, '93; Alleine Hitchcock, '93; Clare Sanborn, '92; Mary A. Thompson, '93; Gertrude E. Prindle, '95; Helen Josephine Bunce, '85; Emma Josephine Wilcox, '81; Katherine Schoonmaker, '97; Clara T. Foss, '86; Ella C. Wheeler, '86.

There is much to enjoy during the last week of the summer term: among other pleasant things is the reception given by the ladies of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary, June 13th, and Dr. and Mrs. C. P. F. Bancroft's reception, June 15th.

In the early part of the term the Seniors made the usual visit to the Boston Museum to study the collections there which illustrate the "History of Art."

Several of the students enjoyed, on February 6th, a sleigh-ride to North Andover. They were kindly chaperoned by Miss Fletcher.

Miss Caddie Abbot, '93, expects to teach this year. The Sunday School Times has recently published a poem from her pen, entitled "Dandelion Gold."

We have had the pleasure of welcoming several members of '93 during the year:—Misses Thompson, Abbot, Francis, Nichols, Nettleton, Childs, Briant, Alden, Chase and Hitchcock.

The long expected visit from Miss Greeley had so far been postponed, but early in May, when the apple blossoms were at their loveliest, Mrs. Greeley visited her old friends for a few days. It was delightful to be regarded as "adopted daughters" and to know that Mrs. Greeley has as keen an interest in Abbot as ever. We hope that she will soon again gladden us with her presence.

In February, at Londonderry, N. H., three weeks after the death of her husband, Mr. Robert Mack, Mrs. Jane Patterson Mack died at the age of seventy-five. She was among the first pupils at Abbot Academy in its early days, and attended the semi-centennial in 1879.

The death of Mr. Chandler followed quickly upon that of his daughter, Annie T. Chandler, '82*.

Miss Katherine C. Geer, '82, is now known as Sister Gabrielle, and is doing mission work among the children and working girls of Boston.

Clara Foster, '86, is organist in a church in Lawrence.

BIRTHS.

GILBERT.—To Mr. and Mrs. James P. Gilbert (Annis G. Spencer, '89, was born a daughter, April 8, 1894.

EMERSON.—To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Emerson (Lilian Ellis, '89,) was born a son, April 26, 1894.

ALLEN.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. Allen (Mary P. Hitchcock, '86, have named their daughter, born March 25, 1894, Charlotte Lee.

MARRIAGES.

ANDERSON-HARTWELL.—In Providence, R. I., December 13, 1893. Mrs. Jennie A. Hartwell (Jennie Mowry, '74,) to Rev. Thomas D. Anderson.

BRIGHT-BILL.—March 28, 1894. Mary Frances Bill, '86, Mr. Elmer Horace Bright.

CARTER-STAATS.—In New Haven, Ct., May 1, 1894. Emilie Staats, '92, to Mr. Philip Carter.

PKEHN-BRAINARD.—May 16, 1894, Elizabeth DeLong Brainard, '90, to Prof. Carl Copping Pkehcn.

COOPER-LOWELL.—June 5, 1894. Louise Hortense Lowell, '89, to Ensign George Franklin Cooper, of U. S. Navy. At home after July 1, Norfolk, Va.

WHITE-BOND.—June 6, 1894, Caroline Winifred Bond, '94, to Mr. Edward Nelson White.

WELCH-JEWELL.—December 28, 1893, Sara Isabel Jewell, '88, to Mr. J. B. G. Welch.

DEATHS.

Mrs. (Chapman) Poor, April 13, 1894.

About fifty years ago the building since called Davis Hall was the only boarding house for members of Abbot Academy. Mrs. Barrett, sister of the late Mrs. Poor, was matron, directing affairs, the young ladies performing much of the household labor. It was there I first met Mrs. Poor. Another boarder having invited me to spend the day with her, with my collic in my arms I had trudged thither from the West Parish parsonage. How beautiful, how wise were those maidens to my childish eyes, — princesses every one of them. Alas! after the lapse of fifty years, as the eye now runs over their names in the semi-centennial catalogue, what life histories flash into recollection — finished stories nearly all of them. One of those princesses was Abby W. Chapman of Tewksbury, — a veritable Saxon princess, with abundant blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, radiant with ever kindling, ever fitting blushes.

Mrs. Draper writes of her at this time: "Mrs. Poor is remembered by her schoolmates at Abbot Academy in the early forties as genial and bright, lending her quicker intelligence to the aid of slower plodders up the rugged ascents of knowledge, while unconsciously stimulating her equals to higher attainments. Always loyal to the school and to the right, easily making and holding warm friendships among those who best knew her."

Not many years later, it must have been soon after, she ceased to be a pupil, she became a teacher in Abbot. And now the little girl, no longer playing with dolls, but herself a 'Fem. Sem.' is not less impressed by Miss Chapman's noble figure and regal bearing.

Mrs. Farwell (Mary A. Sexton) writes: "It was my privilege to know Mrs. Poor in her earlier days as a beloved friend and associate teacher in Abbot Academy, between the years 1846 and 1853. She was attractive and prepossessing to an unusual degree, and a superior teacher. Her pupils loved her dearly."

The school year 1852-53 was a year of changes. Mr. Farwell left at the close of the fall term. Mrs. Hutchinson, who assumed the care of the school while the trustees were looking for a successor to Mr. Farwell, was stricken down with alarming hemorrhages from the lungs. The trustees besought Miss Chapman to take the school in charge for the remaining months of the school year. It was an unattractive position, with no adequate compensation for the sacrifice involved. She shrank from the task, but yielded to appeals to her compassion for the

trustees in their predicament and to her loyalty to Abbot Academy. Later she taught in Alabama, in Utica, N. Y., and in Pittsfield, Mass.

On the second day of August, 1855, she was married to Daniel Chamberlain of Boston. Of her three children, her youngest child and only daughter, Mrs. Helen N. Pray alone survives her. Her oldest son, Daniel Frederick, died in infancy, and her second son, Daniel Arthur, a fine, interesting boy, lived but six years.

f As her constant, faithful friend, Mrs. Draper has said: "She met maturer life's trials and disappointments with a brave, cheerful spirit. She succeeded well in making the best of what could not be overcome, entering joyously and gratefully into the good things of life conferred upon her by her Creator."

In 1879 her husband died. Her daughter married the following year. Left thus alone, she devoted herself to works of beneficence. For many years she was actively connected with the North End Mission, and with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, devoting to the latter one entire day every week. Along with her charitable and religious work she found time for the duties imposed by membership in various clubs, a Browning Club and others. For thirteen years, from 1877 to 1890, she was president of the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy. During that time the Association grew very much in numbers and power. Her second marriage took place in 1888 to Mr. John R. Poor.

In 1890 (Nov. 16), very suddenly, without any warning whatever, she had a severe stroke of paralysis. After six months she rallied somewhat, was able to walk out, but was ever after weak, lame, and totally deprived of the use of her left hand and arm. It was a terrible change from unusual health and vigor to helpless, hopeless invalidism, from "the sweet sense of providing" to becoming a care to others, but it only revealed in its fullness the genuineness and beauty of her Christian character.

To say that she never murmured or complained, although as life's sunset approached everything had combined to make earth to her a paradise in which to linger, only to be suddenly quenched by the spectre of Death crouching at her door, would fail to give a just idea of the peace, the full contentment of soul, the cheerful trust and acquiescence in the Divine will which made her seem like one already translated. Friends came to condole and went away uplifted and strengthened to bear their own trials, for the grace of God had made those months of failure and decay fairer than girlhood, richer and more fruitful than maturity.

After three years and six months of weakness she fell asleep peace-

fully and sweetly without pain April 13th, 1894. She was buried at Mt. Auburn.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

Mr. Rufue S. Frost, March 6, 1894.

"Mr. Frost has been for many years one of the most influential and prominent laymen in the Congregational denomination. He was born in Marlboro, N. H., July 18, 1826. His father died when he was seven years old, and his mother removed with him to Boston. At an early age he began work in the wholesale dry goods store of J. H. and J. Osgood, and at twenty-one was admitted to the firm, which in process of time became the firm of Rufus S. Frost & Co. He also engaged in the manufacture of woolens, with mills of the Haile & Frost Manufacturing Company at Hinsdale, N. H.

Mr. Frost has held many high positions in the business, political, educational and religious world. For seven years he was President of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers. For two years he was President of the North National Bank, with which he has been connected for thirty years. He has been twice mayor of Chelsea, has served the State two terms in the Massachusetts Senate, and also as a member of the Governor's Council. He has represented the State in the national House of Representatives, and was a member of the Republican Convention of 1892 which nominated President Harrison.

In all movements for promoting the public welfare, Mr. Frost has taken a deep and practical interest. He was one of the leaders in founding the Law and Order League, and was a hearty supporter of practical temperance reforms. He gave his thought and time in establishing the branch of the Y. M. C. A. at Chelsea, and was one of its most active and generous supporters. He was a warm friend of all wise educational institutions, has been for several years a trustee of Wesleyan College, and was a trustee of the Abbot Female Academy at Andover. He was one of the incorporators of the New England Conservatory of Music and for eight years its President. He was active in establishing the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston, and has been for a long time one of its trustees.

He was one of the original members of the First Church, Chelsea, and one of its most devoted workers. For eleven years he led its choir, and was for many years Superintendent of the Sunday School. His gifts to religious and benevolent institutions were generous and wisely

bestowed. Among them are a free endowed library to his native town and the Rufus S. Frost General Hospital of Chelsea, besides many gifts to institutions above mentioned with which he was connected and some of which owe their existence largely to him. He was a loyal Congregationalist, was one of the early presidents of the Boston Congregational Club, and was for many years the President of the American Congregational Association.

For the last year or more his health had somewhat failed, and about February 1st, with his wife and medical attendant, he started on a trip to Mexico. He was taken ill at the City of Mexico, and on the way home died at Chicago, March 6th. His wife, one son and two daughters survive him. His funeral was attended at Chelsea, March 10th, his pastor, Rev. Lawrence Phelps, and Rev. Dr. A. H. Plumb, officiating." — *Cutting*.

Deacon Luke Kimball Bowers, father of Nellie Bowers Lobering, '77, died at Winchester, Mass. "He was always active in religious work. His Bible class was a gathering place for thinkers. Men like him, in whom the Bible is a personal treasure and communion with Christ a daily joy, are seekers after souls."

Mr. William G. Means died early in January at his residence on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. His daughters Ann and Mary are graduates of Abbot, in the classes of '61 and '69.

Dr. Davis, father of Rebecca Davis Spalding, '68, has recently died.

Miss Annie T. Chandler, '82, died at Ashbury Park December 10 1893.

In Augusta, Me., November 22, 1893, Mrs. Sarah C. Harding, widow of Capt. Henry Harding of Thomaston, Me.

Mrs. Harding was formerly Miss Sarah Harlow, of the class of '58. During the years that Mrs. Harding has lived in Augusta she has endeared herself to many by her sterling qualities. Though never strong, she could always find strength to do for those who needed her care. To the poor her hand was always outstretched, and her charities were so quietly bestowed that it can be truly said her left hand knew not what her right hand did. To her friends she was loyal, to her church faithful, and to all an example of noble Christian character

• Class Organizations.

'94

"Ut opus, sic munus."

<i>President.</i>	AIDA DUNN.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	MABELLE ETHELYN BOSHER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINIFRED BELLE PARBER.
Class Colors,	Purple and Gold.
Flowers,	Pansies.

'95

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

<i>President,</i>	HELEN ELIZABETH MUZZEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	KIRTY STUART EDDY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	GERTRUDE HESTER HALDEMAN.
Class Colors,	Crimson and White.
Flowers,	Carnation pinks.

Officers of Alumnae Association.

1893-'94.

PRESIDENT:

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.
MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.
MRS. ESTHER SMITH BYERS, of New York.
MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, of Andover.
MRS. SALLIE RIPLEY CUTLER, of Bangor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION:

MISS LAURA WATSON, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
MISS AGNES PARK.

Abbot Academy Faculty.

LAURA S. WATSON, M.A., PRINCIPAL,
Metaphysics.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.

ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE,
History.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.

NATALIE SHIEFFERDECKER,
German.

ALICE JULIA HAMLIN, B.A.,
Science.

EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Rhetoric.

KATHARINE I. HUTCHISON, M.A.,
Greek.

CAROLINE R. FLETCHER, B.A.,
Latin.

EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE,
Elocution and Gymnastics.

PROF. SAMUEL MORSE DOWNS,
Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.

JENNIE B. LADD,
Violin.

CLARA L. CARLETON,
Assistant Music Teacher.

ANGELICA S. PATTERSON,
Drawing and Painting.

PROF. HENRI MORAND,
French.

MISS ANGELINA KIMBALL,
Matron at Draper Hall.

MISS MARY E. KELSEY,
Matron at Smith Hall.

MRS. MARY E. MINOTT,
Stewardess at Draper Hall.

The Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM

*Of the Sixty-sixth Year will begin on Thursday,
September 13, 1894.*

THE WINTER TERM

Will begin on Thursday, January 3, 1895.

For information and admission apply to Miss LAURA S. WATSON,
Andover, Mass.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF
ABBOT ACADEMY,
ANDOVER, MASS.

BACCALAUEATE SERMON :

At the SOUTH CHURCH, June 17, 10.30 A.M., by Rev. Judson
Smith, D.D., of Boston.

ANNUAL RECITAL,

At ABBOT HALL, June 18, 7.30 P.M.,

GRADUATING EXERCISES, June 19 :

At ABBOT HALL, 9 A.M., followed by Tree Exercises.

At the SOUTH CHURCH, 10.45 A.M.

Address by Rev. Edward L. Clark, D.D., of Boston Mass.

Alumnae Meeting in the afternoon, at Abbot Hall.

"Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind."
Dryden.

THIS IS

**The Oldest, Largest, Best and Most Reliable
Dry Goods and Cloak Establishment
in Essex County.**

That means much to the stranger. Saves time that would otherwise be wasted in blindly searching for the right goods and correct styles, saves money because the prices here are the lowest, and saves any amount of good temper which would surely be lost through disappointment.

The frame of the first dwelling-house in Lawrence was erected Sept. 12, 1845, and ere two years had elapsed Stearns was located here with a fine stock of dry goods. Having been all these years at the head of a business which has been and is yet steadily increasing, proves that what we say is not merely idle boasting, but a solid fact. Those visiting our store will always receive courteous and prompt attention. Our lines of Dress Goods, Silk, Laces, Trimmings, etc., are always in touch with the times, no old stock being allowed to accumulate. Almost every reliable make of corset is represented in our corset department, including "The Jackson" corset waist, which is a corset and waist combined and is especially recommended to Misses and Young Ladies.

Special attention is given to glove fitting and the stock consists of high grade goods in styles and colors which fashion dictates shall be worn.

Our ready-made suit and garment department is under the immediate supervision of Mr. E. B. Belknap, a gentleman whose twenty-five years experience as cloak buyer qualifies him for the position, and gives our patrons a guarantee that the style, fit and finish are what they should be.

We invite YOU to call and see us.

A. W. STEARNS & CO.,

309-311 Essex St., 270 Common St., -:- Lawrence, Mass.

OLD SCHOLAR.

"How through each loved familiar path she lingers."



Elmer Chickering,

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III. He danced all night, and would have all day
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The Abbot Courant

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1895.

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NO. 1.

A Visit to Whittier.*

UPON the fourth of May, 1892, a party of Abbot students made a visit to Mr. Whittier, a visit memorable now, not only for the happy circumstances attending it, but for the glimpse of the aged poet, when for the last time he heard the "airs of spring playing among the ripening corn."

During the previous winter Mr. Whittier had been sadly prostrated by a severe attack of grippe, so all hope of visiting him had been abandoned. Put in the fair spring days, I wrote to him, asking him if he would grant a party of fifteen school girls the privilege of shaking his hand. Shall I ever forget the thrill which I felt upon receiving from Danvers the reply, addressed in his well-known hand-writing! It read as follows:

"OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., April 23, 1892.

Dear Friend, I am suffering so much from the effects of that terrible grippe that I am not able to see much company. But if you can call any day of next week after Monday, I shall be pleased to see you for a brief interview.

I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

* From a report read at the December meeting of the Abbot Club, 1892.

Arrangements were promptly made for the following week, and in the meantime we were an enthusiastic company, renewing our acquaintance with the Snow Bound family, and declaiming soul-stirring lines from the Voices of Freedom.

Upon the appointed day the fates were kind, and with glowing hearts we awaited our interview with America's greatest living poet. Leaving Andover a few minutes after twelve, and changing cars at North Andover, we reached Danvers after one. A barge was in readiness for us, and the station master regarded with amusement our excited faces, as we took our seats, timid but expectant. One ardent worshiper positively staggered beneath a box of Jacqueminet roses, the purchase of which she announced had reduced her to a state of absolute penury, but she would gladly make any sacrifice at the shrine of the poet. The driver, with perhaps a compassionate feeling for Mr. Whittier, gave us a generous view of Danvers, and took us to the grave of Rebecca Nurse, who was hung as a witch in the cruel days of Cotton Mather. We could scarcely believe that this prosaic, rather uninteresting little town could have figured so prominently in one of the most tragic periods of New England history.

Again we seated ourselves, this time to proceed without further interruption to Oak Knoll, where, with two or three cousins, Mr. Whittier had passed his winters since 1876. The well-kept grounds and house had the air of an English country estate, and, as one writer truly says, it would be difficult to imagine a lovelier or more poetical place. Shaded by noble oaks, pines, and hickories, scented by clover fields, apple and pear orchards, there stood the yellow house, looking just as we had seen it in our pictures, with a wide piazza in the front and at the right, the gabled roof resting upon stately Doric columns, about which hung a beautiful woodbine. I feared lest our clumsy barge should displace the overhanging boughs of thick trees, and was glad when we finally stopped in front of the entrance. A few moments of waiting, and then we were ushered into a tasteful reception room, having a great variety of interesting objects, conspicuous among them a portrait of Mr. Whittier when a young man, and one of Bryant, who Miss Woodman thought greatly resembled "Uncle Greenleaf's father."

We had disposed ourselves about the room as pleasantly as our sense of reverence and expectation would permit, had been most hospitably welcomed by Miss Woodman, when the venerable poet himself came in. He seemed much shorter and slighter than I had expected, and extremely frail and delicate. He stooped a good deal, and the pallor of his face and whiteness of his hair were intensified by the black silk cap he wore. Miss Alice Hamlin and I presented ourselves, and then the members of the party, for each of whom he had a cordial hand shake and a pleasant smile. The roses were given, with some gentle and reverent words, and there was something absolutely pathetic in the appearance of the frail old man almost hidden by the great, splendid sprays. His whole air was so kindly, gentle, and simple that one felt almost a personal tenderness for him. He seemed anxious that all should be seated, and himself brought chairs lest one guest should be omitted.

Following Miss Woodman's injunction, we remembered to speak clearly and slowly, the poet being rather deaf. First we expressed our sorrow for his attack of grippe during the winter. "Yes," said Mr. Whittier, "I am like the Irishman who was two weeks recovering after he got well." We told him of our visit to Rebecca Nurse's grave. He thought it interesting, and then said, "Those were the witches of old times; we have witches still in Salem, but of a little different sort." We all laughed heartily at this sally, and he seemed pleased with our appreciation. In the course of the conversation Miss Hamlin told of her mother's connection with the *National Era*, which awakened in Mr. Whittier's mind such a host of memories that, for a moment, he seemed to forget us. During the interview we felt the power of his remarkable eyes, which glowed beneath his shaggy, white eyebrows.

Fearing to fatigue him, we rose to leave, though he protested against our speedy departure. Miss Woodman took us over the ample grounds. Soon her aunt joined us, while a beautiful little dog was our inseparable attendant. We were loaded with garden flowers of all kinds, allowed to pick violets and innocents with perfect freedom, while magnolia blossoms, a rarity in New England, were showered upon us.

While the others were seeing a beautiful Kentucky pony, Miss Johnson asked me to visit the poet in his study, a small retreat off the dining-room. There were his desk and easy chairs, and I remember noticing a bust of Charles Sumner in a prominent place. During our conversation, it was delightful to find we had friends in common, among them a grand aunt of mine, who had been a school-mate of Mr. Whittier and a life-long resident of Amesbury.

Finally he went to his desk, took out the note I had sent, and asked me if the signature was mine. What was coming? Selecting a little volume, he wrote upon the fly-leaf my name and that of the giver, John G. Whittier. This book was "Legends and Lyrics," a collection of his poems published for private circulation. Certainly, no owner of a Shakespeare First Folio could be prouder than I am of this graceful little volume.

He seemed to delight in gracious acts, done simply and sincerely as though they gave him pleasure. Upon a photograph that had been brought and in a Whittier birthday book he wrote his autograph, besides asking the names of the party, that he might send to each a copy of the coveted signature. Together we went to the door, where the girls were already taking their seats in the barge. When he returned the photograph, he said quite sadly, "The last of the old man!" We could have wept. And there he stood, as we left, looking benignly at the faces of those he had made so happy, while we waved our enthusiastic farewells.

We visited the old Putnam house upon our return; but so entirely had Mr. Whittier taken possession of us, that our hearts were too full for sight seeing.

And I had said that I had no desire to see the poet, and had been tempted to deplore the curiosity of young students! I thank their curiosity now. I shall never forget the lesson that the poet is not simply a writer of verses, and I felt the truth of what Milton said, that he who would write a poem must himself be a true poem.

Edith E. Ingalls.

Old Concord.

AFTER living in the intellectual atmosphere of Andover, and feeling the charm of a literary past and present, what more natural than a desire to visit Concord, Massachusetts, that fine old town so full of beauty, so rich in historic and literary interest. And, if to the advantage of sight-seeing, might be added the frolic of an outing, an exhilarating barge drive across country, and a glimpse of New England scenery in all the glory of autumnal coloring, that would be a prospect to fascinate the least literary mind.

Consequently, so delightful a proposition met with a hearty response, and the day upon which our eyes were to behold the Mecca of New England was anticipated with no little interest and excitement. But alas for well laid plans and promised joy! The weather caused two bitter disappointments and only upon the third attempt was perfect success granted to the loyal devotees of the plan.

Was sunshine ever more ardently desired or more enthusiastically welcomed than upon that memorable morning!

At eight o'clock the barge, Independence, drawn by six horses, arrived, and in response to twenty-two names came the joyful answer, "Present." Soon, amidst the good wishes of our friends, we were fairly started upon our journey of twenty miles, and rumbled gaily along to the accompaniment of light-hearted laughter.

The day had all the charm of Indian summer, the autumn colors of crimson and gold were exquisite, and here and there in strong relief against the white farm houses stood piles of shining, rosy-cheeked apples and sumptuous pumpkins. Our western and southern friends waxed eloquent upon the neatness and prosperity of the trim New England farms. No broken down fences, no dilapidated outbuildings were to be seen; but all bespoke the thrift and foresight characteristic of this enlightened community.

"Sleepy Hollow!" announced the guide. "Impossible!" we

exclaimed in almost the same breath with which we shouted the last line of the Concord Hymn, and in a moment we were standing before the massive gates which were to admit us into Elysium.



Entering, we walked along a broad carriage path strewn with pine needles and cones, and in a short while came to a little rustic summer house, from the low arch of which can be seen an exquisite view of the height marked by the famous graves.

Nature has beautifully formed Sleepy Hollow into an amphitheatre of soft, velvety grass, shaded by stately trees which brood lovingly over the sleepers they guard. In silence we went up Ridge Path, and within a ragged hedge of arbor-vitae saw upon a small brown stone the magic name of Hawthorne.— in death, as in life, lonely, mysterious, unapproachable !

We had but to turn and our eyes rested upon the Alcott lot. Here the same thought came to many of us,—could it be possible that we were standing beside the graves of the Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy of Little Women? We found others had visited the spot before us and had left a bunch of yellow field daisies on the grave of Miss Alcott.

A little farther to the right was Thoreau's grave marked by a simple red stone, and beyond, that of Emerson. Here a pine

tree towers high above a great boulder of rose quartz, the beauty and massive outlines of which suggest the imperishable personality of the great philosopher. Stooping reverently we read upon the bronze tablet the mystic words,—



“The mighty master lent his hand
To the great soul that o’er him planned.”

A feeling of awe fell upon the gay school-girls, standing in this illustrious company of the mighty dead, so “lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death not divided.”

Before leaving Sleepy Hollow we were attracted by the stately monument of Samuel Hoar, which bears the beautiful inscription :—

“The pilgrim they laid in a chamber
Whose windows opened toward the sunrising ;
The name of the chamber was Peace.
There he lay till break of day and then
He arose and sang.”

We now sought the hospitable doors of the Thoreau House whose literary associations made it doubly interesting as a Concord inn.

But there must be more sight-seeing and purchasing of souvenirs ere refreshment was earned. So, after registering our names, we again sallied forth, past Wright's tavern where Major Pitcairn stirred the famous punch, past the Library, which was then closed, to the favorite home of Miss Alcott, where Mrs. Pratt lived for many years.

The shops were invaded upon our return, and in them we found alluring displays of Concord spoons, fans, and books. Surely there could not have been greater confusion at the Tower of Babel than prevailed during the selection of these articles. Thus enriched we returned to the Thoreau House to enjoy the ample refreshment awaiting the various parties of hungry sight-seers. The presence of four or five English tourists made us realize more deeply the fame of Concord and her poets.

Now we were ready for our long walk to the Concord Bridge, where, after passing the Old Manse and turning to the left, we came upon the Monument of 1836. In this serene and placid spot, under an arcade of soft, rustling pine trees, we pictured the stirring scenes of that nineteenth of April, 1775, "on the opposite bank the American militia, and on this side the invading



army." With hearts burning with patriotism "for the War of the Revolution which gave Independence to these United States," we marched across the bridge and grouped ourselves about the statue of the Minute Man.

At the Old Manse we made the acquaintance of Mr. George Bartlett, author of the Concord Guide Book, to whose kindness and antiquarian lore we are much indebted for many details of the memorable fight, for a visit to the Old Hill Burying Ground, and for much reliable information concerning the manuscript treasures of the Public Library. In the library, all were interested in the beautiful busts of Concord celebrities, noticeable among them Miss Landor's splendid head of Hawthorne, poised with all the commanding grace of an Apollo.

Still feeling the benediction of Miss Alcott's gracious dignity, and the marvellous charm of the "Great Stone Face," we turned our reluctant feet to the Thoreau House, entered our barge and went past the houses of literary interest,—the home of Emerson, the Orchard House, and the Wayside.

Driving along we were constantly reminded of Hawthorne by glimpses of his walk winding in and out among the trees, and could almost see his tall, dark figure haunting the ridge like the genius of the spot.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the New England hills and its brilliant fading rays revealed

"The moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace."

Gay songs enhanced the charm of the moonlight drive and much too soon the lights of the village gave a welcome home.

Thus was ended a day of rare beauty, variety, and profit, and long will live the memory of that famous old town which, in the words so often quoted, can boast the distinction of furnishing at one time "a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion."

Alice E. Purington, '95.

A Visit to Craigie House, THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE—not the Cambridge across the sea, hallowed by the memory of Spenser and Milton, not that fair gem lying in the heart of England, but rather our own city, the boast of all New England, the center of a literary circle which has its rival only in the days of good queen Bess!

The day we journeyed thither would not need the recommendation of Lowell's "Good Word for Winter," so brilliant was the glittering snow-covered earth, so exhilarating the clear, cold air. Through the kindness of Miss Alice Longfellow we had the rare opportunity of visiting her father's study, and this pleasure was the principal feature of our visit. Reaching Cambridge shortly after ten o'clock, we went at once to the graveyard guarded by the two churches of which Holmes says:

"Like Sentinel and Nun they keep
Their vigil on the green:
One seems to guard, the other weep,
The graves that lie between."

The "Sentinel," formerly the First Parish Church, now the Unitarian, stands opposite the western entrance to Harvard College. In the graveyard between it and Christ's Church, is buried Stephen Daye, the first printer in this country. We could not resist the temptation of a peep into Christ's Church, the door of which stood invitingly open. It is a very interesting little church, and abounds in historical associations. [During the Revolutionary War, Captain Chester's company held it in the spring of 1775, and because it was Tory property, melted the pipes of its organ for bullets. One New Year's eve General and Mrs. Washington went to service there, and occupied a pew since removed to make way for the present font. The tomb of the Vassall family is under the church, and in the neighboring churchyard is the "lady of high degree," of whom Longfellow says:

“At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead.”

The next object of interest was the Washington Elm, the fame of which is expressed on the stone slab in front of it: “Under this elm Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775.” Passing the Shepard Memorial, our party stopped before St. John's Chapel, and repeated Longfellow's lines :

“I stand beneath the tree whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John.”

At last we reached the home of Longfellow, and stood for a moment looking with admiring eyes at the house so familiar to us in picture. We went slowly up the walk, lingering for a moment on the steps which led to the mansion, and thought of the great man who had so often trod the same path. Reaching the door we used its great brass knocker, and, while awaiting admission, looked opposite at the snow-covered park stretching almost to the river Charles. This park was laid out in honor of Longfellow, who loved to look at the river from his study windows.

Very soon the door was opened, and we were ushered first into the hall, then into the study. Here we were enchanted by many interesting things which passed in rapid succession before our wide-open eyes. There was a very fine painting of Longfellow on an easel, and, as we looked about, we saw pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne, a bust of Shakespeare, a full-length cast of Dante, and a picture, under which was written the following: “The Sharpless portrait of the immortal Washington and his wife, presented to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow by his friend, James Walter, London, July 15, 1850.” On one side of the room was a beautifully carved black walnut bookcase, containing Longfellow's complete works. On a table were three of his quill pens and a blue porcelain inkstand which he used. Besides this there were two other inkstands, one Tom Moore's and the other Coleridge's, “from which,” said Longfellow to a little girl, “the Ancient Mariner came.” Since we could not see the “Iron Pen,” we had to content ourselves with imagining the gift of “beautiful Helen of Maine,” made from the wood of the

frigate *Constitution*, and bound with a "mitre of gold," set with "gems from the mines of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine." We saw the arm-chair in which "*The Children's Hour*" was written, and, best of all, the childrens' arm-chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree. Some of us knelt and read the lines around the seat, —

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door."

The green leather cushion was lifted by the intelligent maid, and we saw the inscription on the brass plate beneath, — "To the Author of the *Village Blacksmith*, this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary. — February 27, 1879."

We noticed carefully the circular piece at the back, carved to represent chestnut leaves and blossoms, and at last each in turn sat in "the splendid ebon throne."

The library door was open, and we passed into a spacious room of great beauty and elegance. Here the first thing that met our eyes, was a fine bust of Longfellow, a copy of the one in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. Here also was a bronze of Demosthenes, a bust of Homer, and a sofa and chair from a convent in Spain. Upon the wall was a portrait of Liszt, standing in long, black convent robes, peering out into the darkness, with a lighted candle in his hand. Samuel Longfellow tells a very interesting story of this picture. He says that one winter, when Longfellow was in Rome, he and his friend Mr. Healy, an artist, went to visit Abbé Liszt. The great musician opened the door for them, holding a candle over his head. His beautiful features were strikingly illuminated, making a picture so artistic that Longfellow told his friend he ought to paint it. Mr. Healy did so, and it is that painting which now hangs in the library of the Longfellow house.

Opposite the study is the Lady Washington drawing-room, where we saw a bust of Mrs. Longfellow and Copley's painting of the grandchildren of Sir William Pepperell. To crown all,

we were taken into the dining-room to see Buchanan Read's portrait of

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

We took great pleasure in this lovely picture, noticing carefully the central figure to see what could have given rise to the absurd story that the little girl had no arms. While the figure is a little behind the other two, so that only her exquisite shoulders are seen, there is no indication of the slightest deformity. The dining room walls are lined with beautiful paintings, conspicuous among them the dark beauty of the Spanish student.

The time had now come to bid good-bye to the Longfellow mansion, where we had seen so many lovely things. As we retraced our steps, all gave a vote of thanks to Miss Longfellow for this delightful visit.

On Elmwood Avenue we caught a glimpse of Lowell's home, and then hastened to the University Museum. We might have spent a great deal of time looking at the collections made by him who

"—wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear, old nurse,
Who sang to him day by day
The rhymes of the universe"—

but we could scarcely do more than make a rapid and general survey of the Blasckka glass models of flowers. We then hurried to Memorial Hall where we had a peep at the dining-room and Sander's Theatre.

The last place we visited was the library, where, under glass cases, we saw many, many things of interest, among which may be mentioned the original manuscripts of Longfellow's "Excelsior," and an autograph note by Abraham Lincoln inviting a friend to a concert. There, too, was a cast of Oliver Cromwell's death mask, and near it a book made from the wood of the Washington Elm. In another glass case was the only volume that now remains of the library given by John Harvard to the college, the others having been destroyed by fire.

And so we might go on, for the attractions of Cambridge are

inexhaustible, and months, even years, might be profitably spent in exploring its haunts. But this glimpse, hasty though it was, left a delightful impression, and upon reviewing the day, each could heartily echo the words of Longfellow,—“After all, Cambridge delighteth my heart exceedingly.”

Florence E. Gillersleeve, '96.



THE GERMAN RIDE.

A Glimpse of Dr. Holmes.

LAST spring a friend of mine, an Abbot graduate, wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking if she might bring two western girls, members of Abbot Academy, to visit him in his study. The request was granted, and a time appointed for the interview.

Dr. Holmes was then living in his well-known house upon the Back Bay, and, while its exterior bears the unmistakable stamp of a city house, the interior is handsomely furnished, his study being especially suggestive of luxury and comfort. The floor was covered with a heavy, bright carpet, and the walls were lined with bookcases crowded with handsomely bound volumes. Bronze casts, and many interesting paintings, among them one of dear Dorothy Q. made visitors long to know their wealth of association. But the crowning glory of the room was a large double window looking out upon Charles River and the town beyond. From it Dr. Holmes took a humorous satisfaction in observing "the boys and men, black and white, fishing over the rails of the bridge as hopefully as if the river were full of salmon." This view is poetically described in the lines,—

"Through my north window, in the wintry weather,
My airy oriel on the river shore,
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together,
Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar."

Upon our entrance the poet was sitting before his desk, but rose to greet us. He was very cordial and hospitable, and welcomed us warmly as if we had been old friends of his. A prominent journalist says,— "If the caller expects to find blue-blood snobbishness at 296 Beacon Street, he will be disappointed." Dr. Holmes looked older and more feeble than I had expected, but probably that was because he had been ill the greater part of the winter. He talked with interest about Andover, and spoke of the time when he was a pupil at Phillips, about seventy years ago, before Abbot Academy was even founded. The poet

spoke of the theological changes through which Andover had passed and the prominence of its early leaders. He asked what works of his we had read; my friend mentioned "The Height of the Ridiculous," saying that she was always convulsed by its wit. Dr. Holmes replied that it was one of his earliest poems, but that he was never ashamed of the productions of his youth, adding, with a sly twinkle, that he often received credit for somebody else's poems.

When it was nearly time for us to leave, Dr. Holmes asked, with some surprise, if we had not brought our albums. One of my friends said she had a volume of his poems, the mate to one in which Whittier had written, and that she would like to have Dr. Holmes' autograph as well. He took the volume, and admired its binding of tree calf; he said a few words about his brother poet, Whittier, and then began to write. He asked us not to speak to him as he could do only one thing at a time, and had to concentrate all his faculties on that one thing. We smiled, but remained silent. Dr. Holmes wrote very, very slowly, and seemed to be feeble and absent-minded. When he had finished, he looked up, and asked what he could do for me. I handed him a photograph of himself which I had bought that morning. He said that it was the best of his later pictures, and then wrote his name in the upper left hand corner. Finding that his third visitor would make no demand upon him, he said that was not fair, that she also should have a memento. Finding a card at hand, he wrote with remarkable elegance and firmness, — "Oliver Wendell Holmes, April 9th, 1894." It was very touching to see him laboring so hard to gratify our desires, not content till he had given to each the same proof of his kindness and courtesy. We remained but a short while longer, and, as we thanked him for his kindness, he smiled very pleasantly and went away.

It was with a feeling that I had trod on holy ground that I left the house of Dr. Holmes, and when, in October, I read accounts of his death and words in praise of his genial humanity, I felt like telling my story of his kindly interest in two western school-girls.

F. G. '96.

An Abbot Legend.

LONG ago, before the white man came to disturb the peace and usurp the rights of the red man, there lived in an oak forest, near the place where Abbot Academy is now, an Indian chief, with his only daughter. This Indian princess was not a tall and beautiful maiden, courted by all the braves and envied by all the squaws; on the contrary, she had been from birth ugly and deformed, and the parents, because of their great misfortune in having such a child, had named her *The Accursed One*.

The other children of the tribe, as well as many of the grown people, called her ugly, made fun of her, and even beat her, often telling her how wicked she was to live, when she was such a disgrace to her parents. So as a child she was very unhappy, and withdrew into herself more and more, learning that silence was the best answer to the taunts and blows which she had neither wit nor strength to return.

At last, however, she found something which made her quite happy. It came slowly to her — this pleasure — from the woods, where she spent many long days by herself. She loved the flowers, even more than most children do, and the birds and little wild animals of the forest. By observing closely she came to know many things about them. She found that some of the plants were poisonous, while others were healing; and as she grew older and more daring, she put her knowledge into practice, and cured several sick persons with herbs, whose use she had found out herself in experiments upon animals.

All this was a revelation to her people, — “A wonder!” they said; “a strange thing, — that any one but the medicine-man can cure a sickness! She is not the *Accursed One*, she is the *Daughter of the Spirit of Healing!*”

So blessings now came instead of curses, and the love of her people in the place of their hatred; they soon forgot her deformity, and even made her forget it herself. Finally, the other women of the tribe, wishing also to learn to cure the sick, came to her to be taught the use of medicine; she taught them, too,

all the wonderful things she had learned in the woods. So, even when she was an old, old woman, she was useful and happy, and still held the love and reverence of all her people; and after she grew too feeble to give medicine to the sick, she continued to teach the maidens of the tribe.

When at last she knew that she could not live many days longer, she said to the one of her pupils whom she most loved and trusted: "Little Sister, when I am gone to the Great Spirit, you must take my place as teacher of the maidens. You must teach them as I have taught you: teach them to see beauty and to make it; teach them to cure sick bodies and sick hearts."

The younger woman was true to this trust, and faithfully carried on the work of teaching and healing until it came her turn also to die, when there was another maiden found to take her place; and even until after the coming of the white man, there was always one woman in the tribe who gave her life to nursing the sick, and who kept a rude sort of school for her Indian sisters.

All this was told me by an old Indian woman, of this very tribe, who encamped near Stony Brook last summer. I came across her, one afternoon, as I was walking in the woods with some friends. We were talking over school affairs; and she, happening to hear one of us speak of Abbot, asked us if we wished to hear a legend about the place where the Academy was built. Of course we were willing to listen; and the above story is what she told us.

She said, in parting, that the Academy Hall stands on the exact spot where our heroine once kept school in her father's wigwam; but this flight of her imagination was, without doubt, due to the enlivening effect of the quarter which I had just slipped into her hand.

Caroline C. Wilbur, '95.

A Boy's Letter from Babylon,

Written about 530 B.C.

HOW can I tell you, my dearly beloved mother, of all the strange sights and people which have now become so familiar to me! When I recall our former happy life, it hardly seems four years since I left you. I can almost see our little house now! How I wish the officer had left me to take care of our grape-vines. How happy you and I could have been together!

I must tell you a little of Babylon so that you, too, can picture my surroundings. Since coming here, my master has taught me to read to him from the clay tablets which take the place of our parchments. One night when he sent me to the King's Library to return an astronomical tablet, I met Daniel at the great arched gate. He is one of the King's chief men now and has great power in the city, but he spoke to me very kindly. I remember just how grand and noble he looked when he smiling said, "Take courage, my little friend, for the promise of Jehovah is that we shall return to Jerusalem after seventy years,"

Another time he asked me to go to the King's Palace with him. As we entered the open court where the king receives his visitors, we passed great winged bulls which guarded the high archway. At the walls of the Court were immense slabs of alabaster carved with pictures of the king hunting and fighting, and also many representations of their false gods. Above these slabs were tiles brilliantly painted. Higher still was a gallery, where beautiful cedar pillars, brought from Tyre, supported the thick roof of earth. Beyond this court were rooms for the king and his wives. The gardens for his poor home-sick queen are wonderful, for they seem almost to touch the sky.

Many of the people worship the heavenly bodies. Their temple across the river, opposite the palace, is a series of immense steps, each one of a different color. Black, in honor of Saturn;

orange, for Jupiter ; red, for Mars ; yellow, for Mercury ; blue, for Venus ; and last of all, on a silver block, is a gold shrine and observatory for the priests.

Babylon is surrounded by very thick walls, and the streets run in straight lines, ending in one hundred brazen gates.

There is a great stir in the streets to-day for the king is going on a lion hunt. He has slain four hundred lions already, and has had his artists tell the story of his triumphs on some of the great slabs of alabaster.

Every one is speaking of the great courage of Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah — you remember them of course. They would not fall down to worship a great gold image which Nebuchadnezzar raised in the plain near here, and so he ordered them to be bound and thrown into a red-hot furnace. But a most wonderful thing happened, for these three men could walk in the midst of fire, and the king himself saw another person with them whom he said looked like the Son of God. Mother, do you suppose the fourth person was the Messiah who is to come ?

My Master is calling me so I must go at once.

That I may see you and my dear little sister again is the prayer of your loving son, PAROSH.

C. K. D. '95.

A Life's Dream.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep."

I.

HIGH on the topmost spire of Notre Dame, the church which crowns the summit of the hill of Lyons, at whose base the city lies, — and which seems with heaven-pointing spires to lift men's thoughts and prayers upwards to the good God, — stands the great gilded statue of Our Lady of Lyons, — calm, gracious, majestic; unmoved in the wildest tempest that rages round her dizzy height, like a guardian angel looking down in pity at the sinful city far below. Near her, on a lower spire, clad in his golden mail, and with resplendent wings and flaming sword, Michael, the Archangel, tramples the dragon beneath his feet. So they stand, — these two, — unchanged, as they have stood for hundreds of years, watching the changing, shifting stream of human life; in which they take no part.

Now, in the golden glory of the setting sun, a human soul has crept up close to the Virgin's feet. A maiden's form kneels on the little balcony, her head pillowed on her arm, rests upon the rail. The wind softly stirs the red-gold curls across her cheek, to which it brings a fresh tinge of rose; and the hazel eyes, now full of sad reverie, wander far to the horizon's bound, where the sun's rim dips beyond the distant hills. All is stillness on the high tower, — the city seems to sleep down there below, nestled in its luxuriant gardens. Winding in and out, the silver river hardly seems to stir under its white-arched bridges, and far and wide on every hand lie the rich and peaceful fields of sunny France. One silver star shines out of the glow in the west, and the evening air breathes a benediction.

Clang! clang! The deep notes of the Vesper bell issued from its hollow throat in the belfry below. The soothing charm of the stillness was broken. A look of pain crossed the brow of the sacristan's daughter, and she sprang to her feet with a sup-

pressed cry, "Ah, mon Dieu! it is greater than I can bear! My heart will break if I leave him!" She clasped her hands and looked imploringly up at the golden statue. Her bright hair made a halo round her upturned face. "Holy Mary, show me, out of thy great wisdom, what to do!"

A few moments later she was kneeling in a dark corner of the church, her face buried in her hands. At the farther end, by the great altar, on which candles burned dimly, stood the priest, leading in rich and measured tones the Vesper service.

When it was over, and the last notes of the organ had melted away, and the last old woman had hobbled out at the door, crossing herself devoutly with the holy water,—Claire, the sacristan's daughter, who had remained motionless, without raising her head, heard a slow foot-step coming down the church,—a firm footstep, but to-night it lacked its usual spring. She controlled herself as it drew nearer and stopped, and she felt a touch upon her shoulder which sent an electric thrill through her whole being.

"My child, is it a hard thing to decide? Can I not help you?" There was a yearning in his voice.

Now Claire looked up; there were tears in her eyes, but she was calm. "No, Father, you cannot help me. I have been to the top of the belfry this afternoon, and I told it all to the blessed Virgin,—all this trouble at my heart,—and to le bon Dieu,—and they have helped me to decide."

"And must you leave us, then?"

"Yes, Father, it is best." Claire's voice trembled and choked her so she could hardly speak. Father Anselm looked into her clear eyes, and he understood it was best.

He had been her confessor from the day of her first communion, when her face of rapt attention had attracted his notice, as she knelt among the other little white-robed communicants; and since then she had come to him with all her joys and sorrows. Her sweet thoughts and impulses, half-revealed, gave him a glimpse of the pure soul within, and of its hidden life of imagination and idealism. "She is a genius," Father Anselm thought, when seven years ago he had come to take his present position at the church of Notre Dame. "That sensitive face and those

expressive eyes belong with the true artistic temperament." And Claire was only twelve years old then. He had watched her as she developed, and found his judgment had not erred.

Father Anselm was no ignorant priest. He was well educated ; his mind was clear and vigorous, his insight keen, and sympathies alert ; but, more than all, he was a philosopher. He had tested the good things of this world and found that all is "vanity." Young, talented, and ambitious, he had begun life as a painter, thinking to set the world on fire with his genius. But the world is fickle and cold, and it never noticed his pictures, and they were always hung above the "line." At last, too proud to be second rate in any station he dropped out of the free and easy rollicking life of his artist companions, and chose this sphere of quiet usefulness, where he might have ample time for study and for thought. Too sunny to be embittered by disappointment, too far-seeing to feel anything that enlarged experience to be an utter failure, he yet believed life's intenser pleasures, passions, and hurry were over for him. It was now his part to stand aside and watch the struggle, strengthening by his words of cheer and helping hand those who were in the thick of the fight, and growing wise himself by studying his fellows.

So it was that he finally found himself a priest in the church of Notre Dame ; and so it was that a new interest came into his life. For in the sacristan's daughter he found what had been lacking in his own life — genius — that something he would not do without ; and it was his greatest happiness to train the child in expressing her sweet thoughts and fancies. He had found her once in a corner of the church under a picture of the Madonna. She had copied the Virgin's face with a pencil on a piece of paper, and Father Anselm praised her work, astonished at its accuracy. On the other side of the paper was a little child's head, freer and far more beautiful in conception than the Virgin's face. "That is an angel," said Claire, "an angel I saw myself!"

After that, Father Anselm had a talk with the good old sacristan about his daughter, and so it came about, she had been his pupil ever since.

Everyone loved Father Anselm, with his fine, strong face,— the kindly smile flashing across its severe features, — the ready, wise sympathy. All troubles, sorrows, sins were poured into his ears, and strength, absolution, comfort received in return. “He is so young, too, not more than thirty-five at most,” his people said, “and yet he is so wise,” and they looked up to him with admiration. But who could say how much he had been to Claire? He was her hero, her ideal, her St. Michael, conqueror of evil,— her friend, and teacher, and guide. Under his direction she had learned all she ever knew of books, and the art that made the absorbing interest of her life — and now!

Claire had risen, and they were walking in silence out of the church. Claire’s hands were tightly, painfully clasped together, and her heart beat so hard that she was almost suffocated. A white, drawn look came over the face of the priest, quickly succeeded by one of stern self-control. He knew there was pain in Claire’s heart also, without having to glance at her face, — a pain she could tell not even to him, — for had she not climbed the long, winding stairs of the spire, up, — up, — to be alone there in the sky, with God? That was the way she always did when sorrow was too great to bear; that was where they found her once, long ago, after her little sister died.

In silence they reached the door of the little shop the sacristan’s wife kept. It was one of those tiny buildings clustered along one small street on the top of the hill, just at the foot of the great church. In the window there was an array of holy images and pictures, some of them exquisite in workmanship. Claire’s mother and father were wax image makers, but the pictures were the work of Claire.

About a week before, Arnold Briaux, a famous Parisian artist, old and wealthy, had passed by the shop window on his way to the church, and was struck by the beauty and artistic merit of the pictures. He entered the shop and bought one, and his words of praise made the neat sacristan’s wife beam all over her fine vivacious face, for her daughter was the pride and joy of her heart.

The artist’s curiosity was aroused, when he heard who painted

the pictures, and he was nothing loath to follow the sacristan's wife when she offered to take him to see her daughter and the new picture she was painting. "Ah, Monsieur, *mais c'est ravissant!* It is the Saint Elizabeth with her roses!"

She led him up the little narrow stair-case, apologizing all the way for the trouble she was giving Monsieur, but in a tone which plainly said, "Monsieur will, nevertheless, be well rewarded for his pains!" As they neared the door at the head of the stairs, a burst of song greeted their ears, — clear, joyful, buoyant as a lark. The mother smiled and paused an instant to listen, laying her finger on her lips, then, as the singing ceased, softly opened the door. Claire was seated at her easel near the window, working at her picture. The flood of sunshine which poured into the little room irradiated her delicate features and the glory of her hair. She seemed more spiritual and etherial than the lovely Saint Elizabeth upon the canvas. The Artist from Paris had a brilliant thought in that moment.

That was all a week ago. How much had happened in that little week! The peaceful, happy life was all disturbed. The artist had consulted with Father Anselm, and then laid his proposal before Claire's parents. And such a proposal! It was that he should take their child away, — away to Paris, and teach her and make her a great artist, all at his expense! What more could ambition ask? The mother was ambitious and overruled the father's objections.

But Claire, herself, — it came to her like a blow. All before was sunshine and bird-song, happiness and love, without a trace of care: and now crept in this awful shadow—the thought of separation. To go away to a strange city: to leave the dear, familiar haunts, her little sunny room, the church with its dim arches, the dear saints its inhabitants she had known and loved from her childhood, the spire, and the gold madonna, to whom she had intrusted childish griefs and girlish secrets. Ah, what should she do without a place to go up in the sky, away from everyone, and be alone with the Holy Virgin and le bon Dieu?

And then there were all the old women and little children she loved so well, — Mère Margot, who had sat for Elizabeth, with

her pretty little grandson for St. John the Baptist. And her girl friends, they would miss her, too; and then there was Jean, the young painter who had helped in repairing the great church window; he had been in very often in the evening of late. What would Jean say? And her father and mother, how could she live without seeing them for a year? And what would they do for pictures to put in the little shop-window?

But Father Anselm!—then it was she thought her heart would break. Then it was she rebelled, and sobbed she could not go: till she had carried her grief to the good God, all alone,—and there on the little balcony about the Virgin's feet, and afterwards in the church, it was all made clear. Yes, she must go. It would be wrong to stay. And so she told Father Anselm it was best, and he understood. Her mother had already begun making preparations, and it would not be many weeks before Monsieur Briaux must be going back to Paris and would take Claire with him.

And so it was Claire went with the genial old man, who meant to live again in this fresh young life. Her mother sobbed at the parting, and a tear trickled down the old sacristan's cheek. Her friends and neighbors wished her "bon voyage." But Claire was pale and silent, and Father Anselm looked stern and white. He took her hand at the door of the railway carriage and looked into her eyes, but neither spoke.

II.

One night in May, at about twelve o'clock, Monsieur Briaux was seated in his luxurious studio before the hearth, and, while musing over the dying embers, had fallen asleep. He had been thinking of Claire. She had been with him almost a year now, but she puzzled him, and daily grew to be more and more of a mystery. Her work was excellent—marvellous—he said to himself: under his careful guidance she would yet make one of the greatest artists France had ever seen. Claire Briaux (for she should take his name) would be the wonder and admiration of the world. Already he had showed his artist friends her work, and heard the leading painters of the day give it high praise. And a picture

of hers was to be hung in a prominent place at the next Salon.

It pleased the old man to build castles and make plans, but his thoughts would turn back to Claire — the girl — not the artist. He had grown to love her dearly. Her winning grace, and the quickness with which she had responded to his instructions had completely captivated him. But there was a trouble. Why did she sometimes in the midst of the gayest song, as she sat working at her easel, stop suddenly and her eyes fill with tears? And why was there always that wistful look in her eyes, even when she laughed? That had been growing more and more noticeable, and now she spoke very little. She did not seem to care for any words of praise, but while she was painting she seemed utterly absorbed in her work, and there was a new charm and indescribable quality to her work.

"She is inspired," said Arnold Briaux, as he looked at each new sketch or study with delight.

But he did not notice the utter exhaustion at the close of the day, when it was too dark to paint, and Claire would throw herself down on the broad window-seat, resting her head against the sash, and would gaze across the chimney-pots of Paris, far, far into the sunset sky. Then he only thought, "She has grown very beautiful; she is more fair and spirituelle than her own angels!"

Only old Madame Joubert, the house-keeper, and Mimette, the maid, and Paul, the valet, slowly shook their heads and lowered their voices when they spoke of "Ma'mselle."

"She is not long for this world," Madame would say, "but Monsieur, — he will not see it; he is so blind — so blind!"

"Ah, le pauvre ange!" Minette would sigh, and wipe her eyes, and Paul would pull out his handkerchief from pure sympathy and pity for his adored Ma'mselle Claire.

Claire had a little studio of her own, opening out of Monsieur Briaux's, where she could always flee when the artist's friends came, for she was timid and embarrassed before them. To-day she had sat in there, almost idle. Monsieur Briaux did not know what to make of her. She was very pale and her eyes were wide

open and had a distant, dreamy, intense look. "Master, I cannot work from the model to-day," she had said, "I have a thought for a Saint Michael in my mind, and I cannot paint anything else."

"Ah, Claire, can you not get the saints and angels out of your head yet, little one? Leave them to themselves awhile, and do some people of this real, everyday world."

But Claire only shook her head and her eyes filled with tears. "Do not press me to-day, Master," she said. "Ah, if you only knew how beautiful is the Saint Michael in my mind!"

And so the master dismissed the model and left Claire alone, only now and then looking in upon her during the course of the day. She had sat dreaming all the morning, before her easel, with that intense look on her face, and in the afternoon she had begun to paint in a head on the canvas before her. It was beautiful, indeed, and the master praised it; but Claire, at the close of the day, threw down her palette and brushes in despair. "I cannot do it," she said, "my thought is too beautiful for me to paint it." After that she had been silent and languid, and had gone early to bed.

Arnold Briaux was troubled, but nevertheless, he had fallen asleep over the fire. He was finally startled into wakefulness by a slight noise in Claire's studio. He rose, went softly across the room, and drew aside the curtain in the doorway. There was no lamp in the little studio, but by the dim light that came in from the larger room he could see Claire's form before the easel. Her hair was loose, and caught, here and there in the wavy mass, a glint of light. Her face looked ghastly pale in its mysterious gloom, and he could see her eyes were tightly closed. But she was leaning forward, painting eagerly with free, unerring touch. He stood paralyzed, watching her every movement.

It must have been half an hour that he stood there, and how long before that she had begun painting he could not tell. At last she laid down the brushes with a long-drawn sigh, rose and walked slowly past Briaux into the larger studio, and then on through the dark hall-way to her own bedroom. Briaux followed her softly at a distance, till he heard the latch of her door

click, and then went back and seated himself in a dazed manner before the hearth. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were really awake. The oil in the lamp was spent, and it had flickered and gone out, but the gray light of the dawn was stealing into the room, touching everything with an unearthly pallor. Briaux rose and went into Claire's studio to look at the picture.

Instead of the daub of confused colors he expected, the pale light of the morning revealed upon the canvas a face of marvelous, unearthly beauty, and yet it seemed alive; it was a human face, idealized, and heavenly glory radiated from its brow. Such light and radiance he had never seen, even in the paintings of the old masters. Briaux was struck with a feeling of awe, and could not tear himself away from the fascination of the face, which grew in power as the daylight increased. He was haunted by a resemblance in the face to someone he had seen, an indefinable resemblance, it is true, but still it was there. "Who was it?"

As he stood still before the face, Briaux was startled back to the world of realities by Paul, with a blue envelope in his hand. Briaux hastily drew the curtain across the doorway of Claire's studio, and went forward to take the letter.

"Monsieur is up early this morning. I searched for him in his room," ventured Paul.

"Tai-toi!" growled Monsieur, and tore open the envelope, which proved to contain a telegram calling him away on important business. He asked for Claire before leaving, and was told by Madame Joubert that she was not well and would keep her bed that day. Briaux resolved to call a doctor on his way home; this matter was growing serious. But it was late, very late, when he reached home that night. Through all the business of the day Claire's pale face had haunted him. And that other face,— "who was it," — "who was it?"

His first impulse upon reaching his house was to look again at the picture. He let himself in with a latch-key, as he had told Paul not to sit up, and groped his way along the dark hall and up the stairs to his studio, where a light was burning. The curtain at the door of Claire's studio was as he had left it in the

morning — he walked quickly across the room and drew it aside, but started back violently. Stretched before the easel was the form of Claire, the palette and brushes in her hand. He raised her gently in his arms. She was dead!

That night, far away in Lyons, Father Anselm woke out of a troubled sleep, to hear Claire's voice calling him in distressed tones, "Anselm! Anselm!" And the next morning came a telegram from Briaux asking him to break the news of her sudden death to the sacristan and his wife.

Father Anselm, nobly stifling his own sharp grief, told them simply and gently the worst, and then went on at once to Paris.

Anselm gazed in reverent wonder at the picture. But Briaux did not point out to him the resemblance he had at last discovered.

'95.



“The Skeleton in Armor”

AS the sun rose over the hills of what is now New England, one bright May morning many hundred years ago, its beams fell, as to-day, on one of the loveliest spots that man can find, then a thousand times more lovely for forests and streams, mountains and valleys stood in primitive grandeur, untouched by the ruthless hand of civilization.

First the sturdiest oaks, then the tallest pines were awakened by the kiss of the sun on their topmost boughs; then the slanting sunbeams penetrated the thickly entwined branches, falling on the softly carpeted ground in patches of golden light, awakening to new life the myriad animal forms hidden in the depths of the woods. But now, late in the morning, the sun seemed to linger in one spot as if loth to leave – and what wonder! For the sunbeams, as they fell through the delicate feathery branches of a patriarchal pine of this “forest primeval,” were lovingly caressing the bowed head of a princely Indian maid.

But neither the sunbeams, the joyous twittering of the birds, nor the pleasure which ordinarily she would have felt in all the signs of coming springtime could combine to arouse her. There she stands, with head bowed and hands clasped before her, wholly unaware of the presence of one near who sees her in all her native dignity, which even her attitude cannot conceal. Her tall, lithe form is clad in softest beaver, carelessly draped and falling nearly to her ankles, yet ready to yield to the slightest motion of its wearer. Below the skirt are gaily beaded leggins, and on her slender feet are moccasins fashioned and embroidered with rare skill. On her neck and arms are necklaces and bracelets of beautifully tinted purple and white wampum beads. Her face has a rich dark beauty, with its dark eyes shaded by long black lashes. Her head is crowned with a mass of raven black hair, finely plaited, with strings of copper discs curiously intertwined.

Suddenly a twig cracks, the branches in front of her move

gently. In an instant she is alert. As first a hand parts the pine boughs and then a form appears, her expressive face changes, her lips part in the sweetest smile, showing the milky whiteness of her teeth, her eyes take on the light of love, and as she stands there the hardest heart would go out towards her.

And Lief, the Norseman's stern and fearless heart is touched by her maidenly dignity and beauty. But even had he noticed the love light in her eyes, it would have aroused no answering gleam in his, for his heart was ever with the blue-eyed maid now lying beneath the grey walls of the round tower, hearing not the gay songs of the birds, feeling not the light and warmth of this bright morning.

As he looks at the Indian princess, radiant in health and beauty, he thinks of his fairy bride as she was in her father's hall, when as he told her tales of his wild life as sea rover,

"Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tenderly;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell thy soft splendor."

How he loved and

"Wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding yet half-afraid."

Then he remembers how he carried her off without her father's consent, for why

"Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?"

He thinks of the time when the strong viking ship with its broad leather sails bore them to the coast of Vinland.

"There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

And then he thinks of her death and burial in the same tower.

The Viking's heart is near breaking, yet with a kindly smile he greets the Indian maiden, tells her of the chase which her father

has planned in his honor for the morning, and with a few more words strides on through the forest.

As he disappears she stands for a moment looking after him, then, sighing, she draws herself to her full height, and realizing the hopelessness of her passion, she says with a look of determination, "I must put away these thoughts and these despairing looks. It is unbecoming to one of my race to allow feeling to so obtain the mastery over one. I will go to my father, and though my heart be breaking, he shall never have occasion to say that his Laughing Heart was not rightly named." Then she sped along the forest, graceful and light as a deer, to the wigwam camp. As she approaches, she sees the Indian women at their work, some pounding maize for the mid-day meal in huge wooden mortars; others bearing water from the spring near by; and still others laden with fragrant fir branches for the wigwams.

The Indian girl's heart lightens as in turn all her maidens, by their smiles and joyous words show their delight at her approach, and she deludes herself with the thought that her strange infatuation for this white stranger is to be held in subjection by her will.

Now she meets her Indian lover, and under the influence of her new resolve she strives to replace all thought of Leif by the image of this Indian brave, who has loved her from childhood. But despite her efforts, she unconsciously compares this indolent savage, who has no ambition except to pass life easily, and occasionally to indulge in a chase, where he is exposed to no danger, with the noble Norse-man, always thirsting for adventure and courting danger for danger's sake. And, too, deep down in her woman's heart she is touched by the chivalry and respect shown her because she is a woman, which she, although a princess, has never received from one of her own race.

Together the girl and her lover enter her father's wigwam. It stands in the middle of a small open plot. It is made of tall, strong saplings planted in a double row, bent till they met, and lashed at the top forming the roof and two sides of the home. To these, other poles are bound transversely, and the whole covered with large, over-lapping sheets of oak bark. Within, on the floor, are rush mats, and ranged along two sides of the wall

are rude wooden couches raised a few feet from the floor. On the couches the women had just heaped a profusion of fir boughs, while over all are thrown beautiful fur skins, prepared by smoking carefully. Hanging from the mid-pole of the roof are curious snow shoes, shields, some of raw hides and others of wood overlaid with plaited and twisted thongs of skin, flint-headed arrows, bone fish-hooks, while lying around are pipes of clay and stone, curiously moulded and carved. Here, too, in harvest time the squaws had hung the ears of unshelled corn, till the rude abode, in all its length, seemed decked in golden tapestry.

And now as the evening approaches the Vikings repair to their ship, and make preparations for a night of revelling. Before leaving its cold northern harbor, their ship had been fitted out with the usual care. So that here were set out on the heavy carved oak tables many vessels of beautiful and curious workmanship, in gold and bronze, ornamented with enamel of various colors. In the centre of the table stood what was seldom produced, a glass vessel, superb in shape and texture, and exquisitely painted with familiar home scenes. This was dearly prized by the hardy Norse commander, as it was one of the few things carried from her home by his blue-eyed bride as she fled with him with such trusting confidence. Ranged round the sides of the ship's cabin were shields with rims and bosses of bronze or gold, superb ringed coats of mail, some of the more elaborate plated with gold. Each Viking had his trusty Damascened sword and thrust in their belts were daggers and poniards, whose handles were threads of twisted gold. Their helmets were surmounted with eagles' wings and walrus' tusks.

As the torch-light flickered on the armor-lined room, on the sturdy and restless forms of the men, clad in white bear-skin and on the bronze wassail-cup as it passed from hand to hand, it was truly a picture of barbaric splendor.

And this was the scene usually presented of an evening, for thus with

“Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out.”

Unless engaged in revelling, or in an exciting chase, their hearts turned with unutterable longing to their distant home.

At such times, in imagination, they would see themselves as oarsmen of their vessel, sailing proudly home, the upper part of the dragon ship covered with shields, while on prow and stern were dragons, heads uplifted high, with gaping mouths and necks and manes glistening with gold.

Leif, alone, was unwilling to leave the place where his only treasure was, and which was to him the dearest spot on earth, hallowed by associations with his death.

The next morning rose bright and clear, and with the dawn the men assembled for the hunt. One alone of the gay party felt a load on his heart heavier than he could bear. Not for a moment could he banish the thought that soon the time must come when his dear dead should be left alone, with no strong arm to protect it from Indian ravages.

But ah! he could not leave that which was dearer to him than life itself. Rather should he be laid by her, and together throughout eternity could they sleep side by side. As these and kindred thoughts surged through his half-maddened brain, in a moment of unutterable anguish, he fell upon his spear.

And "Oh, death was grateful."

Long was the hunt prolonged. No one missed the fearless Norse, for as in battle he was the bravest, so in the hunt he always led.

At length, as the sun was sinking, they returned laden with trophies,—game, bears, deer, antler, and the choicest parts of the flesh. With joking and laughter the Norse were nearing home, and were about to leave the woods and strike across a small opening, when, attracted by a slight noise, one of the men turned aside and found their loved Leif. He yet breathed. As some one attempted to remove the spear, he feebly motioned him away and said, "Let it remain, it is my wish. I did it that I might regain the companionship of my lost one. When I have breathed my last, lay me by her side." The effort of speaking exhausted the feeble spark of life remaining, and Leif, the son of a long line of sea-kings, was no more. Thus he died with no

death-song trembling on his lips. And while darkness was forever closing about him, there was no Skald to sing the history of his valiant deeds. Tenderly he was taken up, and mournfully the band slowly moved away.

The body was carried to the town, there to remain until the next sunset, when all that was mortal of the wise and fearless leader was to be committed, with fitting services, to its final resting-place. In waiting and watching with heavy hearts, slowly the night wore on for the stricken watchers within the walls of the gray tower. Without, the wind howled among the branches, sounding almost human.

At every beat of the boughs on the stones over their heads, all would start with a look of fright, and a shudder of horror would pass over their sturdy frames. Suddenly, a voice was heard to cry from without, "Arise, Thorwald, brother of Leif, if thou wilt save thy life, hasten to thy vessel with all thy followers and set sail immediately." At this sound, all looked in the direction from whence it came, but nothing could be seen.

At once the men were filled with consternation, and the greatest confusion arose. For Thorwald, less courageous than his brother, was not one to inspire confidence, or dispel superstitious fear. But a command so given could not be lightly disregarded. So, hurriedly, and without ceremony, the body of Leif, clad in armor, with his spear and battle-axe, was placed beside his bride, by whom he had wished to lie. As they turned to take a last look at the resting-place of their Leif, the moon broke for a moment through the heavy black clouds by which it had been obscured. Its light disclosed to their gaze the beautiful Indian girl, with a strange, sweet, half-sad, half-bewildered expression, standing in the edge of the woods. As they turned silently and reluctantly away, her voice sounded like sweetest music to their ears, as she said, "Fear not to leave. His resting-place shall be sacred. Not a stone of this tower shall be disturbed, for I will guard the place. So with lightened hearts and quickened pace they sought their vessel, to make ready for immediate departure.

As the east was beginning to redden with approaching day, Thorwald and his men left for their Northern home.

Nobly did the Indian maiden keep her word, and faithful was her care of the charge she had taken upon herself. Long after all other traces of the Norsemen were erased, the old tower still stood as a token of Leif's love.

Still side by side the lovers sleep, though long ago forgotten by all except the hoary old ocean, who occasionally, as a loving tribute to their memory, sings the dirge of the Viking Leif and his lovely blue-eyed bride.

L. W. '95.



EDITORS' DRAWER.

EDITORIALS.

SCHOOLS, like towns and cities, have marked individual characteristics. Among those that endear Abbot to her graduates, the home life and close relationship between teachers and pupils are prominent. Old scholars, doubtless, owe much of their recognized graciousness to this intimate connection with teachers and companions while in school, and not a little to Abbot's friends in Andover. Object lessons in kindness and hospitality are pleasant features of our education, and closely connected with the intellectual advantages which the town affords. The very atmosphere of Andover is charged with a stimulus to study. The general culture which the Abbot girl cannot fail to acquire, better fits her for future usefulness, and many women throughout the country look back with gratitude to the good gained here.

The writing of fiction offers a wide field for the development of individual talent, since the story may be a bright one to charm away long rainy afternoons, or it may be for the purpose of exciting interest in some needy cause, or to plead some social, political, or religious reform. In joining the band of fiction writers, a girl will find herself in the company of many of her country-women. Her influence and reputation need not be confined to the United States. In England such writers as Elizabeth Phelps and Kate Wiggin are as widely read as are the modern English writers of fiction. And fame comes to these women because they constantly aim to please their readers by giving them glimpses of real life. And this involves a constant study of human nature, which leads to great interest and sympathy with the world in general.

Among the delightful mazes of knowledge that it is the Abbot seniors' privilege to tread, is the intricate but fascinating path of Psychology. At first the way may seem hazy and indistinct, but by application and perseverance the Psychological sun breaks through the mist, and the clear light streams in upon the darkened mind.

The necessity of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of

Psychology is recognized in all institutions of learning from the kindergarten to the University. The study leads to an acute observation of things going on around us. The sleep walker is no longer a spectre who frightens us, but an interesting psychological phenomena. One who relates a story with more vivid coloring than facts allow, is not to be blamed, for it is merely the product of her creative imagination, which in early years was not kept in due subjection. For we have learned that it is a disputed question whether a child ought to be punished for tales told resulting from a peculiarly active imagination. The senior who is late to breakfast now realizes that she is blameless. For to have been on time would have deprived her of the normal amount of sleep, and anything below this, results in pain; and as our physical organism expresses our mental state, is it not better to be late with a cheerful countenance than early with a pained expression? Students have been informed that "I did not hear the bell" is no excuse for tardiness. You cannot be sure that you *ever* hear the bell, in fact that you *ever* hear *anything*, for are you *positive* that anything exists outside of the "ego," or self? You have probably met people with whom this idea of nothing existing outside of the "ego" was intuitive.

A recent lesson related to the subject, "Feelings Originating in Association and Comparison." After we had completed this subject, a problem was solved which has perplexed students and parent. Why, at the close of a school year, do some students look so thin and worn? It is simply the result of prospective feelings arising from temporal relations. If a student goes to a recitation after fifteen minutes preparation, when an hour and a half is required, her prospective feelings are not enviable. Hope and fear strangely alternate. Hope that she may not be called upon, fear that she may. These two feelings increase in intensity as the recitation progresses. Fear is paramount, when the individual upon the student's immediate right is called upon. This gives place to hope when the next question is directed to some one at the opposite end of the room. That is to say, the fear decreases as the square of the distance of the question from the student increases. Now, as we have learned, this series of intermittent shocks is extremely exhaustive to our emotional nature; and as our physical and emotional organism are so closely united that no dividing line can be drawn, the effects are plainly visible upon our bodily organism. These few lines may serve to give a slight insight into the many problems Psychology is able to solve, and show why the subject is such an interesting and fascinating one to seniors.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The missionary hour Friday morning has been all too short this term. We were all sorry to hear no more of the young women evangelists, whose work in northern Vermont interested Miss Watson last summer, and of Howard Institute, with which Miss Johnson's father is connected. Then to think that Mrs. Darling had only twenty minutes "to tell us all about Hampton," and our own delegates to the American Missionary Association at Lowell no longer, raised anew the old cry for "more time."

Thirty-two zealous girls have united to form one of the circles of the great band of "King's Daughters." They have adopted the pledge, wear the cross, and meet every Tuesday night to sew. The products of their skillful fingers will be sent to the Salvation Army in Boston. The common duties and occurrences of school life afford a good field of work for King's Daughters. We wish for this circle the realization of their noble purposes, and hope that others, like them, may be inspired to work "In His Name."

The long established Saturday evening prayer meetings are continued as usual, and this year we have had many interesting talks, helpful in daily school life, fruitful in lessons, and stimulating to noble ambitions. One of the most enjoyable of these meetings was that for our "Thanks giving," conducted by Miss Brownell '96. The little thank-offerings written by the girls, and read to us by the leader, were evidences of earnest, loving spirits, and they made glad the hearts of all.

Abbot is so rich in missionary alumnae that we feel a personal interest in many of the most distant fields, and are pleased to receive cheerful and courageous letters from Abbot workers. This year we send our contributions of money, clothes, and household articles to a family in Minnesota. Though doubtless the box contains less than it would if we were all in our own homes to search for contributions, yet we must

"Call nothing little that the heart can give;
By single deeds our truest lives we live."

"A private letter from Mt. Holyoke College has the following reference to the address of Miss Watson of Abbot Academy at 'Founder's Day,' observed there last week: 'Miss Watson's address was considered by all, very fine. It was expressed in her cultured way and delivered in that well-modulated and melodious voice of hers. Her subject was the part of college graduates in philanthropic work.' Mrs. Drinkwater

also represented the Andover alumnae, and Rev. Dr. W. E. Park made an address."—*Andover Townsman*, November 16, '94.

Over our little bits of dainty fancy work, we have spent several Saturday afternoons of pure pleasure and lasting benefit in Abbot Hall. On one of these occasions, we were entertained with a delightful miscellaneous program. The recitations, music, and original essays showed ability and graceful delivery. Mr. William Maxwell Reed, of the corps of workers at the Harvard Observatory, has given us two lectures. On the Saturday before Mr. Spaulding's Browning lecture, Miss Ingalls gave us a most delightful introduction to "The Ring and the Book." In her own inimitably pure and perfect English she analyzed the monologue of Pompilia, and compared the character of the heroine with that of the Lady in Comus and Miranda in *The Tempest*. As is always the case, Miss Ingalls stimulated each hearer to additional reading, and the Seniors are looking forward already to their study of Browning in the spring. On another afternoon we had the rare pleasure of listening to Mrs. Downs, who spoke to us about "Old Concord," giving us interesting facts, delightful personal reminiscences, and beautiful descriptions of that most picturesque and historic New England town.

The school attended the Yale-Freshmen-Phillips foot-ball game.

The news of Miss Merrill's leave of absence must have reached many old friends by this time, and those who have not been so fortunate as to hear directly from her will look eagerly to the *Courant* for some news concerning her. She sailed for Europe from Montreal September 29, in company with Miss Dougall, once a student at French Hall, and the author of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity Knows," and after a pleasant ten days' visit at Miss Dougall's Edinburgh home, she went on to Paris, and is now settled for the winter at 110 rue de Rennes. She writes that she has been busy studying Italian and French and exploring that quarter of Paris, but now that the Sorbonne has opened she is much occupied attending several lecture courses.

Her letters give interesting pictures of a great variety of life, all having a delightful foreign atmosphere. Through her eyes we look into stately libraries and beautiful picture galleries; with her we go to a real McAll meeting, and even to a solemn service in honor of the Czar. No less interesting are the glimpses of French home life, or of quaint old women whom she meets on the street, while the encounters with American and English tourists struggling with the language are amusing, but fortunate indeed are they when they fall into such kindly, helpful hands.

What does Smith Hall do without her, you ask? We miss her much, and look forward eagerly to the time when we may welcome her back.

Miss Hutchison is in the graduate department of the Chicago University, striding rapidly toward her doctor's degree. Her chief work is in Philosophy, under Prof. Dewey. She writes enthusiastically of her enjoyment of the "Logic of Ethics," of her study of the doctrines of the Eliatics, of Heraclitus, and the Sophists, and the translation of them into modern views, of the books she must read, and the theses she must write. A Philosophical Club, a German class, and work in Latin under the great scholar, Professor Hale, gives a pleasing variety to her work.

Miss Hamlin's many friends who miss her in the Andover life will be glad to know that she is finding the work at Cornell more delightful, even than she had anticipated. She writes in an exceedingly happy strain of her immediate surroundings in the College, and of the delight she has taken in exploring that picturesque region. It is almost needless to add that she is enthusiastic over the work she so much desired to undertake. In addition to her individual research work in Psychology, the most important part of her training, she is following two other courses in that subject, both more or less experimental, and also courses in Ethics and German.

The department of Physics has been enriched this Fall by the addition of valuable apparatus and several standard works of reference. Besides apparatus for general illustrative class-room work, several smaller pieces have been duplicated, thus enlarging the facilities for individual practical work.

The award which Abbot Academy received from the World's Fair was bestowed chiefly on account of the "excellence of the school magazine."

A prayer meeting which we very much enjoyed was one in which Miss Kelsey told us something of the missionary life and work of Dr. Peyton.

If possible, the singing on Thursday mornings at Chapel is more sweet and uplifting than ever. No one who sings where Prof. Downs is the leader can fail to sing from the very heart — and heart songs are never forgotten. The following extract, from a recent letter from Miss Greeley, whose loving interest in the school's best music was felt while she was here, serves to show how the echoes of the songs of praise linger with those who have heard them in Abbot Hall: "I have been thinking freshly to-day of the way in which Abbot girls sing hymns. I

sometimes hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that I have learned what can be made of hymns under Mr. Downs' training, because the ordinary hymns which I hear and in which I join are such a painful contrast. And especially at Thanksgiving and at Christmas I long for what I do not hear."

Through the kindness of Miss McKeen, the Senior Class attended the public meeting of the Art Department of the November Club early in December.

Twenty-five dollars has just been sent Mrs. Hattie Gibson Gale, '81, to purchase a kindergarten outfit for her Corean mission.

It is my share of Courant work to "write up" Mrs. Downs' lectures on "Cathedrals." But how can any one possibly "write up" a library and an art gallery, and yet do justice to them in a few lines! The subjects of the profusely illustrated lectures were as follows: November 16, "Norman Churches;" November 23, "Early English Churches;" November 30, "Decorated and Perpendicular Churches;" December 7, "Comparison of Cathedrals."

At the close of the last lecture, a distinguished professor remarked: "Mrs. Downs has the gift of historic imagination — a rare gift." Surely, we would think it enough pleasure for an evening to see such pictures as Mrs. Downs exhibited, illustrating the development of "Gothic" church architecture, from the grandly simple forms of the "Norman" and "Early English," to the stone frost-work of the "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" periods; and in fancy, walk through those varied edifices — pass down the echoing cloisters — or stand in the great naves, whose dim arches, and lofty piers exalt the soul. Yet, in addition to this feast for the eyes, the lecturer gave us a remarkable store of important historic information and suggestive literary allusion. Forty pupils of Abbot availed themselves of the opportunity to attend these lectures, at the "November Club House."

Miss Annie D. Ingalls, '93, completes her kindergarten course, in February, '95. Besides many touching accounts of work among the poor, her letters contain enthusiastic details of study upon the philosophy and history of pedagogy, and the delightful avenues of thought opened by the works of Richter and Rousseau.

A very interesting paper from Mrs. Margaret Neal, describing the Woman's Club of Arkansas, arrived too late for this issue but will appear in the spring number of the Courant.

Saturday afternoon, December 8, the exercises in Abbot Hall were

unique, and greatly enjoyed. "A Living Newspaper" was presented, the departments of news being represented by members of the Faculty. Miss Wallace gave a vivid and elegant report of the present crisis in China. Miss Durfee gave the history of New York's recent glorious victory over corruptions in city government, and showed the power of one fearless life, as illustrated by Dr. Parkhurst's fight against evil, and its triumphant outcome. Miss Thayer gave a brilliant account of Russian history during the past thirteen years, and Miss Fletcher gave many important items of literary, historic, and political interest, which gave us a fuller knowledge of "current events." It is a privilege to be thus delightfully entertained and instructed.

On Saturday, December 1, the members of the Zoölogy class enjoyed a visit to the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge. Many things of special interest, after the work of the past term, were seen. The lowest forms of animal life claimed most attention, as the greater part of our time has been given to the study of them. Glass models of jelly fish, and sea-anemones, and alcoholic specimens of the same were interesting, and the collection of butterflies and insects was also enjoyed. A short time was also spent in looking at the beautiful glass models of flowers.

The social life at Smith Hall has been pleasantly brightened this fall by Monday evening readings in Miss Thayer's room. Selections from Browning, suggested by Mr. Spaulding's lecture, have been much enjoyed; also the evenings spent with Dickens' Christmas stories. This informal course of reading has proved so attractive as well as profitable we anticipate continuing it next term.

On Hallowe'en merry peals of laughter were heard ringing through the corridors, telling that the present Abbot girl was trying to have her fortune revealed by the same methods that her Abbot sister of long ago employed. The Seniors' parlor was brightened by an open wood-fire, around which the girls clustered, while corn was popped and marsh-mellows and chestnuts roasted. The keen enjoyment with which these were eaten proved that the substantial realities of the present were of much more importance to some, than the rather doubtful prophecies of the future.

Miss Adele Carter of Dorchester, as the guest of Miss Nelly Russel, attended the Seniors' reception.

The Shakesperian reading in the Town Hall by Mr. George Riddle was enjoyed by a large number of the students. Mr. Riddle gave "Romeo and Juliet," delightfully assisted by the Boston Philharmonic Club.

Among our guests this fall have been Miss Greeley and Miss Means.

On September 13, the first day of the new term, a social evening was spent at a reception given by Miss Watson. This custom has become the pleasant means by which old and new girls mingle together in a hearty welcome.

A number of students who went into Boston to hear Madame Melba reported, upon their return, a very enjoyable time.

The class of '95 numbers 19, the largest in the history of the school. It represents 10 states and South America. Massachusetts, 6; Maine, 3; New Hampshire, 2; New York, 1; New Jersey, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; Michigan, 1; Illinois, 1; Iowa, 1; Wisconsin, 1; South America, 1.

After due deliberation, G. Waldon Smith, 164 Tremont Street, Boston, has been chosen class photographer for '95.

Two of the Seniors were delighted to receive a long, newsy letter from Miss Merrill, the first of December. She speaks of her location in Paris, and her work in French and Italian, and brings up many pleasant reminiscences of the life in Smith Hall. She is well and happy but often wishes herself again in dear Andover and with her Abbot friends.

The dining room at Smith Hall witnessed a novel sight, Thanksgiving evening, for the question how to dispose of the contents of five large boxes had been solved by Miss Mollie Kelsey placing the dining-room at our disposal and permitting us to enjoy our boxes together.

The Seniors were entertained by Miss Elizabeth Smith at her home. November 8. The falling snow did not depress the spirits of those attending, but seemed a blessing in disguise, as it served to heighten the brightness within. With the charming hostesses, Mrs. Smith and Miss Elizabeth, the time passed all too swiftly.

Have you ever attended a German Church? The Abbot "German girls" have, and they not only enjoyed the service but understood it, too. Several times this term Fraulein Schiefferdecker, with her ever ready kindness, has taken parties of interested girls to a German Church in Lawrence.

Among the pleasant afternoons of the term, one of the unusually pleasant ones was that spent at a tea given by Miss Ingalls. The teachers and girls present had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Ingalls, who for a short time is visiting in Andover.

Wednesday, November 28, the first day of the long looked for Thanksgiving recess! The last girl had gone, and those remaining determined to forget study for a while and enjoy the freedom from rules and electric bells. Breakfast not until eight o'clock! Think of that, you girls who have never spent a Thanksgiving at Abbot. The cold, clear day was spent pleasantly in various ways, walking, reading, resting and visiting. When evening began to approach, a little excitement seemed to stir the unusual quiet of the house, for, on the night previous we had received an invitation from hospitable Smith Hall to a six o'clock dinner, which since then we had been anticipating. We were received by Miss Kelsey and the eight Smith Hall girls who remained, and were pleased to find that Mr. and Mrs. Draper and Miss McKeen were among the guests. Upon entering the dining room we found it very tastefully decorated, and the long table certainly presented a festive appearance. After an elegant and dainty dinner a social hour was spent in the parlors.

Thanksgiving Day was a quiet one but we were still blessed with perfect weather and all enjoyed it to the utmost. At half after two the families from the two halls met in the dining room at "Draper" for the Thanksgiving dinner. Miss Watson presided at the head of a long, prettily arranged table, with nine girls on either side. Two hours were passed here, then all adjourned to the drawing room where the remainder of the afternoon and evening passed pleasantly in playing some very novel games around a drift-wood fire. Our only regret was the thought of going back to work on the following day. All felt that we had enjoyed as much as if we had been away, and some of us were not quite sure but that we had had even a better time.

One particular Tuesday evening stands out pleasantly in the minds of the Smith Hall girls. It was the night when we all assembled in Miss Kelsey's cosy parlor. The time passed very delightfully, with plenty of tea and conversation. Miss Wallace came over from "Draper" and her presence added much to the general enjoyment. All the girls recall that evening with special pleasure because of its delightful, informal spirit, which reminded us so happily of "home."

Margret Blunt, '96, is attending a kindergarten college in Chicago, and at the same time gaining skill, and helping others by assisting in a kindergarten in Evanston.

†Blanche Morton, '92, has this year been studying music at Kidder University, in Missouri.

Fannie Duren has this year entered upon her course at Iowa College.

†Gaddie Abbott, '93, after an enjoyable visit at her home from which she has been absent six years, is now teaching in the Searcy Female Institute. We print a letter from her in this number of the Courant.

Martha O. Coffin, '83, Annie Torrey, '83, Mabelle Bosher, '94, are studying at Radcliffe College.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bartlett, soon after their marriage, started for their home in Japan. As both of them have before lived there, and Mrs. Bartlett's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, are now there as missionaries, she must enter with special pleasure upon her life in Japan.

Mrs. Brownell Collier, teacher in Abbot from '79 to '82, is now teaching German in the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

September 22, Rev. G. R. W. Scott, and his wife, †Mary Dow, '61, were tendered a reception by their parishioners in Leominster, Mass. In the church they received the good wishes, and words of love and appreciation from friends both present and absent.

†Lilian Wilcox, '82, has resigned her position on the "Golden Rule," because of her approaching marriage.

Nettie Heritage, '93, is teaching about forty bright boys and girls in Antrim, N. H.

One of Abbot's little grand-daughters recently amused her mother, when she was given a pair of her sister's gloves to wear down street, by saying, "All of Polly's old traseries is gave to me."

†Mary M. Fiske, '79, writes of a club in Bath, Me., of which she is a member. The Club will study the Cathedrals of Europe this winter.

The "Christian Workers" prayer meetings are now held in one of the girls' rooms. The attendance is large, and the informal feeling very helpful to Christian fellowship.

A large proportion of the class of '94 are either teaching or continuing their study. Among the teachers, we find Mabel Stone, at Higganum, Conn.; Annie Strout, in an ungraded school at Limington, Me.; Ida Cushing, as music teacher in the Whittier Home School at Merrimac; Ethelyn Marshall is at home, studying literature; Hannah Green, also

at home, studies French, German, and Vocal Music; Marion Lees is at the Normal School, Boston; Julia Sanborn continues her music, under Prof. Downs' instruction. Ella Robinson writes from 86 B'd Buileau Neuilly-sur-Seine. "I am very happy here in a French Christian family, whose greatest wish seems to be our happiness. We lead a most agreeable life, studying and sight-seeing. Meanwhile, the French, the main object, is becoming more habitual, and even natural. Yesterday I was delighted to receive a letter from dear Miss Merrill, who wrote to me immediately upon receiving my letter forwarded from Andover. I am going to lunch with her next Thursday, the 22d, and am anticipating much pleasure in a good long talk. How fortunate it is for me that she is here this year."

Extract from Miss Merrill's letter, which came soon after Miss Robinson's: "This morning I am keeping one eye out for Ella Robinson whom I am expecting to lunch with me to day."

†Anna Nettleton, '93, has this autumn been teaching the school in North Rochester, Mass., and is greatly interested in securing a library for the children.

We are grateful to Mrs. Grosvenor, †Lillian Waters, '72, for a copy of "Drury's Modern Times," recently revised and translated by her husband, Prof. Grosvenor of Amherst.

A North Adams paper says: "The departure of Rev. Dr. J. P. Coyle to Denver, Col., removes from this town the central figure of its higher social life and takes from Berkshire County the most profound thinker of her pulpits." In Mrs. Coyle, Mary Cushman, we feel another pleasant link with the West.

Olive Twichell Crawford, '76, writes from her home in Broussa, Turkey, that the severe earthquakes in July did little actual harm in that quarter of the city, and the mission buildings are entirely uninjured. Much greater suffering and inconvenience has come from cholera quarantine which was established in the early autumn because of one or two cases of illness slightly resembling cholera. The schools and factories were closed by government orders, depriving many hundred operatives of all means of support, the price of food being at the same time increased, as the farmers could not bring their produce into the city. At the time of writing, eight weeks had elapsed, with no cases of cholera, and the quarantine still in force in spite of all protest.

We are happy to give you a peep into "Sunset Lodge."

The Abbot Club continues its delightful reunions at the Parker House. Of course, every old Abbot pupil in Boston and vicinity cannot fail to welcome this opportunity to meet friends, and hear Abbot news.

Miss Sabra Carter of Wilmington, class of '41, whose death occurred a few months ago, has left by her will fifty dollars to the Academy, to be used in purchasing botanical apparatus.

Saturday morning, December 8th, the trunk-room was revisited, closets were ransacked once more that nothing might be overlooked for the missionary box which was to be packed that morning, and happy girls ran back and forth to the gymnasium, carrying great bundles of clothing. And what a variety we had! Two barrels packed to overflowing, even the chinks filled with nuts, and a large box besides. There were warm dresses, coats, hats, and dolls, picture-books and the popular brownies to make glad the hearts of the little people.

We owe the Kodak pictures which illustrate the Courant to the kindness of Miss Ross, Miss Farrer, and Miss Leonard.

The class of '05 numbers nineteen members, and the fragrance of nineteen lovely roses, sent by Mrs. Ripley, has scarcely passed away.

The bright crosses of the King's Daughters are now worn by many of our number.

We have been glad to welcome Mr. Eddy again this year, and to hear another of his missionary talks.

We were glad to have the privilege of hearing Mr. Shipman at one of our Saturday evening meetings.

Mr. Ripley's beautiful palm still continues to make more attractive the inviting "resting place" of the Draper Hall stairway.

Among other addresses made at the dedication of the new Grammar School were those of Miss Watson and Dr. Bancroft.

The senior parlor has been the scene of many pleasant gatherings. The senior tea, given to the teachers, was a great success.

Miss Fletcher has been the pleasant leader of one of our Saturday evening meetings.

Our last year's librarian, Miss Crocker, has but recently returned after a summer of foreign travel.

We were interested one evening in a glimpse of foreign missions given us by Mrs. Green.

Two Saturday evenings this term have given us the pleasure of hearing Mr. Palmer and Mr. Baird.

A fine, large oil picture of asters painted in the open air in the city of Venice, by Emily Selinger of Ecstou, has lately been hung in the Memorial Guest Room in Draper Hall. It was presented to that room by the late Adelaide Hall Hotchkiss of New Haven, Conn., who was a sister to Mrs. John Phelps Taylor, the generous donor of the elegant room, with its perfect appointments. The rich colors of the asters, toned to sympathetic harmony by the soft air of Italy, are a tender expression of the love of the two sisters and of their unity in generous purpose toward Abbot Academy.

The Abbot Academy guest-book has for this term the names of: Miss M. E. Tilton; Miss Ellen O. Walkley; Miss Alice J. Hamlin; Miss Maude Sleeper; Miss Bessie Swan; Miss Clara P. Ray; Miss Catherine F. Crocker; Miss Annie Frye; Miss Lulu Chickering; Miss Alice Conant; Mrs. Mary Cushman Coyle; Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling; Miss Grace Norton; Miss Belle Pearson; Miss Charlotte W. Briant; Miss Julia W. Wallace; Miss Ida E. Cushing; Miss Fannie W. Palmer; Miss Myrtie Woodman; Miss Mabelle P. Clark; Miss Bessie Eaton; Miss Anna E. Decker; Miss Josephine Billings; Miss Ethelyn Marshall; Miss Mabelle Boshier; Miss Mabel Vinton; Miss Louise Smith; Miss Ellen C. Lombard; Mrs. Mary W. Joy; Miss Alice Gardner; Miss Alice Foster; Miss Winifred Barber; Miss Katherine Lahm.

The Astronomical Journal for November contains a long comprehensive article by Mr. Wm. Maxwell Reed, entitled "Observations of Variable Stars." Since a large part of the work in observation has been done in the Abbot Academy observatory, it must have special interest to all who are interested in the school.

The Alumnae Fund Lecture Course furnished us the pleasure of a course of illustrated lectures by the Rev. Henry G. Spaulding. On October 19th, Mr. Spaulding in his pleasant and interesting way led us through pagan Rome, the city of the Caesars. Many pictures of the Forum and of heathen temples united to give us a wider conception of Roman life.

In his second lecture, Mr. Spaulding portrayed those various amusements which furnished to all Rome the means of passing idle days in pleasurable excitement. Conjured up before us were vivid representa-

tions of gladiatorial combats in the Coliseum.—that vast structure where assembled multitudes in holiday attire, were intent upon the fearful scenes enacted before them. The stupendous building of the Great Circus, with its main attraction of the chariot races, showed us, together with the theatres, highly important features of Roman life.

The third lecture gave added interest to "Roman Life and Art as seen in Pompeii." Pompeii, whose homes, temples, streets, theatres, and baths revealed to us such true pictures of this ancient life.

Although Mr. Spaulding's course on Rome comprised but three lectures, we were indebted to him in addition for a much enjoyed Browning lecture upon "The Ring and the Book." It is with pleasure that we acknowledge our preparation and thorough appreciation of this lecture to the kindness of Miss Ingalls, in her previous charming narration to the school of the story of the poem.

Mr. Spaulding in his glowing tributes to the beauty and nobility of the character of Pompilia, held the closest attention of his audience. Many beautiful thoughts were presented to us, not only of the depths of her self-sacrifice, but of the influence of a life so purified by love and sanctified by sorrow.

THE social event of the Fall Term, the Senior Reception, took place Tuesday evening, October the 23rd, in Draper Hall. The guests were received by Miss Watson, and Miss Haldeman, the president of the Class, assisted by Miss Forsyth and Miss Eddy. The senior parlor was beautifully decorated, in the delicate class colors, olive green and cream; while the class flowers, narcissus and fern, transformed the room into a fairy bower. Dance orders, exquisitely painted by Miss Pond of the senior class, were distributed.

Later, the trustees, faculty, and girls repaired to the dining room, where they were delighted with a charming play, called "Six to One," represented by seven members of the Class of '95, who took their parts as follows:—

MRS. POMEROY DODGE of Newport,	Miss Eddy.
GLADYS QUINCY, her Boston Niece,	Miss Brittan.
NINA CROSBY, her New York Niece,	Miss Purington.
MAUD LAWTON, her Philadelphia Niece,	Miss Miller.
ETHEL DAVIS, her Chicago Niece,	Miss Simonton.
ALINE DE VALENCE, her French Niece,	Miss Adams.
ELLIOT CHAMPNEY, her Nephew,	Miss Muzzey.

The little farce was well-arranged, and the keen interest of all was shown from the entrance of Mrs. Pomeroy Dodge and her nephew,

Eliot Champney, to the dénouement, when the accomplished young man found himself the accepted lover of the five fair maidens. The character of Mrs. Pomeroy Dodge was admirably sustained by Miss Eddy, who was in all respects what a clever chaperone should be, with five nieces and one nephew to control. Miss Brittan, as Gladys Quincy, was a typical Boston girl, gracious, with charming manners, and with any quantity of "isms." Nina Crosby, impersonated by Miss Purington, showed the superior knowledge of a New York girl of stocks and bonds. Miss Miller, as Maud Lawton, was inimitable as the Philadelphia girl, with calm manners and irreproachable genealogy. Miss Simon-ton shone in all the dashing vivacity of a brilliant Chicago girl, dazzling her guest with her wide experience and unconventional manner.

By this time the much-accepted nephew was not over confident that he should leave Newport a free and heartwhole man, as he thought each fair maiden more wonderful than the last; and how fortunate for him that the difficulty was solved by the presence, at the critical moment, of his own true love, Aline de Valence, whose low-voiced, graceful and piquant charms were admirably rendered by Miss Adams. And what words have we for the versatile gifts of the adorable nephew whom Miss Muzzey impersonated with such realistic spirit? For this pleasant and graceful performance the actors received their due meed of merited praise. Delicate refreshments were then served, after which advantage was taken of the beautifully polished floor to dance for one joyous hour. Hearty thanks and sincere appreciation were expressed to the senior class for an evening of such delightful and varied entertainment.

ABBOT girls are unusually fortunate in their opportunities for art work, as a visit to Miss Patterson's Saturday classes, morning or afternoon, in the Draper Hall Studios, will prove. On Saturday morning the special students are at work from nine till twelve; usually we have a model, whom most of us draw in charcoal, or paint in oils or water colors. When we cannot get a model, we content ourselves with the drawing from still life and the antique which occupies our studio time during the week. The "specials" are all required to spend at least one period a day in the studio; and most of us spend as much more time there as we can spare from other work. On Tuesday, Miss Patterson is with us again, from half-past ten until half-past two. For many of us this is even a more helpful day than Saturday, for there is more time for individual criticism, and for the discussion of art topics which is such an interesting part of studio life. Besides the special class, there are two others, which meet Saturday afternoons. Here there is a chance for any girl

who wishes to draw in pencil, charcoal, or crayon, from still life or cast. Many good beginnings are made in those weekly classes, although the time for work is necessarily so short. In all the classes the method of work is the same as that employed in the best art schools. First there is drawing from the antique in charcoal, or crayon, until there is a thorough knowledge of proportions and values; then color is allowed, in work upon still life; and finally from the model.

Dear Courant:—

TRAVELLING in Oklahoma, whether by rail, stage, or on the deck of a "Prairie Schooner," presents too much that is novel to become monotonous. While crossing "The Strip" in the cars, all the passengers were surprised by the entrance of a burly cowboy in the conventional sombrero, leather breeches, revolver and belt, who demanded to know if Sheriff ———, of ——— County were on that car; that official appearing, the cowboy gave himself up, for what crime I did not learn.

From Guthrie, a remarkably large and business-like city, considering its age, my journey was completed by a twenty-eight mile ride eastward, in a comfortable wagon. We drove through a region but recently a wilderness, but now blossoming with homes set in the midst of fields of neatly shocked corn, and of cotton in the harvest, and now and then a large patch of peanuts, suggesting all sorts of pleasant things. The roads are very bad in many places, for the soil—a deep red, more like the color of a New England tannery yard than anything I can think of—washes badly. Indeed I do not see how there can ever be good roads there; but the horses understand the worst places, and the wagons are built for hard wear, so there are few accidents. We passed many sod houses. These are built with walls about three feet thick, and the roofs are shingled like any house. We passed one so near the road I could look in through the open door and see the white walls and tidy interior which was so inviting. It quite changed my idea of life in a sod house. Throughout this country, the cyclone cave is one of the necessities of life. I have gained a sincere regard for it as an institution. During my visit there we had a violent storm, accompanied by the most fearful appearance of the heavens; they seemed to be *seething* while a dull red glow and a distant hissing sound, convinced us that a cyclone must be *near*. It is needless to add that the entire family repaired to the "cave" *without delay*, and with grateful hearts for the comparative safety it offered. The storm did not come near us, but the next day we heard of two destructive waterspouts north of us, in "The Strip."

As I was to go from my brother's, across the country by stage,—for

the adventure — to Sepulpa, in eastern Indian Territory, where I could take the train for Little Rock, my friends took me to Chandler, one day's journey.

The scenery is varied, and in many places, beautiful. I saw many new wild flowers, along the roadside. After driving for about five hours, on the prairie, broken occasionally by a stream with more or less timber along its banks, we came into heavy woods which covered fifteen miles of our way. Here the roads were the only clearing except here and there a small field, where a settler had, by the hardest toil, cleared the stumps from a spot for his house, and where, each year will see the limits of his fields farther extended. We noticed the "Gov't Blaze" on the trees at intervals as we passed along, showing that the road was an established mail route.

We spent the night in Chandler, a town which seems to be suffering a collapse after a "boom." At this point I left my friends and pursued my way by means of a mail cart (I would I could say a stage.) It was a spring wagon part way, and later a buck-board. I carried with me a note of introduction to the wife of Col. Patrick, ex-agent of the Sac and Fox Reservation, for I was obliged to spend Sunday at that place, and the hotel there does not fulfil the generally accepted idea of its name. The Patricks are a kind of people who make the world a pleasanter place to live in, and my stay with them was a pleasure. Through their thoughtfulness, I had an opportunity to visit the Indian School and go through the various living and school rooms. I was much interested in the place, seeing the bright-eyed boys and girls, and meeting teachers and matrons. I was told that these children are the most interesting and obedient pupils one can imagine: they never *think* of being disrespectful, but they *will* run away from school,—their parents encourage them in this — so it is necessary to send out a wagon occasionally to pick up truants, who may be ten or fifteen miles away.

I also heard an Indian preacher at the little Baptist Church. His words were earnest; his voice was large enough, I should think, to have filled St. Peter's, though I must own, his discourse was not brilliant.

Monday morning, I started with good courage "Across the Creek Nation — loneliest place in all creation"—this was the way my crude but interesting Jehu characterized the journey. The most exaggerated drawl I ever heard made his very commonplace remarks quite amusing. We rode twenty-seven miles without meeting "anything that *looked like a hewman*," as my companion said. We had passed *one* house. At the "half-way store" we had lunch, and a fresh team, and by five o'clock, we reached Sepulpa. Just before coming into town, we had to cross a

low mountain by the worst road I ever saw,— which is saying a good deal. I was thankful now that our vehicle was a buck-board.

From beginning to end of this trip, I was treated with the greatest kindness by all with whom I came in contact, but the next time I cross Indian Territory, I'll go around.

CADDIE M. ABBOTT '93.

"Octave Thanet," the nom de plume of Miss Alice French, '68, is a combination of the Christian name of her room-mate at Abbot and the name Thanet, suggested by a visit made to the island of that name. Miss Alice French is a constant contributor to magazines, and at present is at Pullman, where she is studying the questions of the late riot in accordance with her deep interest in political affairs of the day. Some of Miss French's works are "Knitters in the Sun," "Expiation," "Otto, the Knight," and other trans-Mississippi stories. Her style is natural, and her stories true to life.

Anna Fuller, '72, is one of our most popular writers of modern fiction. "Pratt Portraits," a New England story, is a series of witty and vivid descriptions of the numerous members of the Pratt family. "A Literary Courtship" is a delightful little tale, well sustained in interest from beginning to end. It tells of a gentleman who wrote a book under the nom de plume of Lillian Leslie Lamb. It happened that there was a young lady of this euphonious name, consequently amusing complications followed,—and of course a wedding. Miss Fuller's latest work is a collection of Colorado stories, "Peak and Prairie." In less than two months this little book reached the number of five thousand copies. "Jake Stanwood's Girl," a clever sketch of ranch life by Anna Fuller, appeared in the July number of the Century.

Miss Lily Dougall made her debut in England with the publication of "Beggars All." The plot is exciting and the story develops a great moral lesson. She has more recently written "What Necessity Knows," a book full of beautiful descriptions of Canadian scenery, though the story is of a decidedly fictitious character. Miss Dougall has lived many years in Edinburgh; now Montreal is her home. We are interested to know that Miss Merrill has seen the proof-sheets of a new story which Miss Dougall will soon publish.

This year a number of elegant weddings of Abbot girls have taken place. In all the floral decorations were artistic, but the brides, gowned in white satin and bridal veils, with their maids in delicate crepe and chiffon, were the "fairest flowers." Among these brides we may name

Bessie Baird, one of whose bridesmaids was Marcia Russell. '97; Lena Hinchman, for whom †Anna Bull. '90, and †Alice Fleek. '92, were brides-maids; Adeline Puffer, and Mabel Paradise. For the last two Prof. Churchill performed the ceremony.

MARRIAGES.

STONE-SMITH.—In Fresno, Cal., June 21. 1894, Harriet Smith to Mr. William Edward Stone, Jr.

MERRITT-WRIGHT.—In Chicago, Ill., June 27, 1894. Anna Esther Wright to Mr. William H. Merritt.

BARTLETT-GORDON.—In Andover, Mass., July 11. 1894. Fanny Slater Gordon '93 to Mr. Samuel Colcord Bartlett, Jr.

PIPER-MAYHEW.—In Harvest Hill, Hopedale, Mass., July 19. 1894. Sophia Mayhew, '87, to Mr. Edgar Raymond Piper.

BARNARD-PARADISE.—In Andover. Seminary Chapel. August 15. 1894. Mabel Paradise, '87. to Mr. Henry Warren Barnard.

HITCHCOCK-BARROWS.—In Auburndale, Mass., September 4. 1894. Charlotte M. Barrows to Prof. Charles H. Hitchcock.

COTTON-FRANCIS.—In Concord, Mass., September 6, 1894. Elsie Rice Francis, '93, to Mr. Edwin C. Cotton.

MCDUGAL-MCCULLOCH.—In Peoria, Ill., October 11, 1894. Mary Hemphill McCulloch to Mr. Edward Dickinson McDougal.

CRESSEY-ROBINSON.—In Dover, N.H., December 5. 1894. Amy Peirce Robinson to Mr. John Thaddeus Cressey.

SPENCER-WINEGARNER.—In Newark, O., December 6, 1894. Katherine Winegarner to Charles Hildreth Spencer.

ARCHBALD-BAIRD.—In Pottsville, Penn., October 3. 1894. Bessie Carey Baird to Mr. Joseph Albright Archbald.

TOWNSEND-HINCHMAN.—In Middletown, N.Y., October 18. 1894. Lena M. Hinchman to Dr. Charles Emerson Townsend.

KERR-PUFFER.—In Boston, Mass., November 1. 1894. Mary Adeline Puffer to Mr. William Melville Kerr.

BIRTHS.

PARKER.—To Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Parker (Fanny Fletcher) was born a daughter, November 14, 1894.

DEATHS.

In Andover, Mass., September 6, 1894, Anna Eliza, '49, wife of Hezekiah Jones.

In Andover, Mass., August 11, 1894, Mrs. Abby H. Abbott, wife of the late Albert Abbott.

Mr. W. S. Williams died very suddenly in November. He was well-known as a prominent business and Christian man of Glastonbury, Conn. The Abbot friends of his daughter, Mary Stuart, '81, sympathize with her in this loss.

Edith Carter, '96, has been called home by the death of her father, Rev. Thomas Carter. Mr. Carter had for nearly 22 years been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Boonton, N.J. Three of Mr. Carter's daughters have been at Abbot. †Jeanie, '87, †May, '89, and Edith.

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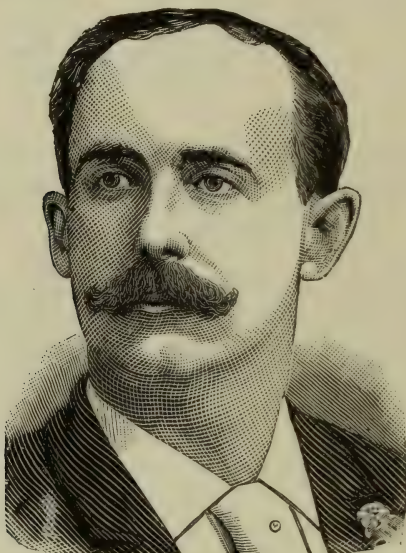
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1895

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1895

JUNE 1895.

THE
ABBOT COURANT,

VOLUME XXI. No. II.

ANDOVER, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1895.

CALENDAR.

The present year closes Tuesday, June 25, 1895

Vacation of twelve weeks.

Fall Term opens Thursday, Sept. 19, 1895

Fall Term closes Thursday, Dec. 19, 1895

Vacation of nearly three weeks.

Winter Term opens Thursday, Jan. 9, 1896

Winter Term closes Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1896

Vacation of two weeks.

Spring Term opens Thursday, April 16, 1896

Spring Term closes Tuesday, June 23, 1896

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GRACE A. SIMONTON, '95.

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VOL. XXI.

JUNE 1895.

NO. 2.



Facem Praetendit Ardentem.

We can but love you, Alma Mater, dear !
Your eyes that steadfast gaze on highest
truth ;
Your noble face that glows with holy
Faith ;

Your counsels that do prove you "Friend of God ;"
Your reverent learning gleaned from Ancient Time,
And from the present search for Laws Divine,
Fill our fond hearts with aspirations new—
And when you bid us climb the heights of Thought,
We follow your bright torchlight held aloft.

Alcestis.

“But Time, who slays so many a memory,
Brings her to light, the short-lived, loving queen.”

[N the pages of classical literature, we can find no story dearer to the human heart than the beautiful one of Alcestis. In nobility of character, in sweetness of self-sacrifice, she presents an ideal that elevates not only the literature it touches, but the moral standard of the human race. It is an exquisite flower blooming in an arid region of selfishness and meanness, filling the whole atmosphere with its own lovely fragrance. It is the old story of that perfect love, than which there is none greater, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Alcestis, the devoted wife, to save her husband, Admetus, from death, sacrifices her own life, rich in youth, beauty, and the rarest human happiness.

In connection with the famous tragedy of Euripides, it is interesting to read from the Mahabharata the legend of Savitri and Satyavan. In this, as in the Alcestis, the awful decree of death rests upon the beloved husband, and the faithful Savitri is powerless to avert it. As the days pass she grows strangely still, and her songs are hushed in tearful prayers. She sees no beauty in the sunlight playing on the surface of the little lake near their home, with the bright water-birds hovering above its reeds and rushes, nor the distant Himalayas lifting their snowy brows into the blue heavens. Her reverent supplications cannot move the King of Death, and before her eyes he strides away to the southland, bearing the soul of her husband. But with tireless feet, through the dense forest and over the sharp stones, the stricken princess toils after the grim spectre. At last the pitiless king is touched; three times he bids her return, but her love is unyielding, until his heart relents. “Thou art innocence itself, and tenderness and truth,” he says. “Thou hast taught me new lessons of woman’s fidelity. Ask any boon thou wilt, and it shall be thine. And so it is that when darkness comes, the glorious stars and southern constellations flash like crown jewels above a *living* prince and his loyal wife.

But with all its beauty this story is not to be compared with its counterpart in Greek tragedy. Noble in feeling, majestic in tone, and exquisite in form, the *Alcestis* of Euripides is nevertheless so universal in its simplicity and humanity that we can understand its hold upon the human heart.

The loftiness of the opening dialogue between Apollo and Death is an impressive introduction. The closing words of Death, "This woman goes to Pluto's dark domains," followed by the deep-voiced response of the choir, prepare the mind for the execution of Fate's decree. A still further preparation is the testimony of Alcestis' faithful attendant. She has been with the queen in all the last hours. She has seen each final preparation and has heard the last prayer before the "hallowed flames." Alcestis has clasped her children to her breast in suffering silence, and has taken a long farewell of her retainers. "Nor was there one so mean to whom she spoke not."

Then follows the thrilling pathos of the queen's entrance, just at the moment of her departure from the fair light of day to the eternal shades.

It is at this moment of darkness that the strength of a great deliverer is felt in the person of Hercules. His resolve to wrest Alcestis from "the sable-vested tyrant of the dead" is the introduction to that beautiful restoration in which Alcestis finds a worthier Admetus.

A striking parallel to this scene, both in situation and spirit may be found in the *Winter's Tale*, where Hermione is restored to the repentant Leontes. Here the trial of his love before the beautiful statue, and the elevation of his character through loss and sorrow are so like those of Admetus as to make the resemblance seem rather the result of design than coincidence. It is not too much to believe that Shakespeare had this story in mind, for Alcestis has always had a first place in the hearts of English poets. Chaucer honored her by prominence in his Prologue to the *Legend of Good Women*, and to her Milton likened his beloved wife in the *Twenty-third Sonnet*.

But upon no one of the poets has the story taken a stronger hold than upon Browning. His *Transcript of it in Balaustion's*

Adventure is one of the most valuable contributions of modern to classical literature. It was undertaken with love and enthusiasm for "Our Euripides the Human," a preference shared by both Mr. and Mrs. Browning. As a poem it is beautiful in setting and artistic in arrangement, the literary form justifying the liberties taken. The play is introduced as a recitation by a young girl, who gives the key in her own introduction :

"What if my words wind in and out the stone
As yonder ivy?"

This leads us to expect what we find, — a translation almost literal, of the Greek original, everywhere enriched by the poet's interpretation, always forcible, dignified, and full of suggestion. When Alcestis has been carried out to look her last upon the sun, the clue to her whole sad, tranquil utterance is given in the Browning interpolation. And then after Admetus' long and pathetic assertions of love and faithfulness, the very heart of the man is analyzed in the lines beginning

"So he stood sobbing ; nowise insincere,
But somehow childlike."

Perhaps the best examples of the Browning enrichment are the passages in which the king feels first, the truth of his loss, and, later, after the pitiful interview with his father Pheres, the fact of his selfishness in accepting the sacrifice.

At the close of her recital, Balanston proposes to try her own hand at the story of Alcestis, and on this thread Browning hangs a new version, which after the vigorous and vital drama seems a feeble contrast. Here the will of Admetus is freed from all blame, a view of the story leading naturally to Morris' Love of Alcestis. In this poem Alcestis dies never to be returned to life, the beauty and fame of the deed being its own sufficient reward. As in all the works we have mentioned, the death scene is here the most beautiful part. At midnight Alcestis rises and watches by Admetus, until her martyrdom is achieved. Unselfish to the last, she says,

"Thou sleepest, O wake not, nor speak to me !
In silence let my last hour pass away,
And men forget my little feeble day."

In spite of the delicacy and power of this poem, and the great beauty of its easy-flowing couplets, as a version of the Alcestis story it is not one which satisfies. As an English critic has just said, the credit of Admetus is indeed saved; but the act of devotion is thrust away to the extreme end of a narrative principally concerned with other things. Much display is made of the heroic life, and the poem is chiefly given to a subject merely mentioned in the Euripidean prologue, the servitude of Apollo as herdsman to Admetus at Pherae. But perhaps the sum of what dissatisfies should be limited to this,—that the sacrifice of Alcestis is eminently a dramatic subject, and that Mr. Morris is not a dramatic poet. The poem is nevertheless a noble one, and a beautiful tribute to the fame of the short-lived, loving queen,

“Whose fair soul, as scent of flowers unseen,
Sweetens the turmoil of long centuries.”

HARRIET FORSYTH, '95.

A Laboratory Study.

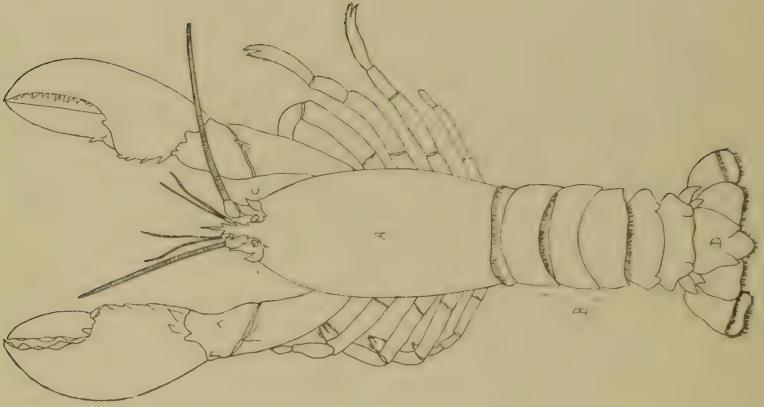


FIGURE 1

THE body of the lobster is long and cylindrical in shape, and like other members of the group Crustacea, is protected by a hard limy shell. This shell is found to be plainly divided into two distinct parts, an anterior region or carapace (fig. 1 *a*), and the posterior or abdominal section (fig. 1 *b*). The anterior division is apparently not segmented and the carapace terminates in a break or spine hollowed out on each side for the eyes, which are borne on stalks (fig. 1 *c*). The posterior or abdominal region is divided into seven distinct segments connected by a thin membrane, making them easily movable on each other. Turning the lobster upon its back, the ventral surface is exposed to view and the appendages may be studied. Each of the segments of the abdominal region except the last or telson (fig. 1 *d*) bears one pair of appendages, and the paired appendages of the anterior region would seem to indicate a segmented structure there also.



2

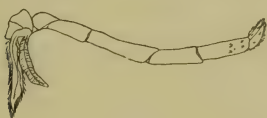


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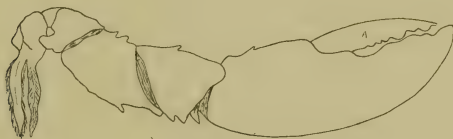
The appendages of the abdomen are called the swimmerets. In structure they are composed of three parts, a basal portion or stem, the protopodite (fig. 3 *a*), and two lobes, an inner branch, the endopodite (fig. 3 *b*), and an outer branch, the exopodite (fig. 3 *c*). The sixth abdominal appendage, though similar in structure, is much larger than the others. The endopodite and exopodite have become strong, fan-shaped paddlers, (fig. 2). These with the telson enable the lobster to propel itself backwards. The swimmeret of the first abdominal segment (fig. 4) is also modified, being smaller than the others, and has but one terminal branch, the exopodite not being developed.



5



6



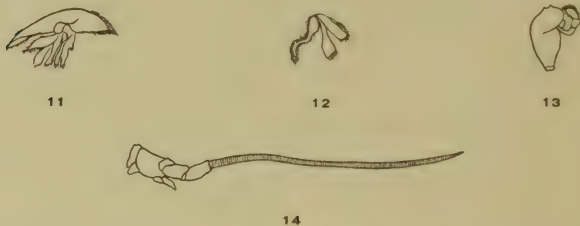
7

The anterior or cephalo-thoracic region of the body bears thirteen pairs of appendages, each corresponding to a ring or segment, though the rings have become consolidated. Just in front of the swimmerets are the five pairs of walking legs, each composed of joints or segments freely movable. The third and fourth pairs, counting from the anterior end, terminate in a joint or spike (fig. 5), but in the second, and third the sixth section at

one side is prolonged so that it forms with the last point a pincer (fig. 6 *a*). The first pair of legs (fig. 7) is greatly enlarged and modified, and the movable part of the pincer (fig. 7 *a*) instead of being on the outer side, as in the second and third legs, is on



the inner side. This large claw is used for capturing the prey. In front of the large claws are three pairs of maxillipeds or jaw-feet, transitional forms between the true walking legs and the mandibles (figs. 8, 9, 10). The last two, like the walking legs, bear gills at the points of attachment to the body. They, like the swimmerets, may be resolved into three parts. By means of the third and largest pair of maxillipeds (fig. 8) food is held and torn, and the first two (figs. 9, 10) aid in mastication.



Still farther forward are found two pairs of maxillae or little jaws, (figs. 11, 12) delicate in structure and close to the mouth; then a pair of mandibles (fig. 13), hard, with cutting edges and a delicate three-jointed end. These are so placed on either side of the mouth that they open laterally. *The mandibles, maxillae, and maxillipeds taken together are called the mouth parts. In front of the mandibles are the long feelers or larger antennae (fig. 14) and in advance of these the short antennae (fig. 15) making in all, not including the eyes, nineteen pairs of appendages.

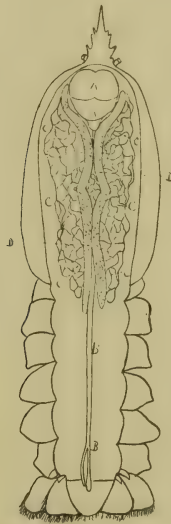


15

Removing the dorsal portion of the carapace and the red skin which covers the body, the internal organs are exposed to view. The heart (fig. 16 *a*) is an irregular shaped body lying just behind the suture (fig. 1 *a*) seen on the carapace, in the posterior part of the cephalothorax. Five arteries are given off from the anterior portion. The middle one passes to the eyes, the next pair to the antennae and the other to the stomach and liver. One artery is given off from the posterior portion and this divides



16



17



18

into two parts, one (fig. 16 *b*) extends through the abdomen above the intestine, giving off a branch on each side in each segment. The other passes down towards the ventral surface and connects with the artery which runs along the floor of the body, visible only after the other organs have been removed. (For the study

of these blood vessels a specially prepared specimen is used.)

The stomach (fig. 17 *a*) is situated very far forward, the oesophagus leading from the mouth on the ventral side being very short. In shape the stomach is somewhat triangular and is divided into two portions, the larger or cardiac portion (fig. 17 *á*) and the posterior or pyloric portion, tapering towards the end, from which leads the intestine (fig. 17 *b*), a straight tube passing through the abdomen and ending in the last segment. Near the posterior end of the intestine may be noticed an enlargement of the tube called the blind sac. Upon removing and opening the stomach in the cardiac portion are found three teeth which are broad and hard and serve to grind the food. Surrounding the heart and stomach and extending back into the abdominal region is a yellowish-green, convoluted mass, the liver (fig. 17 *c*) opening into the pylorus on either side.

The reproductive bodies (fig. 17 *d*) are also on either side of the stomach and extend backward on either side of the intestine. They have openings on each side by a small tube into the basal joint of the third walking leg.

After the internal organs and muscles are removed, in the most anterior segment of the body may be seen the brain, which consists of two lateral lobes (fig. 18 *a*). From the brain are given off nerves to the eyes, antennae, and antennules. From the posterior end arise two nerve cords which surround the oesophagus and then pass toward the posterior end of the body, forming a double cord. This cord divides and surrounds the sternal artery (fig. 18 *b*), and in each segment are enlargements from which nerves are given off on either side (fig. 18 *c*).

GRACE G. PEARSON, '96.

Original drawings by

NELLIE L. CAMPBELL, '96.

The Moon Dial.

From the German by Reinick.

To banquet and feast with footsteps bent
Through forest and wood the huntsman went.

On his wife and child in sleep, alone,
In their little chamber, the moonlight shone,

And as it gleamed on the bare white wall,
Clasping the mother, the child doth call :

“O mother why tarries my father so long?
I fear some evil, I fear some wrong.”

“Look not at the moonbeams bright, my child,
But sleep,—it is but a fancy wild.”

But a ~~r~~ gleamed on the wall so bare,
And caught the shimmering moonbeams fair.

“O mother, the shot!” cried the child in fear,
“’Tis not from my father that sound so clear.”

“My child, look not at the moon’s bright light;
Sleep quiet,—’twas but a dream of night.”

But still there shone in the chamber bright
On the father’s picture, the pale, soft light.

“O Father in heaven,” then came in fright,
“O mother, the father is deathly white!”

And as the mother from slumber awoke,
Lifeless they brought him, e’er morning broke.

CAROLYN MATHEWS, ’96.

Fair Belinda.

ONE day in autumn more than a hundred years ago, a traveler in London, strolling on the banks of the Thames, might have beheld a gorgeous spectacle. Amidst the numberless crafts that seemed to drift idly along, one vessel would have caught his eye. It was joyous in its coat of scarlet and gold, and flags of every hue fluttered gaily from bow to stern.

Nature that day seemed to have taken on a fit of drowsiness. Overhead the blue and white clouds forgot that they used to chase each other in mad frolics and were content to float with the most bewitching lightness.

Now and then sounds of music came across the water; sounds of sweetness and rapture like those Orsino heard when he begged "that strain again; it had a dying fall!"

In marked contrast to this placid scene were the spirits of the company within the boat, for they were bound for a day in society's giddy whirl. Reclining in the stern was Belinda, the heroine of our adventure and the cynosure of all eyes. She was conspicuously fair, with a bright, animated countenance, a sparkling eye and a ready smile; her grace, that of a queen, and her costume faultless! Upon her breast glittered a dazzling gem, and on and through it the sunbeams danced and shimmered. Yes, she was fair, and though an observer would have noted the perfection of dress and form, the eye would have returned involuntarily to the head, with its crown of golden locks. A word sufficeth — they were ravishing — alas, too true! How they moved with every turn of her head, escaping now and then from the confinement of pin and band to kiss the lady's brow and cheek!

A half hour passed thus without any sign of activity in the boat, except the measured row of the oarsmen, when a sudden bend in the river brought the party near its destination. Belinda roused herself, everyone followed, and soon the halls of Hampton Court received the party.

Within, gayety was at its height; "lords and ladies fair" had

assembled to taste the pleasures of the court. Proud dames fanned and chatted, now and then taking a pinch of snuff from the dainty boxes they carried. "At every word a reputation dies"; surely, woman, thy pastime *has been* Gossip!

Belinda moved graciously in this vast company; she was, we will suppose, in many respects like the average woman of her time, a trifle too gay, vain and artificial. Of her beauty there can be no doubt; but that her looks were dearer to her than all else, we shall soon see. While other ladies contented themselves with half-animated conversation and still more frivolous flirting, she had challenged two of her admirers to a game of ombre, had played the game and won!

With the hum of voices was mingled the rattle of cups and spoons; kettles steamed and coffee sent its fragrance through the room. Now came the tragedy of the day.

As Belinda bent her head over the cup, two lovely curls slipped from their place and rested against her neck, irresistibly tempting. Lord Petre stood behind her chair, and in a moment of covetousness, he seized a tiny dagger and severed a lock from the lady's head. Indescribable confusion arose. Belinda's indignation knew no bounds, while lords and ladies struggled with one impulse to restore the treasure and avenge the lady's honor.

But while the contest, fierce and hot was raging — suddenly, the lock was gone, none knew where! 'Tis said,

"A sudden star it shot through liquid air
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair."

Ah! Belinda cease sorrowing for that favorite curl, for your name is immortalized and after all, it was only "a woman's hair."

ALICE MORSE, '96.

The Daisy and the Skylark.

A DAISY by the swart roadside
Dropped her sad, weary head,
'Neath quickening rays of sunlight's gaze,
For joy and hope were dead.

The daisy's stem, bent to the ground,
With dust was covered o'er,
The daisy's leaves were drooping things,
Her petals white no more.

The gold of her sore, bruised heart
Was darkened by a stain;
The cheerful buzz of insects hurt
Like hail in summer rain.

She could not look, as once she did,
Directly to the sun,
Yet she could hear the lark's swift song
The sun-lit clouds among.

The daisy loved the lofty lark!
The lark has never known
That all through spring the fragile thing
Drew strength from his pure tone.

MAY CHURCHILL, '95.

Beyond the Clouds.

A LONELY child once lived in a small fishing village. His mother was dead and as he was too young to assist his father, the boy was left much to himself. He did not care for the noisy games of the children, and would wander by the ocean-side or climb to some wind-swept hill where he could look far out at sea. The old fishermen wondered what there was in these familiar scenes to attract a child. When they asked him, he only shook his head and said, "I don't know what it is, but I love them." Though he could not explain it, he knew that in the dashing spray of the ocean and the brilliant colors of the sunset there was something that filled his little heart with joy and wonder. This simple child had never seen a painting, nor dreamed that men tried to copy such beauty as he saw around him. The little glows of light that come and melt away before human hand can sketch them were all dear to him; but of all times in the day he liked the sunset the best. Each evening he would go to the water's edge, as the sun, like a ball of fire, was sinking into the sea. The little one would stretch out his tiny hands and cry, "Oh, stay with me, stay with me, beautiful colors!" But the spot which had been vivid crimson faded into pink, which turned into purple, the purple melted into blue, which became darker and deeper until the whole world was covered with blackness, except where shone a star, or where some lighthouse lamp cast its little gleam upon the waters. The sunset had gone all too fast for him, but this he knew, "to-morrow night it would come again just as beautiful." As the colors faded away the boy would wonder what there could be off beyond the clouds. It must be very beautiful! If he could only go there, but how could he go so far over the water?

One charming summer day the father sailed away as usual. As the boy saw the fishing-ship disappear at sea, he wished that he could go too, and thought of the sunset land far off

on the horizon. It seemed a long way, but if he hurried perhaps he could get there just in time to be near the sunset. He loosed his father's smallest boat and was soon out at sea. Hours past, but he was puzzled to find that although he was now far from land, the west was just as far away. Over the clear blue sky a storm cloud gathered, and the sea which was so calm a moment ago, now tossed the little dory back and forth. The boy crouched in the boat. He had not thought of this when he left the quiet home shore. He could not tell how long the waves dashed the boat, but just as suddenly as it had come the cloud broke away and he saw the setting sun, still far away. "I shall never get there!" cried he. "No, I never shall!" Just then out of the sky came a beautiful figure clad in a robe of purple and crimson and gold. Very gently did this glorious being speak to the lonely little child, telling him not to be afraid. "I have come from beyond the sunset," he said. "I am sent to bring you there." He took the child in his arms and carried him to the place beyond the clouds where the brightness is unspeakable.

But this was not known to the folk of the little fishing village. The anxious father looked in vain for the child. Months afterward, the fisherman found the empty dory tossed up on the sands.

Many, many years have passed, but even now, when, after a storm, the sky clears and the sun sets gloriously, the fishers say they can see out on the horizon a little dory sailing into the golden light.

ROSE CHURCHILL, '98

From my Window.

'GAINST the sunset's golden glory
Stand the pines, gigantic, hoary ;
Fire-flies flit in dewy grasses,
Crickets chirp their evening masses ;
In some hidden high-hung nest
Sings a bird her young to rest.

Slowly sinks the sun in setting,
All the sky with crimson fretting ;
Birds now cease their evening singing,
Twilight bells are softly ringing ;
Wheels and whirs the bat so gray,
Hither — thither — then away.

Darker grow the silent shadows
Over hills and dales and meadows ;
Fades the last faint glow of daylight,
Over all falls peaceful twilight ;
In the waning west afar
Softly shines the evening star.

F. STEVENS, '96.

Six Weeks with Dante.

"Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost."

SUCH are the opening lines of Dante's "unfathomable song," lines whose mystic meaning arrests the attention even of one who has gone but a little way upon life's journey. Like the Wedding-guest, the reader cannot escape the spell, but must listen to the awful record of a man who has been in Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.

The reality of the tale cannot be doubted. Dante tells it so concisely, so vividly, with such intensity of feeling and earnestness. He actually read the dusky characters above the gate of Hell; he heard the "sighs and complaints, resounding through the air without a star"; he fainted in the boat of the ghastly ferry-man Charon, and made that terrible descent into Malebolge on the back of the monster Geryon. Does he not remember the very rush of the wind from below, as he sank lower and lower into the awful depths? His hands grasped the shaggy side of Lucifer himself, as with his guide he climbed out again from the core of the world to "rebehold the stars." His weary feet climbed the Mount of Purgatory; his own forehead was branded with the seven F's; and his own happy eyes saw Beatrice, as he was led by her smile through the heavenly spheres to the great Rose of the Blessed, into the very presence of the Ineffable Light.

The personality of one who had so exceptional an experience is therefore of vital interest, and while the young student can catch but glimpses of a nature whose depths demand long years of experience and companionship to reveal, he may yet learn some of the essential traits of this remarkable man.

In Dante's nature there was a bitter contest between good and evil. He knew all the capabilities of the human soul for infinite

woe and infinite bliss. He knew well — none better — the temptations, struggles, passions, bitterness, anger, reproach, and grief that could be crowded into one short life; but he shows the power of iron will and upright purpose to keep a soul unspotted from the world. He came face to face with the deepest guilt, yet remained so pure in heart that he could see God.

Among the strongest of his temptations were those proceeding from the sin of pride and ambition,—pride in his integrity, pride of intellect, and ambition to rank high among his fellows. Fame was a thing to be striven for, and those who did not attain it were rather to be pitied — if they were not to be scorned.

In the twenty-fourth book of the *Inferno* he makes Virgil say :

“ Sitting upon down
Or under quilt, one cometh not to fame,
Withouten which, whoso his life consumes
Such vestige leaveth of himself on earth
As smoke in air, or in the water foam.”

Contrast these words with those in the *Purgatorio*, when “going all bowed down” in the posture of those heavy burdened souls who had been proud on earth, he acknowledges the vanity of this sin, —

“ Naught is this mundane rumor but a breath
Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
And changes name because it changes side.” †

Look for a moment at Dante's face. How hard and bitter is the expression! There is more than pride in that curl of the lip, — there are scorn and anger. This “fierce and fiery indignation” is that of an injured heart; this scorn and anger are directed towards whatever is mean and base in men and cities. No wonder that the venom of his satire could drive his sordid foes to hang themselves, no wonder that Florence, the beautiful city he so tenderly loved, recoiled from the bitterness of his invective!

In descending through the gloomy circles of Hell, few scenes arouse the pity of Dante. When he is at the very bottom of the lowest pit, in the region where poor souls lie imprisoned like straws in the thick ribbed ice, a lost soul cries, “For pity break

the ice upon my face, that I may weep awhile, before my fount of tears freeze up again."

Dante answers, "Tell me who you are, then if I do not help you, may I go to the bottom of the ice!"

Alberigo tells his story of woe and wickedness, and ends,

"Now stretch out thy hand,
Open my eyes!" —and I did it not,
For to be rude to him was courtesy."

But now for the other side of this character, — for the trembling, shuddering Dante, clinging to Virgil like a timorous child. Is this the same man whom we thought all iron? This Dante has a soul of the most delicate sensitiveness. It is sore with constant wounds, to be sure, fierce and stern by reason of a thousand wrongs, and by loneliness and exile in which to brood over them. Yet its sensitiveness to all beauty and tenderness and goodness is not lost, it is only intensified. In that heart dwells pity — divine pity, as well as unrelenting justice.

Even in the *Inferno* we have the most exquisite examples of this. What could be more thrilling in its pathos than the picture of Francesca and Paolo? Dante cries out with infinite sympathy for the lovers, whirled onward forever by the racking winds; but he would not release them, for justice has determined their doom. Justice, too, has placed Brunetto Latini in the ever-falling, fiery snow, which has blackened and "baked" his face. But how reverent and loving is Dante's attitude towards his teacher,

"In my mind is fixed and touches now
My heart, the dear and good paternal image
Of you, when in the world from hour to hour
You taught me how a man becomes eternal."

But let him who would truly see the beautiful side of Dante's nature read the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. Here we see a new light in those stern eyes, a rare, beautiful smile upon those firm lips. It is the ardent tenderness of Giotto's Dante, the Dante of the *Vita Nuova*, deepened and ripened by experience, "made perfect through suffering." It is his earthly passion transfigured into the pure love of Heaven.

How gentle and humble he is! How his heart bounds with

joy, as he comes forth from the "dead air, which had with sadness filled his eyes and breast," into the clear, pure air, and under the serene light of the stars.

"The beauteous planet that to love incites
Was making all the Orient to laugh."

The reaction from the awful scenes through which he had passed filled his heart with a passion of delight in all things good and beautiful. His similes and comparisons have an exquisite charm and freshness not to be found even in the *Paradiso*.

His heart that has been so wrung with anger and dread, and that has been so paralyzed in the stifling anguish and gloom of Hell, expands in the warmth of the sunshine, glows with love for all things, melts in truest penitence, and aspires, at last, towards Beatrice, and beyond her towards God.

His love is tender and pitiful as a mother's,—his heart as open and responsive as a little child's.

When the celestial boatman landed his freight of souls at the foot of the mountain, one of them came forward as if to embrace Dante, and he, not knowing who the soul might be, stretched out his own arms, too, his starved, lonely heart yearning for this unknown friend. But when he found it was his own Casella, he begged him to sing that song of love,

"Which used to quiet in me all my longings."

Dante's love of music is one of the most beautiful things in the *Purgatory*. In Hell, the sounds were naught but sobbings and wailings, "accents of anger, words of agony," but here, the sinners, as they "purge away the smoke-stains of the world," chant the old Latin hymns, "sweetly and devoutly," and the music of the angelic voices floats about the mountain in such ravishing melody "that speech could tell it not." This is true even in a greater degree of the *Paradiso* which has been called pure light and music—"the harmony of the spheres."

Dante's passion for Beatrice was the ruling power in his life. At the end of the *Vita Nuova* he prays that he may live to write of her things that have not been said of any woman. His prayer was answered, for no woman, save Mary, the Holy Virgin, has

been so glorified. Dante's ardent, adoring love has idealized and transfigured Beatrice into the most glorious type of heavenly womanhood. She is a little too cold and far off we think sometimes, but Dante, I am sure, never really lost the feeling that she was still, in spite of her great wisdom and glory, the woman he had loved on earth. At sight of her the power of the old flame kindled in his heart, and, after bathing in the river Lethe, he comes forth joyful to behold the eyes of Beatrice. Looking ever steadfastly into these, his soul mounts up from sphere to sphere, from glory to glory of Paradise, till it reaches the perfect Love,—

“The Love which moves the sun and the other stars.”

The Divine Comedy is a testimony drawn from the very depths of a noble, suffering spirit.

Dante spoke that which he had heard: he testified to that which he had seen; thus leaving a priceless legacy to anyone desiring to receive and understand the lesson of a noble life.”

“Hail, poet, who for mortal man dost pour

Strong wine of words that burns and sense that sears,

Drawn from thy bleeding bosom's fiery core,

And tempered with the bitter fount of tears!”

EDITH M. POND, '95.

SCHOOL JOURNAL.

ABBOT COURANT BUILDING FUND.

Contributions, however small, will be received by the Courant and placed on interest for the proposed new Academy Building.

Will all readers of the Courant join in making this "Fund" of substantial help to old Abbot; and will each Courant subscriber solicit money and arouse enthusiasm of classmates and Abbot friends, by conversation and letter writing.

We need, at once, a finely equipped building with suitable accommodations for large classes, and an assembly room for the pupils and friends of the school, on public occasions.

Address, Abbot Courant Building Fund,
Abbot Academy, Andover.

It is hoped that all friends of Abbot will observe the paragraph in the Abbot Academy circular just issued: "The foundation of a fund for the new Academy Building has been laid, in the generous legacy of \$5,000 from one of the earliest pupils, Mrs. Phoebe Chandler. The sum has been considerably augmented by gifts from pupils during the past two years, and it is hoped that it will be so largely increased that the new building may be begun in the coming year."

Miss Watson sails, in company with a friend, June 27th, via Hamburg line, steam-ship Fürst Bismarck, to spend the summer in England and on the continent. A visit to old friends in their villa in the Hartz mountains will be one of the many pleasures connected with visiting scenes made familiar by extensive travel during her previous European trips. *Through the Courant the School wishes her a most delightful and restful vacation.*

Abbot girls do not forget the long line of noble women who have gone out from the school to work in the Lord's world. From time to time some of these workers come back to us for a day or an hour. Reports and letters come from others unable to return. We print an extract from Hattie Gibson Gale's letter, sent Miss McKeen after receiving a Kindergarten Outfit donated by present members of Abbot Academy:—

' GENSEN, KOREA.

" The native school in which the Kindergarten is used, is a company of eighteen or twenty brave little Korean boys, who wend their way over the tiger infested hills of Gensen to spend the day sitting on a nice, clean straw mat in our little white school-house, where they learn of cubes, spheres, colors, and combinations, and are required to describe them in English, which we are anxious to have them learn, that they may enjoy our Bible and other English books that have not as yet been translated for them. They are more eager in their English lessons than in their Chinese or Korean, and are able to express themselves quite well on some subjects. The older boys are already reading very nicely.

" The fifth of August was to have been a day of especial happiness to me, for four women, the first converts of 'woman's work' on this shore, were to be baptized. But when I arose and found a large steamer pouring out hundreds of Japanese troops, horses, and guns, I did not, of course, expect our Korean women to come to meeting, but to our surprise, at the appointed hour, in came a number large enough to fill our little dining-room. The hurry and rush of the morning all quieted down, and while the Japanese troops were being landed, right under our windows, and every preparation being made for war, these four faithful women were baptized, and spent a most delightful hour in prayer and Bible study.

" Our little girls listen, with eager, wistful eyes, to my stories of life in Abbot Academy, where they hope some day to find friends and companions, more than their barren experience can now picture, in the fairy-like building 'lighted without oil, heated without kongs, furnished with water without the aid of a half-naked, brown water coolie,' all of which is still incomprehensible to these little ones of the 'Hermit Land,' where fine buildings, steam cars, carriages, and church bells are unknown."

A deep and universal regret is felt at Miss Chadbourne's inability to return to Abbot Academy next year. The many hearts who have experienced the helpful and comforting ministrations of her sympathetic

spirit know how much she will be missed. Our most earnest wishes go with her for the health and strength she longs for.

Mr. Draper has suffered from a long illness this spring. During his enforced confinement to the house, a few Seniors went there frequently to sing his favorite hymns. In return for this, he generously gave the entire class a drive of two hours to North Andover. It was made very delightful by the warm spring weather, the delicate foliage, and the apple blossoms. The class extends to Mr. Draper their hearty thanks and appreciation of his kindness.

The undergraduates take this opportunity to express their warmest thanks to the members of the Senior class, who have devoted themselves untiringly for the benefit and pleasure of the other classes. We have on many occasions enjoyed their hospitality in the Senior parlor, and have not forgotten the delightful reception given in the fall term.

We had hoped to see Miss Merrill here before the close of school, but the word has just come that she will probably sail from Southampton July 6th. After her long winter of French life and lectures, she is now in Germany, at Cassel, with the German friends in whose family she once spent a year.

As the end of the year draws nigh we think more and more frequently of the old friends, and we are rejoicing in the promise of a visit from Miss Means. We also hope to see Miss Greeley here before school closes. One who has known her in her medical study writes that she easily leads her class in every respect.

As we look back upon the twenty-second of February we have very pleasant memories. Mr. and Mrs. Draper dined at Draper Hall. At five o'clock, in the Academy Hall, Mark Twain's "Meisterschaft" was, for a second time, presented to us, by request, and both audience and actors found great enjoyment in the spirited little farce. But our day was not yet over, and several hours of dancing in the Draper dining hall made a very merry ending.

We print the following with pleasure :

CHICAGO, May 10, 1895.

PHILENA MCKEEN,

Dear Madam: I have pleasure in handing you herewith, the Diploma of Honorable Mention to which you are entitled under a resolution of the Congress of the United States, directing that such a Diploma may be conferred upon those who assisted in an important

way in the production and perfection of an exhibit which received an award in the Columbian Exposition. This action of Congress was not taken until after the close of the Exposition.

A certificate signed by the exhibitor is now on file in this office, declaring that you were connected with the exhibit as indicated in the Diploma.

With congratulations, I am,

Yours very truly,

VIRGINIA C. MEREDITH,

Chairman Committee.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Commission, by virtue of the authority vested in it by an Act of Congress of the United States of America, confers this Diploma of Honorable Mention upon Miss Philena McKeen, a certificate having been filed with said Board stating that she, by skill as Principal, assisted in the production and perfection of the exhibit of Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, which received an award at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Witness our hands and seal this 8th day of May, 1895, in the City of Chicago.

BERTHA HONORE PALMER,

President of the Board of Lady Managers.

VIRGINIA C. MEREDITH,

Chairman of the Committee on Awards.

GEORGE R. DAVIS,

Director General of the Columbian Exposition.

President and Mrs. Smith's reception in the winter term was greatly enjoyed by members of the Senior and Senior Middle classes.

Living in Andover we are greatly favored by frequent visits from returned missionaries. Among those whom we have had the pleasure of listening to this year was Mr. Gulick, who told us many interesting things about the McCall mission. Mr. Gulick is of the same family which took so important a part in the Christianizing of the Sandwich Islands.

The Music Department during the last year has fully justified its hitherto excellent reputation. Not only has there been great interest throughout, but several charming voices have been developed, and the piano classes have included many pupils of ability. The vocal, instrumental, violin and harmony courses have numbered between fifty and sixty students.

THE FIRST ABBOT RECITAL.—The first concert in the Abbot Academy piano recitals for 1895 occurred May 2d in the November Club House. It was given by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, assisted by Miss Priscilla White and Miss Bertha Cushing, all of Boston. Moreover, the compositions were all Mrs. Beach's own; she not only playing her own piano solos, but playing the accompaniments to her own songs, sung by the ladies named above.

Mrs. Beach, who possessed a precocious musical genius, and played publicly when still a child, has not only fulfilled all her early promise as a pianist, but has become the most notable of women composers, not only of America, but of the world. It is not remarkable, therefore, that a large and brilliant audience greeted her in Andover.

A little disappointment was naturally felt when it was announced that Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, whose name was on the programme, was unable to appear, although her place was to be occupied by Miss Bertha Cushing, because it necessitated the giving up of the Scena and Aria "Wandering Clouds" from Mary Stuart. But when Miss White and Miss Cushing sang the first numbers of the programme, "The Night Sea" and "The Canadian Boat Song," every trace of disappointment vanished. Their voices were so fresh and of so lovely a quality, their interpretation and expression so natural and beautiful, and above all so exquisitely blended, that it was a pure delight to listen.

Miss White, whose voice is a brilliant soprano, excited great applause by her beautiful singing of the French songs, so arch and beautiful in themselves. In place of the Aria from Mary Stuart, Miss Cushing sang two short compositions, "Sweetheart, Sigh no more," and "My Star." Both were lovely and showed the tender tones of her rich contralto voice to the best advantage. In the song, "Ecstasy," pronounced by a competent musical critic the most beautiful thing Mrs. Beach has yet written, Miss Cushing made a deep impression upon her hearers, and several enthusiastic admirers said they actually forgot to applaud.

Mrs. Beach's piano compositions were all exceedingly graceful and fascinating, and the two grouped together, and which she called "Phantoms" and "Fireflies," were very poetical in their conception and effective in their situation. She has a lovely touch and is mistress of a fine technic, which enables her to do full justice to her most delicate fancies. From the effect produced by her work in this concert, it is pleasant to feel assured that fortunate in youth and in the possession of genius, almost any position in creative musical literature is open to her.

—*From Andover Townsman, May 3d.*

THE ABBOT PIANO RECITAL.—Mr. Martinus Sieveking, who gave the second Abbot Academy piano recital, on May 21st. is a Hollander by birth, coming from a very old and aristocratic family, which has produced many famous statesmen as well as professional artists. That his great musical gifts are a direct inheritance cannot be doubted, for his father was a well known musician, and his mother a noted opera singer. He played in public from early childhood, and when ten years old made so remarkable a success with the First Concert of Beethoven that his parents determined he should be educated for a solo pianist. Two of the best masters in Europe, Franz Coenen and Julius Rontgen, directed his studies for eight years, then he went to Paris, where after two years of indefatigable work, the "Figaro" said he was certainly destined to immortality because of his vital qualities of conception, splendid knowledge of orchestration, and power for imagination.

He has a fine presence which at once attracts an audience, and his execution, always brilliant although never merely cold and dazzling, has the peculiar quality of interest which almost always accompanies bewitching fancies and original conceptions. His technique, in truth, is phenomenal, and his poetic feeling very unusual.

But perhaps the greatest interest of his playing for other piano players centres about his manner of producing tone, for he stands in the forefront of the apostles of that most interesting phase of modern piano technique. It is certain that the exquisite quality of his tone, the suppleness of every joint and muscle, testify to the supreme excellence of his method, for not a single note was the result of violence, not a single one was produced by a blow. If here and there exceptions might be taken to his interpretations and over use of the pedal, enough remained that was excellent to make the appearance of this young musical genius a notable event in the musical history of Andover.

The audience was not large but intensely interested and keenly appreciative. — *From Andover Townsman, May 23d.*

The last concert of the present series was given by Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich, at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. June 6, in the November Club House.

The following is the program :

Minnelied (Minnesong)	}	. . .	<i>Brahms</i>
Wie bist du meine Königin (My Queen)			
Blondel's Lied,	}	<i>Schumann.</i>
Loreley,			
Wonderlied			

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

Eglogue,	}	<i>Delibes.</i>
Regrêts,			
Bon jour, Suzon,			

MRS. HEINRICH.

Two Duets in Canon Form,	<i>Henschel.</i>
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MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

The Miller's Daughter,	<i>Chadwick</i>
Snow Flakes,	<i>Cowen.</i>
Deserted,	<i>MacDowell.</i>
The Wooing,	<i>Siebeking.</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

To Sylvia,	}	<i>Schubert.</i>
Auf dem Wassar zu singen,			
Good Morning,	<i>Greig</i>	
Chinese Love Song,	<i>Kelley.</i>	

MRS. HEINRICH.

Philon,	<i>Templeton Strong.</i>
Twilight Dews,	<i>Thomas.</i>
Bedouin Love Song,	<i>Chadwick</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

Two Duets from Figaro,	<i>Mozart.</i>
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MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH,

In accordance with a by-law of the Abbot Academy Club, which limits the term of office to three years, a new President was elected, at the last annual meeting. Mrs. Harriet Hollis Baldwin, wife of Judge Baldwin of Allston, was the wise choice of the Club. She left the school in '59, the last term before Miss McKeen came to it. She enters upon her office with full promise of sustaining the organization, which received such an impetus from its founder, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, whose devotion and enthusiasm were unfailing.

On one of the pleasantest Saturday afternoons of the year Miss McKeen told us a beautiful love story,—the story of the founding and growth of Abbot Academy. Always charming, it was doubly fascinating as told by "the one who knows it best of all," and the loyal girls who listened are hoping to hear the sequel soon, the story of Draper Hall. This pleasure is promised for Saturday, June 8th.

One Saturday afternoon Miss Chadbourne told us of Cooper's home, near Otsego Lake, and of the Berkshire hills, with whose scenery the poet Bryant was familiar before he wrote *Thanatopsis*.

Several Abbot girls have frequently enjoyed the hospitality of Prof. and Mrs. Newton.

We were glad to welcome Mrs. Harlow at the Senior's reception on Tuesday evening, May 28th. She had the honor of being our only Trustee present from out of town. The pleasure of seeing her was increased by the little visit which she made at Smith Hall.

On Saturday afternoon of February 16th we had the unusual and delightful privilege of having with us Sigridr Emarsdotter Magnusson of Reykjarik, Iceland. From her we learned many customs and features of a country which is little known to us. The lack of communication with Iceland may be well illustrated by one little incident which she related. At the time of her marriage she went to England, and her mother's approval was partly due to the fact that by her removal to England she would be enabled to hear from her seven times a year. Had she removed to the farther part of Iceland communication with her could only have been had three times a year. Sitting before us at her spinning wheel, in the costume of her country, we had a true Icelandic picture which we shall long remember.

A SOURCE OF MODERN AFFECTION.

Now I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That when ways are so dark
To a young lady's heart
He will not try in vain

Who presents her anon with a good Huyler's pound.

'Tis said that confection's
A source and direction
Of modern affection.
To the saying I'm sure
You can raise no objection,
For this is the *candied* truth,

Which the same I am free to maintain.

We very fortunate mortals do not have to go outside our own grounds for pleasant walks and pastimes. A little stroll any spring day will assure you of this.

Back of Draper Hall are the two tennis courts, and Smith Hall has one on the lawn in front of the house. These are in great demand as soon as the spring days come, and many good players play their first game here.

One of our beautiful possessions is the Maple Walk. The straight, well-kept path is lined with beautiful maples, which are planted so near together that the boughs are interlaced and form a green bower which extends for a long distance. Even on the warmest days this place is delightfully shady.

One object which has been a loved landmark of Abbot is the grand, old, wide-spreading oak, which welcomed the first girls here in 1829 and has watched over and shaded all the successive classes since then. It is held in reverence by every girl who has gone out from her portals.

The grove is our especial pride and delight. There one may find groups of girls strolling during recreation hours along the walks that wind in and out in a labyrinthine manner under the oaks and elms. From early spring until late fall the grounds are dotted here and there with wild flowers. This is most pleasing to the Botany students, as they need not search far for their specimens. While the grove often rings with happy voices and laughter, there are many times when the squirrels and birds rule supreme. This year there have been more birds about than usual. But there can be no pleasure without some pain even here in dear old Abbot, so, to be frank, I must say that we have many mosquitoes where there is so much that is beautiful and sweet. The other day I came across a girl sitting amid the buttercups. At my first glance I thought her in "maiden meditation fancy free," but as I drew nearer I saw that she wielded a long stick vigorously with both hands, and upon inquiry she said she was keeping off mosquitoes.

Perhaps the most frequented place of our surroundings is "the circle." Here the girls walk at morning, noon, and night, "between bells." Especially after dinner is this the meeting-place for all, and while walking "around," the topics of the day are discussed.

These favorite haunts are held dear by every Abbot girl, and help to make happy and bright the days with our Alma Mater.

A few weeks ago the Seniors made their usual visit to Boston to see some of its Art treasures. At the Athenaeum we took a long look at a copy of Guido's St. Michael, and then hastened to the Art Museum. In the Print-rooms we enjoyed the beautifully colored pictures of the old masters; and in a gallery above we were entertained by Raffielli's paintings. This well known French artist is a leader in the impressionist school. The style of his work carries out his theories. We were fortunate in seeing the artist. In the same gallery hung a loan collection of Millet's works,—among them his famous picture, "The Sower."

At the Public Library we looked over some-folios containing rare and

valuable engravings from Michael Angelo and Raphael. Of course one of the most interesting things in the library is Abbey's frieze. The story of Sir Galahad's quest for the Holy Grail is told. The beautiful young knight, dressed in a long red garment, stands out in contrast to the white-robed monks or armored knights of each group in the development of the story. The plan of the frieze, which is but half done, does not exactly follow Mr. Tennyson's idea.

Sargent's painting is considered by many equally fine. It represents the Children of Israel in bondage. On one side Egypt is symbolized, on the other, Assyria. In a series of panels beneath the picture, the prophets are portrayed. These figures are especially fine.

Abbot girls for many years have regarded the receptions given by Prof. and Mrs. Churchill as among the pleasantest social events of the school year. The happy evening which the class of '95 spent in the lovely home will long be remembered for the hospitality and cordial welcome all received.

A number of seniors and undergraduates enjoyed Mrs. Whittemore's delightful tea last term.

A German picnic soon to be arranged for by Miss Schiefferdecker is one of the pleasures anticipated by the German pupils. On these picnic days we all wish we studied German, for the accounts of those delightfully original entertainments are always "höchst angenehm."

The Draper Prize Speaking at Phillips, on the evening of May 30, was much enjoyed by all who attended. The speakers did themselves great credit, and were so generally successful, that it was with a feeling of curiosity that we awaited the decision of the judges.

The Harvard concert was attended during the Winter term.

Pupils who were here between 1870 and 1886 will be interested to hear that "Katie" (McCarthy) has come back to Andover, after years in Ireland.

Old scholars will be interested to hear that in place of the Elm House, Andover has now a new block, and that in one portion of this delightful building Huyler's candy may be bought.

As we go to press, the arrangements for Commencement are complete. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. J. B. Drury, D. D., of New Brunswick, N. J., and the Anniversary Address is to be given by Prof. G. F. Moore of Andover Theological Seminary. The literary exercise by the graduating class is based upon Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."

One of the many pleasant memories which the Seniors will carry away with them from Abbot is Miss McKeen's delightful "At Home," given on Wednesday evening, April 24th. Sunset Lodge is full of Abbot memories, and its charming mistress fondly loves everything connected with the dear old school. We wandered at our own sweet will through the delightful rooms and lingered long over the bewitching little child-faces of Abbot's grandchildren. Miss McKeen entertained some of us in her fascinating manner with interesting bits of reminiscence of her travel on the Continent. Thus the hours flew on charmed wings, and all too soon came the time for us to say our adieus to our kind hostess.

The Abbot circle of King's Daughters has met very pleasantly many Saturday afternoons. The work done has called forth much eager interest from the members.

Our hall exercises Saturday afternoons during the winter and spring have been as interesting as ever. And while we enjoy all those who come to us from outside, and are always glad to welcome them, we no less enjoy each other. Miss Durfee's elocution classes gave us a delightful program. The selections, which were principally from James Whitcomb Riley, received hearty applause.

A purely literary afternoon was spent one Saturday with the English Literature class. After some delightful music we were entertained by such essays as "Literary Courtships," "Belinda," "Pope and his Friends," "The Resources of our Library," and other literary reminiscences. Several recitations also aided in making the time pass delightfully.

Once a month, as usual, the prayer meetings have been led by some member of the Christian Workers.

A prayer meeting which was enjoyed during the winter term was that led by Prof. Taylor.

The little German church in Lawrence was again attended this term by Fraülein Schiefferdecker and several of the girls.

The Seniors were invited to assist in entertaining the members of the Abbot Club at its March meeting at the Parker House. Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler opened the meeting by introducing in a few well chosen words Dr. Samuel F. Smith, author of "America," and Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Howe gratified her audience by reciting a verse of the hymn, and Mr.

Smith gave an account of the time and manner in which "America" was written. It was of especial interest to us as Andover students, since it was written in the house known to us as the "Blunt House." Mrs. Fowler then presented both Mr. Smith and Mrs. Howe with an Abbot souvenir spoon as a token of the Club's appreciation of their patriotism and its result in national songs. The latter part of the Club meeting was devoted to the reading of original stories by members of the class.

Many of our number are indebted to the day scholars and their parents for beautiful drives around about Andover, and for fragrant flowers which have made summer for us within doors, when in winter it was cold and dreary without.

The most exciting base-ball game of the year at P. A. was between '96 and '97 on the campus May 29. Several drum corps, a circus band, horns and voices served to give us a slight idea what pandemonium might be. It was a "howling success."

The Seniors were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Harris, Tuesday evening, May 21, the occasion being her annual reception given to the Phillips musical clubs. During the evening the clubs entertained the guests with several selections, which were greatly enjoyed.

The ladies of the musical department of the November Club offered their friends the pleasure of an evening with the famous violinist, Timothé Adamowski. Several Abbot girls took advantage of this rare opportunity and attended the concert.

Through the kindness of the base-ball management of Phillips Academy, we had the pleasure of attending the Yale-Phillips game.

Much pleasure has been added to our Sunday afternoons and evenings, for through the kindness of the teachers we have attended service at the Chapel, and at the Episcopal and South Churches.

The Seniors wish to express once more their gratitude to Mr. Tyer and Mr. Smith for the flowers and plants which added so much to the beauty of Draper Hall on the evening of their reception.

I suppose you do nothing but study at Abbot, especially as Andover is such an intellectual town. Even if you had the inclination to do otherwise, you would be ashamed of the sordidness of your desire, would you not?

Be ashamed to do nothing but study, is that what you think? Why

don't you know that we have the best times, there of any place in the world! I fancy that I must be the first Abbot girl you ever met, or you wouldn't make such a statement as that. Of course our school days are crowded with work, we have time for little else, but when the time comes for play, we play with a will. Just come to dinner some Tuesday night. I think you would go away with a different idea of a girl's life at Abbot. We are so busy in the morning, and feel the duties of the day so heavily, we haven't much time for fun; but at dinner, everybody is relaxed, and 'tis then we make new acquaintances, tell stories and jokes, play games, and what not. We have Wednesday for our holiday, so on Tuesday evening we have no study hour, in fact, forget that we ever study, and just give ourselves over to the enjoyment of life.

In winter, after dinner, we frequently go to the music rooms, dance for a half hour, then dividing into groups, settle down for a cosy evening, or perhaps if it be very fine outside, go for a walk. Otherwise some go to the reading room, to lose themselves in the new magazines for hours, which they call minutes; and others gather round the tea-table in some pretty room, and while one reads aloud, the rest are busy, concocting that most delicious dish, a welsh rarebit! I know there are no rarebits like those of Abbot, and as for the chocolate, there is none so good. Now although the winter evenings are so pleasant, we are always looking forward to the spring term, when everything is in its best dress. When the grove with its shady walks is more inviting than ever; when the Old Railroad track is fairly tantalizing in its fresh beauty.

But I won't tell you any more, you must come and see for yourself.

The Senior class has been unusually favored this year with drives. In the winter on a cold, bright day we had a sleighing party to Methuen, which all enjoyed to the utmost.

We deeply regret Miss Mollie Kelsey's absence, owing to protracted illness, resulting from diphtheria. We are happy to report her improvement, and hope we may soon have the pleasure of welcoming her back to Abbot.

It is with great pleasure we note that D. C. Heath and Co. of Boston are about to publish Benedix Die Hochzeitsreise, edited, with notes, by Natalie Schiefferdecker, teacher of German at Abbot Academy.

On the 22d of February the Senior Class of the Theological Seminary gave a very enjoyable reception, which Abbot Seniors and some

other Abbot students attended. Bartlett Chapel was tastefully decorated with American colors. On the left, opposite the entrance stood a large piano; a sedate and extremely wise individual, with cap and gown gazed on the scene from his place on this instrument. Washington's picture, beneath which hung the famous hatchet, occupied the most conspicuous place in the front decorations. All the guests were invited to join in national songs, after which Prof. Churchill read some very appropriate selections.

DAISY AND WILLIAM.

A fresh bright Daisy that stood in a field
Each day more lovely did grow;
Her eyes were bright and her heart was light,
Her soul was white as the snow.
But a tall Sweet-William was growing near by,
And noticed the Daisy so low,
And he said to her there, so modest and fair,
Ah! wilt thou, my dear? — and she wilted.

Among the gifts to Abbot this year are the autograph copies of "America," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," now hanging in the reading-room. They are to be the more highly prized as they were copied for and presented to Abbot by the authors.

It is always pleasant to welcome old friends back to Andover. Mrs. Selah Merrill, who was an Abbot girl, has but recently returned from Jerusalem, where Dr. Merrill has twice held the position of United States Consul. Mrs. Merrill at one of our Saturday evening meetings this term, gave an exceedingly valuable and interesting account of Jerusalem, the people, and especially the position of woman. Mrs. Merrill brought us costumes which were worn for this occasion by several Abbot girls, whose own nationality seemed lost in their Oriental attire. We were interested in a vivid description of the narrow, dirty streets, the tiny shops, and the flat-roofed houses of the Sacred City.

There are doubtless many among the Alumnae who do not know how much good is being accomplished for the school by the annual subscription fund, now known as the Auxiliary Alumnae Fund. It is warmly urged that this should be increased. Any who would be glad to add to it may address Mrs. Henry B. F. McFarland, Washington, D.C., 1816 F Street.

The occurrence of one or two cases of diphtheria in our school this year, has impressed upon us the importance of providing some sort of

hospital accommodations, so that rigid quarantine laws may not necessitate the dispersion of our family, or the anxiety of absent parents occasion the depletion of our numbers. The question of a hospital will doubtless receive serious consideration before another school year opens.

During the few days of Miss Ingalls' illness, Mrs. Downs with her customary kindness, took her place and gave delightful talks to the English Literature and Senior classes.

The informal dance given in the gymnasium proved a great success. After filling the dainty programs, dancing was enjoyed for about two hours, after which the girls were invited to Smith Hall for refreshments.

Through the beneficence of Mrs. Harriet Newell Mead, our library has been beautified recently by the addition of an elegant Persian rug.

The school attended the Means Prize Speaking at Phillips Academy.

Upon the evening of the 26th of February several members of the Faculty and Senior class enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. The time was passed most pleasantly in singing college songs and listening to a selection from "A Window in Thrums," read by Mr. Palmer, and music by a few of the Phillips Banjo Club.

One of our Saturday evening meetings gave us the pleasure of hearing Mr. Shipman.

Several helpful prayer-meetings have been conducted by Miss Watson and other members of the Faculty.

The Christian Workers hold weekly meetings in Draper Hall reading-room Sabbath evenings.

The informal Song Service has been continued throughout the year on Sabbath evenings.

Early in the Spring term Miss Fanny Brown, '69, invited friends, among whom were three fortunate Abbot seniors, to visit Walter Baker Co.'s chocolate mills in Dorchester. The process of chocolate making, from the sorting and cracking of the nuts, through the intricacies of grinding, moistening, sweetening, and putting into marketable form, was fully explained by the kind superintendent, Mr. Cushing. Besides the numerous varieties of breakfast cocoas, the German and sweet chocolates, which are so familiar, various preparations are made for the use of confectioners.

A bit of history in connection with the business in America may be interesting. In the fall of 1765 a poor Irish emigrant, John Hannon, began his trade of chocolate making, in a grist mill, in Dorchester. After Hannon's death, his widow carried on the business till Dr. James Baker, in 1780, bought her out. The business was held in the Baker family for three generations — until after Walter Baker's death, in 1852. In 1854 a clerk, H. L. Pierce, bought the mills, then quite extensive.

The office is a large airy room, where several alcoholic specimens of the chocolate nut are kept. They are brown, and much resemble an egg-plant in size and shape. The small seeds of this fruit are the part used. Here hangs a painting of the pretty Walter Baker Trademark. The popular romantic story that she is a Viennese girl of humble birth who so prettily served a German student in a Vienna café that he loved and married her, is discredited by the company.

A RECENT EXPERIENCE.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of poetic lore,—

While I studied, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some Abbot girl," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door."

Only this and nothing more.

Presently my voice I sounded, as my heartbeats lightly bounded,

"Come," I said, "for truly your forgiveness I implore ;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door —

June-bug there, and nothing more.

A. P. '95.

Of our work in Political Economy this year, the short time given to class debating was perhaps the most interesting. An informal debate on the Tariff Question was held in the hall on Saturday, April 27th. After the three leaders on each side had spoken, the debate was open to the class, and for twenty minutes Protectionists and Free traders brought up their strongest arguments and refuted those of their opponents. The debate was then closed by a summing up of the points on each side. Debating is excellent practice, and we ought to have more of it. Why should boys' schools have the only debating societies? Why are we not as competent to discuss questions of the day as the members of the Philomathean and Forum Societies? Let us start a debating society in Abbot next year.

A recent gift to Abbot Academy is a beautiful volume in memory of our late trustee, Mr. Rufus S. Frost. It contains a sketch of his noble, consecrated life, with many tributes from friends, and from institutions and corporations which were helped and sustained by his generosity and labor. The record is inspiring to young and old.

Miss Hamlin is continuing her study of "experimental Psychology" at Cornell, and finds the work very enjoyable.

Mrs. Hotchkiss, a beloved sister of Mrs. Prof. Taylor, left a legacy of six hundred dollars for the support of the memorial guest room, so beautifully furnished by Mrs. Taylor when Draper Hall was built.

Through the kindness of Miss McKeen, a portrait of Rev. Charles Goddard, the first principal of Abbot Academy, has been secured.

We print the program of the recital soon to take place at Abbot.

1. The Swan Song, *Katherine Ritter Brooks*
FLORENCE EMILY GILDERSLEEVE.
2. A Social Departure, *Sara Jeannette Duncan*
MAY ANNA YOUNG.
3. On the Mountain (No Thoroughfare), *Dickens*
ELIZABETH TOMLINSON.
4. Where is Mary Alice Smith? *James Whitcomb Riley*
GRACE MARGARET WHITTEMORE.
5. Gentian, *Mary E. Wilkins*
MARCIA S. RICHARDS.
6. Guenn, *Blanche Willis Howard*
ALLIE NEAL LOCKE.
7. Jack and Jill, *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*
MARION STRONG SOMERS.
8. One Day at Arle, *Francis Hodgson Burnett*
ALICE MAYO MORSE.
9. Mr. Craig's "Fearful Emergency," *Frank Stockton*
SARA KNOWLES JACKSON.
10. The Prison Scene (Tale of Two Cities), *Dickens*
MARJORY CLARK.

A recent visit and talk from Miss Cummings of the Huguenot Seminary of South Africa was enjoyed by all, and much interest was felt in the work of that noble school.

We are glad to welcome Miss Esther Maud Smith back to Andover, after her eight months travel abroad. She has visited Spain, Italy, Greece, France, England and Egypt.

Through the generosity of our trustee, Mr. Mortimer B. Mason of Boston, the Department of Art History will be provided with photographs illustrative of modern painting. Miss Watson will select these pictures while abroad.

Through the kindness of Prof. Downs, a few of the music pupils had the pleasure of attending the recital at Bradford May 22d.

Friday morning chapel exercises are devoted to reports of Home and Foreign Missions and philanthropic enterprises of the day.

Miss Angelica Patterson's pictures have received much attention when exhibited in Boston at the "Art Club" and in her studio. Under her able direction the drawing and painting at Abbot continues the high excellence long characteristic of this department.

Memorial Day the stars and stripes floated from Abbot Hall. The sky was so blue and the fresh foliage so exquisite that we spent part of our holiday simply looking at the flag and the trees and the sky, and saying "how beautiful!" When evening came "the flag was still there," but the following morning it draped the chapel desk as a welcome to Father Locke, Lincoln's friend. We shall not forget the patriotism that filled our hearts in response to his story of war times and song making for seventy thousand men.

Prof. Downs recently gave the school the pleasure of hearing his niece, Miss Mona Downs, sing in Abbot Hall. Her voice is unusually pure in quality, and her execution admirable. She, doubtless, has a brilliant future, but will never gain more heartfelt applause than came from her enthusiastic audience of Abbot girls.

Thursdays, as customary, Prof. Downs conducts the singing at Abbot Hall. The Courant has frequently mentioned the school's appreciation of his interpretation of sacred song, and his magnetic leadership, which make the chorus respond until the walls ring.

May 28th the twenty members of the graduating class gave a delightful reception to the trustees and faculty of Abbot, Miss McKeen, the Theological Seminary faculty and its Senior class, and a few other friends. The guests were presented by members of the class to Miss Watson and the president of the class, Miss Haldeman. They were received in the McKeen Rooms. The decorations of the occasion were very unique and expressive of the combined taste and artistic skill of the class. The front corridor and the rooms opening from it—the parlor, the McKeen Rooms, the Seniors' parlor, and the library—were

beautified with ferns and narcissus, the class flowers. Rugs, down pillows, cosy chairs, potted plants, and tall, graceful palms, together with the literary backgrounds of pictures and books made a charming whole. The art treasures of the school added much to the interest and pleasure of the guests. The hours passed quickly, and the members of the class are to be congratulated upon giving so much pleasure to their friends by their womanly and graceful hospitality. A GUEST.

Miss Hutchison's address is 5558 Lexington Avenue, Chicago. Her extended study of Philosophy, Bible Literature, Archaeology and other subjects at Chicago University is proving delightful.

The stars and stripes were unfurled over Abbot Hall on the sixth of May to celebrate Abbot Academy's sixty-sixth birthday.

The P. A. Glee Club entertained us recently by a delightful serenade.

Among the Abbot girls who are enjoying, or are about to enjoy, the pleasures of foreign travel and study are †Ella Robinson '94, †Aida Dunn '94, †Julia Sanborn '94, Marion Hall '96, Grace Norton '94, Maud Blaisdell '94, †Susan Chase '93.

A number of Abbot girls will look back with pleasure to the pleasant hours spent at Mrs. Gildersleeve's hospitable home.

The English Literature class greatly enjoyed listening to Mrs. Downs' personal recollections of Abbotsford.

Thursday, May 14th, the Senior class attended a tea at the home of Mrs. John H. Flint. Mrs. Flint was assisted by her daughter, Miss Gertrude, '95. The house was very attractive in its tasteful decorations, and a most enjoyable hour was spent by all.

The Courant Guest Book notes the following Abbot girls who have visited the school since December '94:

†Martha Coffin, '83; †Annie Torrey, '83; Anna L. Prichard; Emily Staats Carter; Charlotte Conant; †Mary Thompson '93; Mabelle Clark; Maud Blaisdell; Myrtie P. Woodman; †Ida C. Cushing, '94; †Hannah Greene, '94; †Ethelyn Marshall, '94; †Julia Sanborn, '94; Helen Tenney; Sarah C. Emerson; Florence Merrill; †Mabel Boshier, '94; Grace Dorr; Bessie Eaton; Alice Foster; Grace Hosmer; †Mary Baldwin, '94; †Marion Lees, '94; †Charlotte Bryant, '93.

A lawn party was given by the undergraduates of Draper and Smith Halls, on Friday, June 8th, to the Trustees, Faculty, and Senior Class

of Abbot, and other friends. The guests were received in the McKeen rooms by Miss Watson, and Miss Pearson, Vice President of the Senior Middle Class. The day was clear, cool, and beautiful. The delightful lawns were made more attractive by rugs and cushioned seats. The "Maple Walk" and the grove were equally inviting for pleasant strolls. With an almost cloudless sky, and all nature at its freshest, an out-door party has a special charm for all, and the afternoon will be remembered with sincere pleasure by all who received the hospitality of the young ladies.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Carrie Ladd Pratt ('81) started for Oregon last March, en route for Japan. Her train was delayed by freshets in Idaho, so that she was eleven days on the road. The steamer for Japan had gone, but Carrie, her mother, and Ray Hall Ladd, with Mr. Pratt and some other gentlemen, took the next steamer. They spent two months in Japan, found the hotels excellent, and the country most picturesque.

Sarah Puffer Douglas ('81) is in England.

Emma Lyon Rice's husband has just graduated from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Omaha, and is now to labor near Crawford, Nebraska. Mr. and Mrs. Rice spent last summer in the little town of Cottonwood, where Mr. Rice had charge of the church, and also of another parish fifteen miles away. Eighteen members were added to the first and fourteen to the other.

In a private letter to Miss McKeen, Mrs. Sperry writes of a pleasant outing taken in going with her husband to Lansing to attend the inauguration of the Governor. She says: "We called upon Mrs. Clara Potter Hopkins, '74, and Mary Jackson Warren, '67. Mr. Hopkins is clerk of the Supreme Court; he was also master of ceremonies for the day, as it was due to him alone, that, for the first time in the history of the state of Michigan, the Governor had a public inauguration. Clara has a very handsome stone house, just back of the State House; she brought some stone from her home-lot in Brookfield, Mass. She has three boys.

Katherine E. Prichard, M. D. '83, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, New York, and who, since her graduation, has enjoyed a fine practice at her home in Nashua, N. H., recently accepted the position as House Surgeon, at the New England Hospital, Boston.

Mrs. Bessie R. Beach Harris now resides in Chester, Pa., where her husband is professor in the Military Institute.

Miss Carrie Bronson, '83, is teaching in Miss Mary Wheeler's school in Providence, R. I.

Miss Anna C. Bronson, '87, last year substituted for the professor of French, in the woman's department of Brown University. Her permanent address is with her brother, Prof. Walter C. Bronson of Brown University, Providence, R. I.

It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mary B. Paullin, '76, married Mr. William B. Close, an Englishman, and resided in London and in the south of France. Her marriage proved to be unfortunate, and resulted in a divorce procured by the wife, who henceforth took her maiden name. A cablegram, dated April 11th, through the public press, announced the recent marriage of Mary B. Paullin and Colonel Wardrop, military attaché of the British Embassy, at Vienna.

Anna Fuller, '72, sailed in February for Italy and the Mediterranean

Miss Blanche Morton, '92, graduates this June from the Kidder Conservatory. She has accepted a position for next year as teacher of vocal and instrumental music in a young ladies' seminary in St. Antony Park, Minn.

Lutherville Seminary, where Miss Helen T. Gilchrist, '92, has been teaching, is now a college. It is to be known as "Maryland College for Young Ladies." Miss Gilchrist is the professor of ancient language and literature.

Mrs. Ella W. King Richardson.—Through a private letter written to a relative in Boston, we have an interesting report of Ella W. King, who came with three of her sisters from Florida to Abbot during the years '75-'78. She writes: "I have been a teacher in the public schools of Jacksonville, Florida, for fifteen years; first, as a primary teacher in one of the suburban schools. The superintendent at that time was from Boston and had come to this climate for his health. He visited my school frequently, and was pleased to learn that I had been a student at Andover. At the close of the school year he recommended my promotion. I was, accordingly, transferred to the fourth grade of the Grammar School and put in charge of a class of sixty pupils, boys and girls. After teaching there several years, I was again promoted to the sixth grade, consisting of two divisions and one hundred pupils. I was made principal and given an assistant. After a few years here, the

Superintendent of City Schools said I showed good executive ability and should be made principal of the East Jacksonville School. I have held this position three years and have apparently given satisfaction to patrons, to pupils, and to the Honorable Board of Education. The highest mark of favor which I have received from this Board is their appointment of my humble self to form one of a committee of three, to examine the papers of teachers, during the annual examinations. I supervise all the work of my school and am responsible for teachers as well as pupils. I have a nice, airy school building and pleasant grounds well located, and a most amiable corps of teachers.

My only real cause of regret is that I am not better fitted for work. If I could afford it, I would even now take an entire year of normal training. I wonder what would have become of me, but for the education I owe to you and to old Abbot. It was there that I laid the foundation for much that I have since almost completed."

The Courant extends warm congratulations to Mrs. Richardson upon the useful and successful life which she is living, and rejoices that through her Abbot Academy is exerting an influence for good, over the boys and girls in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. F. Macfarland — Daisy Douglass, '87,— and Mr and Mrs. Charles Moore,— Alice W. Merriam, '74,— were of a party of Washington correspondents who recently went to view the beginnings of the Atlanta Exposition. The trip also included Asheville and Chattanooga.

Miss Charlotte E. Strickland is still connected with the school for young ladies, conducted by Fräulein Immisch, now the wife of Herr Pastor Gruner, at 66 Bergstrasse, Dresden, Saxony. At the last accounts, Miss Strickland had been suffering from serious trouble with her eyes, and had been spending weeks in a private hospital in a dark room, undergoing "a terrible sweating process." When released, she was so reduced by her treatment that she was attacked by influenza, and is still far from well.

The engagements are announced of †Alice Hinkley, '91, †May Alden, '93, and †Ethelyn Marshall, '94.

†Ethelyn Marshall, '94, has recently moved to Laconia, N. H.

A correspondent in Washington says of Mrs. Alice Merriam Moore, 'She is now President of our Home Missionary Society, and Vice-

president of one of our large mission sewing schools. She is a dear woman, and is very interesting. It is so nice to have such a link to Andover in my life here."

Minnie L. Merrill, '84, who is engaged in special preparatory teaching at the Fitchburg high school, was a recent guest at Smith Hall.

The handsome new business block recently put up on Main Street adds greatly to the business portion of the town.

One of the pleasantest events of the school year for the Smith Hall girls was the dinner party Miss Kelsey gave on May 13th. The guests were Professor and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Tyer, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss McKeen, and Mr. Shipman, and from Draper Hall Miss Watson, Miss Chadbourne, and Miss Haldeman, making twenty-six at the long table, which was very prettily decorated with violets, innocents, and ferns. An hour and a half was delightfully spent in the dining-room, followed by a most enjoyable evening which conversation and music made pass all too quickly.

Sarah Ford, '81, is in Northfield, Minn. Her mother and brother have returned to Syria.

Josephine Wilcox, '81, is one of the executive committee of the Woman's Club of Medford. She is also a member of the Abbot Club of Boston. She has recently been assisting in the preparations for the wedding of her sister Lillian.

Rose Perkins Mason, '81, is a member of a Neighborhood History Club. Before her marriage she was a professional nurse.

Frances Ames Loyhed, '81, now resides in Faribault, Minn. Her three children require much of her time, but she devotes some of her leisure to a History Club.

Anna Hunter Bracewell, '81, is chairman of Training School Committee of the hospital in North Adams, and president of the Ladies' Aid Society in the church.

Mrs. Clara E. Palmer Lyon expects to spend some months yet at West Newbury, Vt., and then make her home with her daughter in Nebraska.

†Miss Annie Downs Ingalls, '93, graduated in February with high honors from the Free Kindergarten Association at Louisville, Ky. She was chosen to represent her class at the commencement exercises. Her

subject was "Early Habits of Character." The Courier Journal of Louisville prints the following illustration from her address: "One poor little girl had stolen some other child's lunch. That was quite natural, since the little girl was hungry and had never known the meaning of protecting property rights. In order to enable her to draw such distinctions the teacher had seen to it that the little girl was provided with a lunch like the others. She was then put in charge of all the other lunches and made to feel the responsibility of distributing them to their owners. It was not long afterward that her moral conscience was so developed that she even told her teacher while she was playing blindman's buff that she had tied the handkerchief so that she could see through it."

As Miss Ingalls intends to devote herself to kindergarten instruction, the children in her vicinity are to be congratulated.

Helen Page Downe, '79, has recently gone to England to spend two or three years. Her husband's business takes him there, and, with their two little sons, they are living in Streatham, a suburb of London. It is to be hoped that her Abbot Academy friends will make a meeting with her an incident of their European outing. Her permanent address is 143 Queen Victoria Street, London.

Mrs. J. H. de Wint (Millie Berry, '79) has been keeping her sister's house open this winter, while Miss Dora Berry, '85, has been abroad. In May, soon after her sister's return, she gave a pleasant "at home."

Mrs. Marion Dwight Walker, '75, and Mrs. Sally Griggs Knight, '76, attended a recent meeting of the Abbot Club in Boston.

When Mrs. Livermore gave her lecture on "The Women of the Rebellion," several of the girls heard her, and a few had the pleasure of meeting her.

Anna L. Prichard, '83, recently spent a Sabbath here.

One bright Saturday in May, †Miss Martha Coffin, '83, and †Miss Annie Torrey, '83, came out from their work in Radcliffe to visit Miss McKeen, and renew their pleasant Abbot memories.

BIRTHS.

WILDE.—To Mr. and Mrs. W. Eugene Wilde (Effie D. Dresser, '82, a son, William Allan Wilde, 2d, was born April 20, 1895.

To Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Leete. (Sarah Rockwell, '81,) was born in Rockford, Ill., a daughter, on August 10, 1894. Mr. and Mrs. Leete have named the baby Eleanor.

DEATHS.

When upon the 12th of January the teachers and schoolmates of Annie Darling were called upon to mourn her loss, hearts were torn in parting from so gentle and unselfish a spirit, so true and loyal a friend. For her the new year had opened with a richer promise of achievement than she had yet known. Delicacy of health had frequently prevented close application to study, but in the previous autumn her native ambition and energy were rewarded. Teachers were gratified by the quality of her mind, its accuracy and quaint originality, schoolmates respected her steady conscientiousness, and to herself came happy visions of genuine usefulness in the work of the world. After a bright and happy welcome to the place that had loved her so well, after a short illness whose fatal advance was fought with untiring skill and devoted care, she was taken away to realize her fuller development

“In such great offices as suit

The full-grown energies of heaven.”

As her friends gazed for the last time upon her face, they saw the expression characteristic of her happiest moments, as if she were even then experiencing some rare and exquisite pleasure. There was comfort in the thought that for this sensitive nature the warfare was accomplished. She was taken to her home in Hampton, Va., where the grief-stricken family were stunned by the suddenness of the blow. Deepest sympathy was felt for the brothers and sisters who were watching her development with devoted affection, and for the parents who had always cherished her most tenderly, and were anticipating a future brightened by the kindly offices of their youngest child. They laid her in the quiet church yard of St. Johns. There within sound of the mighty waters she loved so well, and beneath the drooping branches of her own southern willows, is the grave of this gentle girl, who through her brief tract of years “wore the white flower of a blameless life.”

We grieve with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis, of Detroit, in the death of their beautiful, curly-headed little Donald, who was so enthusiastic in his singing and so charming in his living, and so full of promise.

Mrs. Watts, the mother of Annie Watts, '82, now Mrs. R. W. Pillsbury, of Manchester, N. H., recently died after several years of invalidism.

Mr. Warren Ladd, the husband of Lucy W. Kingman, '42, and the father of Florence Ladd Munger, '67, and of Anna Ladd Drummond, '70, died at his home in New Bedford, on February 20, 1895. Mr. Ladd was a man of such public spirit that he will be greatly missed in his town; and his daughters suffer a great loss, in which their Abbot friends sympathize.

Those who were here in the early days will recall Mrs. Schaufler, wife of the Abbot French teacher, Rev. W. G. Schaufler, who has since been so prominent a missionary in Turkey. Mrs. Schaufler has recently died.

Mrs. Jonathan Swift, whose daughter Kate left Abbot in '90, died January 20, 1895, after months of delicate health.

Mrs. Sarah L. Shirrell—Sarah Abbot, '59,—died January 31, 1894, in Andover, her home for many years.

†Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, '57, died of pneumonia, in her home at East Orange, N. J., on February 4, 1895.

Mrs. Mary B. Barnes, the mother of Sara F. Barnes, '78, died in Rutland, Vt., February 24, 1895.

In the last issue of the Courant this paragraph appeared: "A North Adams paper says, 'The departure of Rev. Dr. J. P. Coyle to Denver, Col., removes from this town the central figure of its higher social life, and takes from Berkshire County the most profound thinker of her pulpits.' In Mrs. Coyle—Mary Cushman, '83—we have another pleasant link with the West."

We have now to announce that, after a few weeks of labor with his new church, Mr. Coyle sickened and died. In reply to a letter from Miss McKen, Mrs. Coyle writes: "We were getting well settled in Denver, were making delightful friends, and feeling that we should enjoy the city very much as soon as Mr. Coyle got rested. He was always tired and exhausted after we went there. He was ill nearly three weeks, and died of angina pectoris, brought on by over-work. Denver had little to do with it. Those people were like ministering angels to me,

and cared for me as if I had been with them years. One of them came home with me to North Adams, and they packed the furniture and sent it after me, paying all the expense. When we reached here we were met by many of the people. Mr. Coyle's casket was taken to the church parlor, which was filled with flowers, and he lay there guarded by twenty or thirty men who took turns in watching. Fifteen hundred people came to look upon his face for the last time, and strong men wept like children. We buried him on a beautiful hillside in a new cemetery, where, year by year, more of his people will lie beside him. So my happy life is ended, and he who was its light and joy is gone! The duties of life are left, and these must fill it. I shall live in North Adams, for there is no place like this to me."

Dear Mrs. Coyle has the deepest sympathy of her Abbot Academy friends. It is pleasant that the Ladies' Aid Society and the Christian Endeavor of Mr. Coyle's church in Denver bought his valuable library, placed his name in every volume, and presented it to Colorado College at Colorado Springs, of which Rev. W. F. Slocum is the president. It awakens a tender sentiment to think of our Mrs. Mary Montgomery Slocum and our Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile reading from the books so sacred to the heart of our Mrs. Mary Cushman Coyle, in that far-away college library.

MARRIAGES.

HEALD-GODDARD.—At Newton Centre, Mass., on Wednesday, June 5, 1895, by the Rev. Edward M. Noyes, Daniel A. Heald of Orange, N. J., and Elizabeth W. Goddard of Newton Centre.

SMITH-WOOD.—In Rockland, Me., June 19, 1895, Adela Hills Wood, '88, to Mr. Harry deForest Smith.

JOHNSON-BLAKE.—In Boston, April 17, 1895, Jennie Marcia Blake to Mr. Arthur Stoddard Johnson.

RIGGS-WIGGIN.—In New York, March 30, 1895, Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin, (Katherine D. Smith, '73), to Mr. George Christopher Riggs.

JONES-DEWEY.—In Barton, Vt., June 4, 1895, Edith Dewey, '90, to Mr. Henry Valentine Jones.

COBB-BYERS.—In Newtonville, April 17, 1895, Mary Smith Byers, '81, to Mr. Morton Eddy Cobb. At home, June 5, at 126 Bellevue Street, Newton.

BROWN-FOSTER.—In Everett, Washington, April 30, 1895, Elizabeth Foster, '88, to Mr. George Samson Brown.

MILLER-WILCOX.—In Medford, April 25, 1895, Lillian Agnes Wilcox, '82, to Mr. Charles Edwards Miller. At home, Wednesdays in June, at 4 Ashland Place.

PARKER-SUTLIFF.—In Meriden, Conn., April 9, 1895, Hattie Easton Sutliff, '88, to Dr. Oswald Alden Parker. At home after June 15, at 21 Yale Ave., Wakefield, Mass.

WARD-FAIRBANKS.—In Enfield, Mass., January 16, 1895, Lucy E. Fairbanks, '81, to Mr. Arthur J. N. Ward.

LLOYD-JONES.—In Leavenworth, Kan., June 3, 1895, Adelina Jones, '84, to Mr. William Henry Lloyd.

PERLEY-LAWRENCE.—At Chicago, June 6, 1895, Annie Climena Lawrence, '85, to Mr. Edward Everett Perley.

MCGREGOR-DUTTON.—At "Glen Rock," Malden, June 11, 1895. Clara Marion Dutton to Mr. Alexander McGregor, Jr.

BEDFORD-LONG.—In Ionia, Mich., Jan. 1, 1895, Grace S. Long '94, to Mr. Albert G. Bedford.

Abbot Academy Faculty.

- LAURA S. WATSON, M.A., PRINCIPAL,
Metaphysics.
- MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,*
French.
- ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE,
History.
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.
- NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
German.
- EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Rhetoric.
- NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.
- CAROLINE R. FLETCHER, B.A.,
Latin.
- EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE,
Elocution and Gymnastics.
- EMMA FRANCES WALLACE, B.A.,
Greek.
- ELIZABETH FRENCH THAYER,
French.
- PROF. SAMUEL MORSE DOWNS,
Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.
- JENNIE B. LADD PARMELEE,
Violin.
- CLARA L. CARLETON,
Assistant Music Teacher.
- ANGELICA S. PATTERSON,
Drawing and Painting.
- PROF. HENRI MORAND,
French.
-

- MISS ANGELINA KIMBALL,
Matron at Draper Hall.
- MISS MARY ELIZABETH KELSEY,
Matron at Smith Hall.
- MRS. MARY E. MINOTT,
Stewardess at Draper Hall.

* Absent for the year.

Class Organizations.

'95.

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

<i>President.</i>	GERTRUDE H. HALDEMAN.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	KIRTY STUART EDDY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	ELIZA COX.
Class Colors,	Olive and Cream.
Flowers,	Ferns and Narcissus.

'96.

"Esse quam videri."

<i>President.</i>	CAROLYN MATHEWS.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	GRACE G. PEARSON.
<i>Secretary.</i>	FLORENCE E. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	SARA K. JACKSON.
Class Colors,	Dark Green and Lavender.
Flower,	Heliotrope.

Officers of Alumnae Association.

1894-'95.

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MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

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MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, of Andover.
MRS. SALLIE RIPLEY CUTLER, of Bangor.

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WHAT WE SAY
IS THE
Correct Thing!

CHANGE of FASHION IS the TAX WHICH INDUSTRY AND GENIUS IMPOSE UPON THE VANITY OF THE RICH.

DRESS. The index of the novel—as the index tells us of the contents of a book, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of the garment give us a taste of the spirit. Some people say that people's clothes in order to be becoming should look like them. We believe it, hence the reason we always carry an immense stock of dress fabrics. "Tis not in human nature to be content." Designs and styles popular one season, in a few months have passed from notice. Our dress goods stock comprises both imported and domestic manufacture. We can show the creations of the most skilled manufacturers, and the selections of the most critical buyers. Exclusive patterns and hundreds of the *recherché* novelties, altogether the newest and best assortment that can be found anywhere in Essex County.

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THE FLOWERS' BALL.

Sweet Rose bud gave a ball last night,
Oh such a grand affair,
And queen among them Lily White,
In gown as white as air.



T. A. HOLT & CO.

Dealers in

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Basement of Baptist Church,

ANDOVER.



And there was pretty Daffodil
In yellow satin gown,
And Bounding Bet with gay Sweet Will,
And Larkspur from the town.

HENRY P. NOYES.

FURNITURE.

Park Street, Andover.

SMITH & MANNING,

Dry Goods and Groceries.

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER.

There came in state with coach and four
My Lady Mignonette,
All dressed in silk that swept the floor
And diamond coronet.

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Drugs and Medicines.

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges. Cold Soda with true Fruit
Syrups. Ice Cream Soda. Physicians' Prescrip-
tions carefully compounded.

Draper's Block, Main St., Andover.

And many more of widespread fame,
The grandest in the land,
From far and near, east, west they came,
A lovely, happy band.

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Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled Fish,

OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS, CANNED
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Meats, Vegetables and Poultry.

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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces,

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ANDOVER, MASS.

• They danced upon a grassy ring
• To time of cricket's playing,
And in and out they glide and swing,
Their prompter Gnat obeying.

Park Street Stables.

W. H. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

Carriages furnished for all occasions. A first-class Livery, Sale,
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Enlarged and Newly Furnished. Terms \$2 to \$3
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ANDOVER, MASS.

At supper time they all make haste
To seek an oak tree's shade.
To feast on honey and to taste
Their cowslip lemonade.

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For Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. A full line of Baldwin & Lambkin's goods always on hand. Also, a
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The largest and best assortment of Foreign and Domestic Fruit,
Plain and Fancy Biscuits, Assorted Chocolates, and
Bon-Bons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, etc. And
all the desirable canned Meats
and Fruits in the
Market.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

But when at length the rosy morn
Through the leaves came peeping,
The flowers, lo—they all were gone,
The cricket fast was sleeping.

'96.

The Andover Press,
Printing and Engraving.

The Andover Townsman,
News and Advertising.

The Andover Bookstore,
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Whose were the hands that upon thy strings
Stirred music's soul, till her fluttering wings
Were hushed as they entered thy soul?
What were the songs you've sang in the past?

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What was the time, was it slow or fast?
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We shall never know what thy past has been,

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XIV

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The contents given to someone near,
And then we stand 'twixt hope and fear,
Anxious, almost pale;



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And others look their sorry plight,
The girls are all a wondrous sight,—
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'96.

J. Waldone Smith

• PHOTOGRAPHER •

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A goodly oak some time had it been."

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GUESS ME.

My first comes rushing down the street
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My whole is what you all can draw,
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